

ISABELLA CAVE.

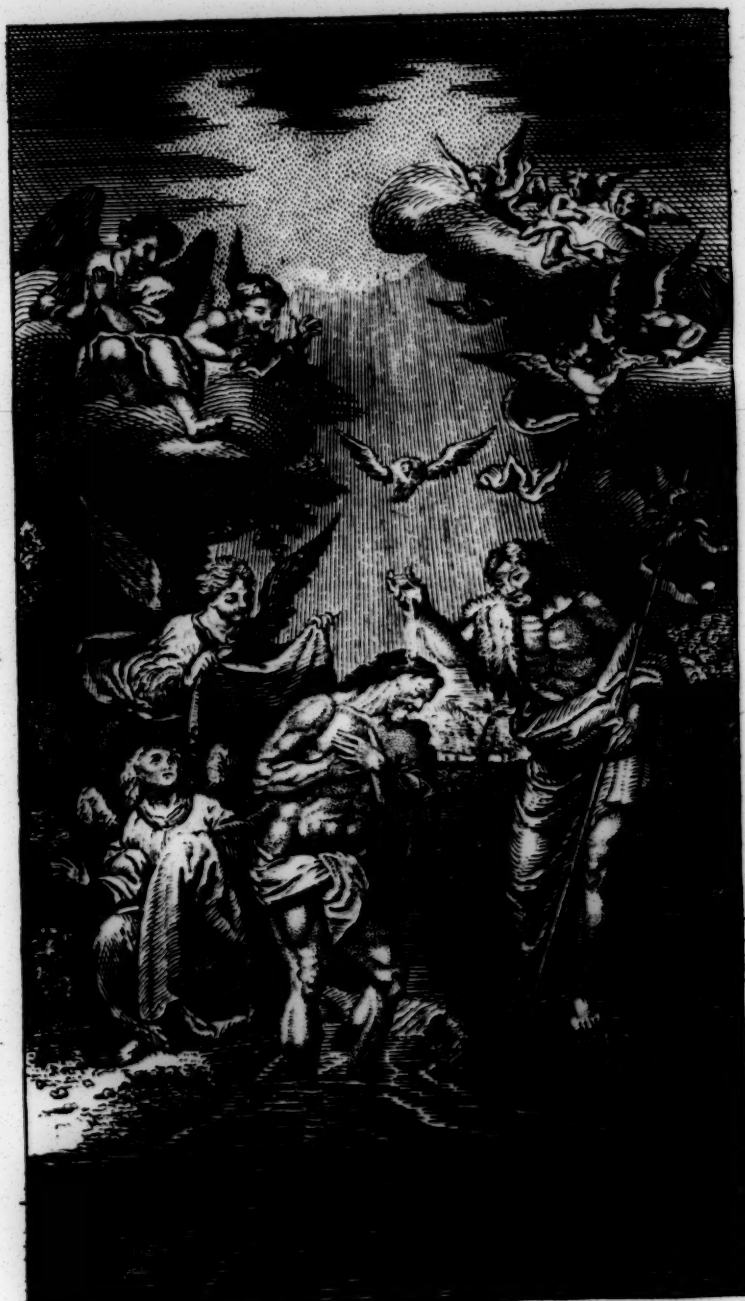
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P. F. Andrieux Scul.

Paradise Regain'd:

A

P O E M.

IN FOUR BOOKS.

To which is added

SAMSON AGONISTES;

AND

POEMS upon several Occasions.

With a Tractate of Education.

The AUTHOR

J O H N M I L T O N.

The EIGHTH EDITION Corrected.

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Para-

PARADISE REGAIN'D.

BOOK I.

I Who ere-while the happy garden sung,
 By one man's disobedience lost, now sing
 Recover'd Paradise to all mankind,
 By one man's firm obedience fully try'd
 Through all temptation, and the tempter foil'd 5
 In all his wiles, defeated and repuls'd,
 And EDEN rais'd in the waste wilderness.

Thou SPIRIT who ledst this glorious Eremite
 Into the desert, his victorious field, 9
 Against the spiritual foe, and brought'st him thence
 By proof the undoubted SON of GOD, inspire,

B

A

As thou art wont, my prompted song, else mute,
 And bear through height or depth of nature's bounds
 With prosperous wing full fumm'd, to tell of deeds
 Above heroic, though in secret done, 15
 And un-recorded left through many an age,
 Worthy t' have not remain'd so long un-sung.

Now had the great Proclaimer, with a voice
 More awful than the sound of trumpet, cry'd
 Repentance, and heaven's kingdom nigh at hand 20
 To all baptiz'd: to his great baptism flock'd
 With awe the regions round, and with them came
 From NAZARETH the son of JOSEPH deem'd,
 To the flood JORDAN came, as then obscure,
 Un-mark'd, un-known; but him the Baptist soon
 Descry'd, divinely warn'd, and witness bore 26
 As to his worthier, and would have resign'd
 To him his heavenly office; nor was long
 His witness un-confirm'd: on him baptiz'd
 Heav'n open'd, and in likeness of a dove 30
 The SPIRIT descended, while the Father's voice
 From heav'n pronounc'd him his beloved SON.
 That heard the adversary, who roving still

Book I. *PARADISE REGAIN'D.* 3

About the world, at that assembly fam'd
Would not be last, and with the voice divine 35
Nigh thunder-struck, th' exalted Man, to whom
Such high attest was giv'n, a-while survey'd
With wonder; then with envy fraught, and rage,
Flies to his place; nor rests, but in mid air
To council summons all his mighty peers, 40
Within thick clouds and dark ten-fold involv'd,
A gloomy consistory; and them amidst
With looks aghast and sad he thus bespake.

O ancient pow'rs of air and this wide world,
(For much more willingly I mention air, 45
This our old conquest, than remember hell
Our hated habitation;) well ye know
How many ages, as the years of men,
This universe we have possess'd, and rul'd
In manner at our will th' affairs of earth, 50
Since ADAM and his facil consort EVE
Lost Paradise, deceiv'd by me; though since
With dread attending when that fatal wound
Shall be inflicted by the seed of EVE
Upon my head. Long the decrees of heav'n 55

Delay ; for longest time to him is short :
 And now, too soon for us, the circling hours
 This dreaded time have compass'd, wherein we
 Must bide the stroke of that long-threaten'd wound ;
 At least if so we can ; and by the head 60
 Broken, be not intended all our pow'r
 To be infring'd, our freedom and our being,
 In this fair empire won of earth and air :
 For this ill news I bring, the woman's seed,
 Destin'd to this, is late of woman born. 65
 His birth to our just fear gave no small cause,
 But his growth now to youth's full flower, displaying
 All virtue, grace, and wisdom to atchieve
 Things highest, greatest, multiplies my fear.
 Before him a great Prophet, to proclaim 70
 His coming, is sent harbinger, who all
 Invites, and in the consecrated stream
 Pretends to wash off sin, and fit them so
 Purify'd to receive him pure, or rather
 To do him honour as their king : all come, 75
 And he himself among them was baptiz'd,
 Not thence to be more pure, but to receive
 The testimony of heav'n, that who He is

Thence-

Book I. *PARADISE REGAIN'D.* 5

Thenceforth the nations may not doubt; I saw
The Prophet do him reverence; on him rising 80
Out of the water, heav'n above the clouds
Unfold her cryſtal doors, thence on his head
A perfect Dove deſcend, whate'er it meant,
And out of heav'n the ſovereign voice I hear,
This is my SON belov'd, in Him I'm pleas'd. 85
His mother then is mortal, but his Sire,
He who obtains the monarchy of heav'n :
And what will He not do to advance his SON?
His firſt-begot we know, and fore have felt,
When his fierce thunder drove us to the deep; 90
Who this is we muſt learn, for Man he ſeems
In all his lineaments, though in his face
The glimpſes of his Father's glory ſhine :
Ye ſee our danger on the utmoſt edge
Of hazard, which admits no long debate, 95
But muſt with ſomething ſudden be oppos'd ;
Not force, but well-couch'd fraud, well-woven ſnares,
Ere in the head of nations He appear
Their king, their leader, and ſupream on earth.
I, when no other durſt, ſole undertook 100
The diſmal expedition, to find out

And ruin ADAM, and th' exploit perform'd
 Succesfully : a calmer voyage now
 Will waft me ; and the way found prosp'rous once,
 Induces best to hope of like success. 105

He ended, and his words impression left
 Of much amazement to th' infernal crew,
 Distracted, and surpriz'd with deep dismay,
 At these sad tidings ; but no time was then
 For long indulgence to their fears, or grief : 110
 Unanimous they all commit the care

And management of this main enterprize
 To him their great dictator, whose attempt
 At first against mankind so well had thriv'd,
 In ADAM's overthrow, and led their march 115
 From hell's deep-vaulted den to dwell in light,
 Regents, and potentates, and kings, yea gods,
 Of many a pleasant realm and province wide.

So to the coast of JORDAN he directs
 His easie steps, girded with snaky wiles, 120
 Where he might likeliest find this new declar'd,
 This man of men attested SON of GOD,
 Temptation and all guile on him to try ;
 So to subvert whom he suspected rais'd

To

Book I. *PARADISE REGAIN'D.* 7

To end his reign on earth, so long enjoy'd: 125

But contrary, un-weeting, he fulfill'd

The purpos'd counsel pre-ordain'd and fix'd

Of the most high, who in full frequency bright
Of angels, thus to GABRIEL smiling spake. 129

GABRIEL, this day by proof thou shalt behold,

Thou and all angels conversant on earth

With man or men's affairs, how I begin

To verifie that solemn message, late

On which I sent thee to the Virgin pure

In GALILEE, that she should bear a Son 135

Great in renown, and call'd the SON of GOD;

Then toldst her, doubting how these things could be

To her a Virgin, that on her should come

The HOLY GHOST, and the Power of the Highest

O'er-shadow her: this man, born and now up-grown,

To shew him worthy of his birth divine 141

And high prediction, henceforth I expose

To Satan; let him tempt and now assay

His utmost subtilty, because he boasts

And vaunts of his great cunning to the throng

Of his apostasie; he might have learnt 146

Less overweening, since he fail'd in JOB,

Whose constant perseverance overcame
 Whate'er his cruel malice could invent ;
 He now shall know I can produce a Man 150
 Of female seed, far abler to resist
 All his solicitations, and at length
 All his vast force, and drive him back to hell,
 Winning by conquest what the first man lost,
 By fallacy surpriz'd. But first I mean 155
 To exercise him in the wilderness,
 There he shall first lay down the rudiments
 Of his great warfare, ere I send him forth
 To conquer Sin and Death, the two grand foes,
 By humiliation and strong sufferance : 160
 His weakness shall o'ercome Satanick strength,
 And all the world, and mass of sinful flesh ;
 That all the angels and æthereal powers,
 They now, and men hereafter, may discern,
 From what consummate virtue I have chose 165
 This perfect man, by merit call'd My Son,
 To earn salvation for the sons of men.

So spake th' Eternal Father, and all heav'n
 Admiring stood a space ; then into hymns

Burst

I. Book I. *PARADISE REGAIN'D* 9

Burst forth, and in celestial measures mov'd, 170
Circling the throne, and finging, while the hand
Sung with the voice, and this the argument.

Victory and triumph to the SON of GOD!
Now entring his great duel, not of arms,
But to vanquish by wisdom hellish wiles. 175

5 The FATHER knows the SON; therefore secure
Ventures his filial virtue, though un-try'd,
Against whate'er may tempt, whate'er seduce,
Allure, or terrifie, or undermine.
Be frustrate all ye stratagems of hell, 180
And devilish machinations come to nought.

5 So they in heav'n their odes and vigils tun'd :
Mean-while the SON of GOD, who yet some days
Lodg'd in BETHABARA where JOHN baptiz'd,
Musing, and much revolving in his breast, 185
How best the mighty work he might begin
Of Saviour to mankind, and which way first
Publish his god-like office now mature,
One day forth walk'd alone, the SPIRIT leading;
And his deep thoughts, the better to converse 190
With

With solitude, 'till far from track of men,
 Thought following thought, and step by step led on,
 He entred now the bordering defart wild,
 And with dark shades and rocks environ'd round,
 His holy meditation thus pursu'd. 195

O what a multitude of thoughts at once
 Awaken'd in me swarm, while I consider
 What from within I feel my self, and hear
 What from without comes often to my ears,
 Ill sorting with my present state compar'd. 200
 When I was yet a child, no childish play
 To me was pleasing, all my mind was set
 Serious to learn and know, and thence to do
 What might be publick good ; my self I thought
 Born to that end, born to promote all truth, 205
 All righteous things : therefore, above my years,
 The law of God I read, and found it sweet:
 Made it my whole delight, and in it grew
 To such perfection, that ere yet my age
 Had measur'd twice six years, at our great feast
 I went into the temple, there to hear 211
 The teachers of our law, and to propose

What

Book I. *PARADISE REGAIN'D.* 11

What might improve my knowledge, or their own ;
And was admir'd by all : yet this not all

To which my spirit aspir'd ; victorious deeds 215

Flam'd in my heart, heroic acts, one while

To rescue ISRAEL from the ROMAN yoke,

Then to subdue and quell o'er all the earth

Brute violence, and proud tyrannick pow'r,

'Till truth were freed, and equity restor'd : 220

Yet held it more humane, more heav'nly, first

By winning words to conquer willing hearts,

And make persuasion do the work of fear ;

At least to try, and teach the erring soul,

Not wilfully mis-doing, but unaware 225

Mis-led ; the stubborn only to destroy.

These growing thoughts my mother soon perceiving

By words at times cast forth, inly rejoic'd,

And said to me apart, High are thy thoughts

O son, but nourish them, and let them soar 230

To what height sacred virtue and true worth

Can raise them, though above example high ;

By matchless deeds express thy matchless Sire.

For know, thou art no son of mortal man ;

Though men esteem thee low of parentage, 235

Thy

Thy father is th' Eternal King, who rules
 All heav'n and earth, angels and sons of men ;
 A messenger from GOD foretold thy birth
 Conceiv'd in me a Virgin, he foretold
 Thou should'st be great, and sit on DAVID's throne,
 And of thy kingdom there shall be no end. 241
 At thy nativity a glorious quire
 Of angels in the fields of BETHLEHEM sung
 To shepherds watching at their folds by night,
 And told them the MESSIAH now was born, 245
 Where they might see him, and to thee they came ;
 Directed to the manger where thou lay'st,
 For in the inn was left no better room :
 A star, not seen before in heav'n, appearing,
 Guided the wise men thither from the east, 250
 To honour thee with incense, myrrh, and gold ;
 By whose bright course led on they found the place,
 Affirming it thy star new grav'n in heav'n,
 By which they knew the King of ISRAEL born.
 Just SIMEON, and prophetick ANNA, warn'd 255
 By vision, found thee in the temple, and spake
 Before the altar, and the vested priest,
 Like things of thee to all that present stood.

This

This having heard, straight I again revolv'd
 The law and prophets, searching what was writ
 Concerning the MESSIAH, to our scribes 261
 Known partly, and soon found of whom they spake
 I am; this chiefly, that my way must lie
 Through many a hard assay even to the death,
 Ere I the promis'd kingdom can attain, 265
 Or work redemption for mankind, whose sins
 Full weight must be transferr'd upon my head.
 Yet neither thus dishearten'd, or dismay'd,
 The time prefix'd I waited, when behold
 The Baptist (of whose birth I oft had heard, 270
 Not knew by sight) now come, who was to come
 Before MESSIAH, and his way prepare.
 I, as all others, to his baptism came,
 Which I believ'd was from above; but he 274
 Straight knew me, and with loudest voice proclaim'd
 Me Him (for it was shew'n him so from heav'n)
 Me Him whose harbinger he was; and first
 Refus'd on me his baptism to confer,
 As much his greater, and was hardly won:
 But as I rose out of the laving stream, 280
 Heav'n open'd her eternal doors, from whence
 The

The SPIRIT descended on me like a Dove ;
 And last the sum of all, my Father's voice,
 Audibly heard from heav'n, pronounc'd me His,
 Me his beloved SON, in whom alone 285
 He was well pleas'd ; by which I knew the time
 Now full, that I no more should live obscure,
 But openly begin, as best becomes
 The authority which I deriv'd from heav'n.
 And now by some strong motion I am led 290
 Into this wilderness, to what intent
 I learn not yet, perhaps I need not know ;
 For what concerns my knowledge GOD reveals.

So spake our morning star, then in his rise,
 And looking round on every side, beheld 295
 A pathless desert, dusk with horrid shades ;
 The way he came not having mark'd, return
 Was difficult, by humane steps untrod :
 And he still on was led, but with such thoughts
 Accompanied of things past and to come 300
 Lodg'd in his breast, as well might recommend
 Such solitude before choicest society.
 Full forty days he pass'd, whether on hill,

Some-

Sometimes anon in shady vale, each night
 Under the covert of some ancient oak, 305
 Or cedar, to defend him from the dew,
 Or harbour'd in one cave, is not reveal'd;
 Nor tasted humane food, nor hunger felt
 'Till those days ended; hunger'd then at last
 Among wild beasts: they at his sight grew mild,
 Nor sleeping him nor waking harm'd; his walk 311
 The fiery serpent fled, and noxious worm,
 The lion and fierce tiger glar'd aloof.
 But now an aged man in rural weeds,
 (Following, as seem'd, the quest of some stray ewe,
 Or wither'd sticks to gather, which might serve 316
 Against a winter's day, when winds blow keen,
 To warm him, wet return'd from field at eve,)
 He saw approach, who first with curious eye 319
 Perus'd him, then with words thus utter'd spake.

Sir, what ill chance has brought thee to this place,
 So far from path or road of men, who pass
 In troop or caravan? for single none
 Durst ever, who return'd, and dropt not here
 His carcass, pin'd with hunger and with drought.

I ask the rather, and the more admire, 326
 For that to me thou seem'st the man, whom late
 Our new baptizing Prophet at the ford
 Of JORDAN honour'd so, and call'd thee SON
 Of GOD: I saw and heard; for we sometimes, 330
 Who dwell this wilde, constrain'd by want, come forth
 To town or village nigh (nighest is far)
 Where ought we hear, and curious are to hear,
 What happens new; fame also finds us out. 334

To whom the SON of GOD. Who brought me hither,
 Will bring me hence; no other guide I seek.

By miracle he may, reply'd the swain,
 What other way I see not; for we here
 Live on tough roots and stubs, to thirst inur'd
 More than the camel, and to drink go far; 340
 Men to much misery and hardship born:
 But if thou be the SON of GOD, command
 That out of these hard stones be made thee bread;
 So shalt thou save thy self, and us relieve 344
 With food, whereof we wretched seldom taste.

He

He ended: and the Son of God reply'd.
Think'st thou such force in bread? is it not written
(For I discern thee other than thou seem'st)
Man lives not by bread only, but each word
Proceeding from the mouth of God? who fed
Our fathers here with manna; in the mount 351
MOSES was forty days, nor eat nor drank;
And forty days ELIJAH without food
Wander'd this barren waste; the same I now:
Why dost thou then suggest to me distrust, 355
Knowing who I am, as I know who thou art?

Whom thus answer'd th' arch fiend, now undisguis'd.
'Tis true, I am that spirit unfortunate,
Who leagu'd with millions more in rash revolt
Kept not my happy station, but was driv'n 360
With them from bliss, to the bottomless deep;
Yet to that hideous place not so confin'd
By rigour un-conniving, but that oft
Leaving my dolorous prison I enjoy
Large liberty, to round this globe of earth, 365
Or range in th' air, nor from the heav'n of heav'ns
Hath he excluded my resort sometimes.

I came among the sons of GOD, when He
Gave up into my hands UZZEAN JOB,
To prove him, and illustrate his high worth; 370
And when to all his angels He propos'd
To draw the proud king AHAB into fraud,
That he might fall in RAMOTH, they demurring,
I undertook that office, and the tongues
Of all his flattering prophets glibb'd with lies 375
To his destruction, as I had in charge :
For what He bids I do. Though I have lost
Much lustre of my native brightness, lost
To be belov'd of GOD ; I have not lost
To love, at least contemplate and admire, 380
What I see excellent in good, or fair,
Or virtuous, I should so have lost all sense.
What can be then less in me than desire
To see thee, and approach thee, whom I know
Declar'd the SON of GOD, to hear attent 385
Thy wisdom, and behold thy god-like deeds ?
Men generally think me much a foe
To all mankind : why should I? they to me
Never did wrong, or violence ; by them
I lost not what I lost, rather by them 390

I gain'd what I have gain'd, and with them dwell
 Copartner in these regions of the world,
 10 If not disposer; lend them oft my aid,
 Oft my advice by presages and signs,
 And answers, oracles, portents, and dreams, 395
 Whereby they may direct their future life.
 Envy they say excites me, thus to gain
 75 Companions of my misery and wo.
 At first it may be; but long since with wo
 Never acquainted, now I feel by proof, 400
 That fellowship in pain divides not smart,
 Nor lightens aught each man's peculiar load.
 80 Small consolation then, were man adjoin'd:
 This wounds me most (what can it less?) that man,
 Man fall'n shall be restor'd, I never more. 405

To whom our SAVIOUR sternly thus reply'd:
 85 Deservedly thou griev'st, compos'd of lyes
 From the beginning, and in lyes wilt end;
 Who boast'st release from hell, and leave to come
 Into the heav'n of heav'ns: thou com'st indeed,
 As a poor miserable captive thrall 411

390 C 2 Comes

Comes to the place where he before had sat
Among the prime in splendor, now depos'd,
Ejected, emptied, gaz'd, unpitied, shun'd,
A spectacle of ruin, or of scorn, 415
To all the host of heav'n : the happy place
Imports to thee no happiness, no joy,
Rather inflames thy torment, representing
Lost bliss, to thee no more communicable ;
So, never more in hell, than when in heav'n. 420
But thou art serviceable to heav'n's king.
Wilt thou impute t'obedience what thy fear
Extorts, or pleasure to do ill excites ?
What but thy malice mov'd thee to mis-deem
Of righteous JOB, then cruelly to afflict him 425
With all afflictions ? but his patience won.
The other service was thy chosen task,
To be a liar in four hundred mouths ;
For lying is thy sustenance, thy food.
Yet thou pretend'st to truth ; all oracles 430
By thee are giv'n, and what confess more true
Among the nations ? That hath been thy craft,
By mixing somewhat true to vent more lyes.

But,

But, what have been thy answers ? what, but dark,
Ambiguous, and with double sense deluding. 435

Which they who ask'd have seldom understood ;
And, not well understood, as good not known.

Who ever by consulting at thy shrine

Return the wiser, or the more instruct

To flee or follow what concern'd him most, 440

And run not sooner to his fatal snare ?

For GOD hath justly giv'n the nations up

To thy delusions ; justly, since they fell

Idolatrous : but when his purpose is

Among them to declare his providence, 445

To thee not known, whence hast thou then thy truth,

But from him, or his angels president

In ev'ry province ? who themselves disdaining

T' approach thy temple, give thee in command

What to the smallest tittle thou shalt say 450

To thy adorers ; thou with trembling fear,

Or like a fawning parasite, obey'st ;

Then to thy self ascrib'st the truth foretold.

But this thy glory shall be soon retrench'd ;

No more shalt thou by oracling abuse 455

The Gentiles ; henceforth oracles are ceas'd,
And thou no more with pomp and sacrifice
Shalt be enquir'd at DELPHOS, or elsewhere ;
At least in vain, for they shall find thee mute.
God hath now sent his loving oracle 460
Into the world, to teach his final will ;
And sends his SPIRIT of truth, henceforth to dwell
In pious hearts, an inward oracle
To all truth requisite for men to know.

So spake our SAVIOUR ; but the subtle fiend,
'Though inly stung with anger and disdain, 466
Dissembled, and this answer smooth return'd.

Sharply thou hast insisted on rebuke,
And urg'd me hard with doings, which not will
But misery hath wrested from me ; where 470
Easily canst thou find one miserable,
And not inforc'd oft-times to part from truth,
If it may stand him more in stead to lye,
Say and unsay, feign, flatter, or abjure ?
But thou art plac'd above me, thou art LORD ; 475
From

Book I. *PARADISE REGAIN'D.*

460

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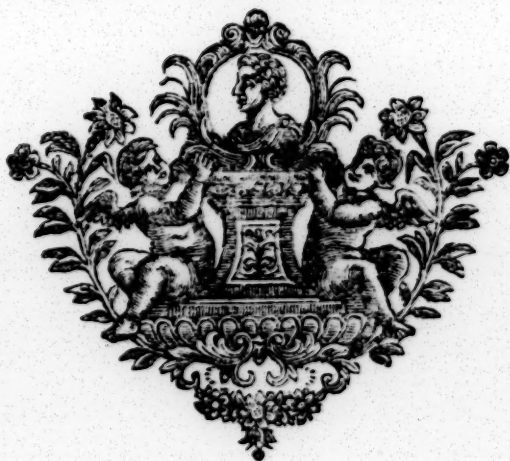
m

From thee I can and must submit endure
 Check or reproof, and glad t'escape so quit.
 Hard are the ways of truth, and rough to walk,
 Smooth on the tongue discours'd, pleasing to th' ear,
 And tuneable as silvan pipe or song ; 480
 What wonder then if I delight to hear
 Her dictates from thy mouth ? most men admire
 Virtue, who follow not her lore : permit me
 To hear thee when I come (since no man comes)
 And talk at least, tho' I despair to attain. 485
 Thy FATHER, who is holy, wise and pure,
 Suffers the hypocrite or atheous priest
 To tread His sacred Courts, and minister
 About his altar, handling holy things,
 Praying or vowing ; and vouchsaf'd His voice 490
 To BALAAM reprobate, a prophet yet
 Inspir'd ; disdain not such access to me.

To whom our SAVIOUR with un-alter'd brow.
 Thy coming hither, though I know thy scope,
 I bid not, or forbid ; do as thou find'st 495
 Permission from above ; thou canst not more.

He added not ; and Satan bowing low
His gray diffimulation, disappear'd,
Into thin air diffus'd : for now began
Night with her fullen wings to double-shade 500
The desert, fowls in their clay nests were couch'd ;
And now wild beasts came forth, the woods to roam.

The end of the first book.



P A R A-

PARADISE REGAIN'D.

B O O K II.

MEan-while the new-baptiz'd, who yet remain'd

At JORDAN with the Baptist, and had seen
 Him whom they heard so late expressly call'd
 JESUS MESSIAH, SON of GOD declar'd,
 And on that high authority had believ'd, 5
 And with him talk'd, and with him lodg'd, (I mean,
 ANDREW and SIMON, famous after known,
 With others, tho' in holy writ not nam'd.)
 Now missing him their joy, so lately found,
 So lately found, and so abruptly gone, 10
 Began to doubt, and doubted many days,

And

And as the days increas'd, increas'd their doubt.
Sometimes they thought he might be only shewn,
And for a time caught up to GOD, as once
MOSES was in the mount, and missing long ; 15
And the great THISBITE, who on fiery wheels
Rode up to heav'n, yet once again to come.
Therefore as those young Prophets then with care
Sought lost ELIJAH, so in each place these
Nigh to BETHABARA ; in JERICO 20
The city of palms, ÆNON, and SALEM old,
MACHÆRUS, and each town or city wall'd
On this side the broad lake GENEZARET,
Or in PEREA ; but return'd in vain.
Then on the bank of JORDAN, by a creek, 25
Where winds with reeds and osiers whisp'ring play,
Plain fishermen, no greater men them call,
Close in a cottage low together got,
Their unexpected loss and complaints out-breath'd.
Alas ! from what high hope to what relapse 30
Unlook'd-for are we fall'n ! our eyes beheld
MESSIAH certainly now come, so long
Expected of our fathers ; we have heard
His words, His wisdom full grace and truth ;

Now,



Book II. *PARADISE REGAIN'D.* 27

Now, now, for sure, deliverance is at hand, 35

The kingdom shall to ISRAEL be restor'd :

Thus we rejoic'd, but soon our joy is turn'd

Into perplexity, and new amaze :

For, whither is He gone? what accident

Hath rapt him from us? will he now retire, 40

After appearance, and again prolong

Our expectation? GOD of ISRAEL,

Send thy MESSIAH forth, the time is come ;

Behold the kings of th' earth how they oppress

Thy chofen, to what height their pow'r unjust

They have exalted, and behind them cast 46

All fear of Thee; arise, and vindicate

Thy glory, free Thy people from their yoke.

But let us wait; thus far He hath perform'd,

Sent His Anointed, and to us reveal'd Him 50

By His great Prophet, pointed at and shown

In publick, and with Him we have convers'd ;

Let us be glad of this, and all our fears

Lay on His providence ; He will not fail,

Nor will withdraw Him now, nor will recall, 55

Mock us with His blest fight, then snatch him hence ;

Soon we shall see our hope, our joy return.

Thus

Thus they, out of their plaints, new hope resume
 To find whom at the first they found un-sought :
 But to his mother MARY, when she saw 60
 Others return'd from Baptism, not her son,
 Nor left at JORDAN, tidings of him none ;
 Within her breast, though calm ; her breast, though pure,
 Motherly cares and fears got head, and rais'd
 Some troubled thoughts, which she in sighs thus clad.

O ! what avails me now that honour high 66
 To have conceiv'd of GOD, or that salute
 Hail highly favour'd, among women blest !
 While I to sorrows am no less advanc'd,
 And fears as eminent, above the lot 70
 Of other women, by the birth I bore ;
 In such a season born, when scarce a shed
 Could be obtain'd, to shelter him or me
 From the bleak air ; a stable was our warmth,
 A manger his : yet soon enforc'd to fly 75
 Thence into EGYPT, 'till the murd'rous king
 Were dead, who fought his life ; and missing, fill'd
 With infant blood the streets of BETHLEHEM :
 From EGYPT home return'd, in NAZARETH

Hath

Book II. *PARADISE REGAIN'D.* 29

Hath been our dwelling many years; his life 80

Private, unactive, calm, contemplative,

Little suspicious to any king: but now

Full grown to man, acknowledg'd, as I hear,

By JOHN the Baptist, and in publick shown,

SON own'd from heav'n by his FATHER's voice: 85

I look'd for some great change; to honour? no,

But trouble, as old SIMEON plain foretold,

That to the fall and rising he should be

Of many in ISRAEL, and to a sign

Spoken against; that through my very soul 90

A sword shall pierce; this is my favour'd lot,

My Exaltation to afflictions high.

Afflicted I may be, it seems, and blest;

I will not argue that, nor will repine.

But where delays he now? some great intent 95

Conceals him: when twelve years he scarce had seen,

I lost him, but so found, as well I saw

He could not lose himself; but went about

His FATHER's business; what he meant I mus'd,

Since understand; much more his absence now 100

Thus long to some great purpose he obscures.

But I to wait with patience am inur'd;

My

My heart hath been a store-house long of things
And sayings laid up, portending strange events.

Thus MARY pond'ring oft, and oft to mind 105
Recalling what remarkably had pass'd,
Since first her salutation hear'd, with thoughts
Meekly compos'd awaited the fulfilling.
The while her son tracing the desert wild,
Sole, but with holiest meditations fed, 110
Into himself descended, and at once
All his great work to come before him set;
How to begin, how to accomplish best
His end of being on earth, and mission high.
For Satan, with sly preface to return, 115
Had left him vacant, and with speed was gon
Up to the middle region of thick air,
Where all his Potentates in council fate;
There without sign of boast, or sign of joy,
Sollicitous, and blank, he thus began. 120

Princes, Heav'ns ancient Sons, Æthereal Thrones !
Demonian spirits now, from th' element
Each of his reign allotted, rightlier call'd

Pow'rs

Pow'rs of fire, air, water, and earth beneath,
 So may we hold our place, and these mild seats,
 Without new troubles! such an enemy 126

Is risen to invade us, who no less
 Threatens than our expulsion down to hell;
 I, as I undertook, and with the vote
 Consenting in full frequency was impower'd, 130

Have found him, view'd him, tasted him; but find
 Far other labour to be undergon

Than when I dealt with ADAM, first of men;
 Though ADAM by his wife's allurements fell:
 However to this man inferior far, 135

If he be man by mother's side at least,
 With more than human gifts from heav'n adorn'd,
 Perfections absolute, graces divine,
 And amplitude of mind to greatest deeds.

Therefore I am return'd, lest confidence 140
 Of my success with EVE in Paradise

Deceive ye, to persuasion over-sure
 Of like succeeding here: I summon all
 Rather to be in readiness, with hand

Or counsel to assist; lest I, who erst 145
 Thought none my equal, now be over-match'd.

So

So spake th' old serpent doubting, and from all
 With clamour was assur'd their utmost aid,
 At his command ; when from amidst them rose
 BELIAL, the dissoluteſt ſpirit that fell, 150
 The ſenſualleſt, and, after ASMODAI,
 The fleſhlieſt Incubus, and thus advis'd.

Set women in his eye, and in his walk,
 Among daughters of men the faireſt found ;
 Many are in each region paſſing fair 155
 As the noon ſky ; more like to goddeſſes
 Than mortal creatures, graceful, and diſcreet,
 Expert in am'rous arts, enchanting tongues
 Perſuaſive, virgin majeſty with mild
 And ſweet allay'd, yet terrible t'approach, 160
 Skill'd to retire, and in retiring draw
 Hearts after them tangl'd in amorous nets.
 Such object hath the pow'r to ſoft'n and tame
 Severeſt temper, ſmooth the rugged'ſt brow,
 Enerve, and with voluptuous hope diſſolve, 165
 Draw out with credulous deſire, and lead
 At will the manlieſt, reſoluteſt breaſt,
 As the magnetic hardeſt iron draws.

Women,

I. Book II. *PARADISE REGAIN'D.* 33

Women, when nothing else, beguil'd the heart
Of wisest SOLOMON, and made him build, 170
And made him bow to the gods of his wives.

To whom quick answer SATAN thus return'd :
BELIAL, in much uneven scale thou weigh'st
All others by thy self : because of old
Thou thy self doat'dst on woman-kind, admiring,
Their shape, their colour, and attractive grace, 176
None are, thou think'st, but taken with such toys.
Before the flood thou with thy lusty crew,
False titled sons of GOD, roaming the earth,
Cast wanton eyes on the daughters of men, 180
And coupled with them, and begot a race.
Have we not seen, or by relation heard,
In courts and regal chambers how thou lurk'dst,
In wood or grove, by mossie fountain side,
In valley or green meadow, to way-lay 185
Some beauty rare, CALISTO, CLYMENE,
DAPHNE, or SEMELE, ANTIOPA,
Or AMYMONE, SYRINX, many more
Too long, then layd'st thy scapes on names ador'd,
APOLLO, NEPTUNE, JUPITER, or PAN, 190

D

Satyr,

Satyr, or Fawn, or Silvan? but these haunts
 Delight not all; among the sons of men,
 How many have, with a smile, made small account
 Of beauty and her lures, easily scorn'd
 All her assaults, on worthier things intent? 195

Remember that PELLEAN conqueror,
 A youth, how all the beauties of the east
 He slightly view'd, and slightly overpass'd!
 How he firnam'd of AFRICA dismiss'd,
 In his prime youth, the fair IBERIAN maid. 200
 For SOLOMON, he liv'd at ease, and full
 Of honour, wealth, high fare, aim'd not beyond
 Higher design than to enjoy his state;
 Thence to the bait of women lay expos'd:
 But He whom we attempt is wiser far 205
 Than SOLOMON, of more exalted mind,
 Made and set wholly on th' accomplishment
 Of greatest things; what woman will you find,
 Though of this age the wonder and the fame,
 On whom his leisure will vouchsafe an eye 210
 Of fond desire? or should she confident,
 As fitting queen ador'd on beauty's throne,

Descend

Descend with all her winning charms begirt
 T' enamour, as the zone of VENUS once
 Wrought that effect on Jove, so fables tell; 215
 How would one look from his majestick brow,
 Seated as on the top of virtue's hill,
 Discount'nance her despis'd, and put to rout
 All her array, her female pride deject,
 Or turn to rev'rent awe? for beauty stands 220
 In th' admiration only of weak minds
 Led captive; cease t' admire, and all her plumes
 Fall flat, and shrink into a trivial toy,
 At every sudden flighting quite abasht :
 Therefore with manlier objects we must try 225
 His constancy, with such as have more shew
 Of worth, of honour, glory, and popular praise,
 Rocks whereon greatest men have often wreck'd;
 Or that which only seems to satisfy
 Lawful desires of nature, not beyond. 230
 And now I know he hungers where no food
 Is to be found, in the wild wilderness;
 The rest commit to me, I shall let pass
 No advantage, and his strength as oft assay.

He ceas'd, and heard their grant in loud acclaim :
 Then forthwith to him takes a chosen band 236
 Of spirits, likest to himself in guile,
 To be at hand, and at his beck appear,
 If cause were, to unfold some active scene
 Of various persons, each to know his part; 240
 Then to the desert takes with these his flight ;
 Where still from shade to shade the SON of GOD
 After forty days fasting had remain'd,
 Now hungering first, and to himself thus said.

Where will this end? four times ten days I've pass'd
 Wandring this woody maze, and human food 246
 Nor tasted, nor had appetite; that fast
 To virtue I impute not, or count part
 Of what I suffer here : if nature need not,
 Or GOD support nature without repast, 250
 Though needing, what praise is it to endure ?
 But now I feel I hunger, which declares
 Nature hath need of what she asks; yet GOD
 Can satisfy that need some other way,
 Though hunger still remain: so it remain 255
 Without this body's wasting, I content me,

And

And from the sting of famine fear no harm,
Nor mind it ; fed with better thoughts, that feed
Me, hungring more to do my FATHER's will.

It was the hour of night, when thus the Son
Commun'd in silent walk, then laid him down 261
Under the hospitable covert nigh
Of trees thick interwoven , there he slept,
And dream'd (as appetite is wont to dream)
Of meats and drinks, nature's refreshment sweet ;
Him thought, he by the brook of CHERITH stood,
And saw the ravens with their horny beaks
Food to ELIJAH bringing, even and morn ;
Tho' rav'nous, taught t' abstain from what they brought:
He saw the Prophet also how he fled
Into the desert, and how there he slept 271
Under a juniper ; then how awak'd,
He found his supper on the coals prepar'd,
And by the angel was bid rise and eat,
And eat the second time after repose, 275
The strength whereof suffic'd him forty days ;
Sometimes that with ELIJAH he partook,
Or as a guest with DANIEL at his pulse.

Thus wore out night : and now the herald lark
 Left his ground-nest, high tow'ring to descry 280
 The morn's approach, and greet her with his song :
 As lightly from his graffie couch up rose
 Our SAVIOUR, and found all was but a dream ;
 Fasting he went to sleep, and fasting wak'd,
 Up to a hill anon his steps he rear'd, 285
 From whose high top to ken the prospect round,
 If cottage were in view, sheep-cote, or herd :
 But cottage, herd, or sheep-cote none he saw,
 Only in a bottom saw a pleasant grove,
 With chaunt of tuneful birds resounding loud :
 Thither he bent his way, determin'd there 290
 To rest at noon ; and enter'd soon the shade
 High rooft, and walks beneath, and alleys brown,
 That open'd in the midst a woody scene ;
 Nature's own work it seem'd (nature taught art)
 And to a superstitious eye the haunt 295
 Of wood-gods and wood-nymphs ; he view'd it round,
 When suddenly a man before him stood,
 Not rustick as before, but seemlier clad,
 As one in city, or court, or palace bred, 300
 And with fair speech these words to him address'd.

With

With granted leave officious I return,
 But much more wonder that the SON of GOD
 In this wild solitude so long should bide,
 Of all things destitute ; and well I know, 305
 Not without hunger. Others of some note,
 As story tells, have trod this wilderness ;
 The fugitive bond-woman with her son,
 Out-cast NEBAIOTH, yet found here relief
 By a providing angel ; all the race 310
 Of ISRAEL here had famish'd, had not GOD
 Rain'd from heav'n manna ; and that Prophet bold,
 Native of THESBE, wandring here was fed,
 Twice by a voice inviting him to eat ;
 Of thee these forty days none hath regard, 315
 Forty and more deserted here indeed.

To whom thus JESUS : What conclud'st thou hence ?
 They all had need ; I, as thou seest, have none.

How hast thou hunger then ? SATAN reply'd.
 Tell me, if food were now before thee set, 320
 Would'st thou not eat ? Thereafter as I like
 The giver, answer'd JESUS. Why should that

Cause thy refusal? said the subtle fiend.
 Hast thou not right to all created things?
 Owe not all creatures, by just right, to thee 325
 Duty and service, not to stay 'till bid,
 But tender all their power? nor mention I
 Meats by the law unclean, or offer'd first
 To idols, those young DANIEL could refuse;
 Nor proffer'd by an enemy; though who 330
 Would scruple that, with want oppress'd? behold
 Nature asham'd, or better to express,
 Troubl'd that thou shouldst hunger, hath purvey'd
 From all the elements her choicest store,
 To treat thee as beseems, and as her LORD 335
 With honour: only deign to sit, and eat.

He spake no dream; for as his words had end,
 Our SAVIOUR, lifting up his eyes, beheld
 In ample space, under the broadest shade,
 A table richly spread, in regal mode, 340
 With dishes pil'd, and meats of noblest sort
 And favour, beasts of chase, or fowl of game,
 In pastry-built, or from the spit, or boil'd,
 Gris-amber-steam'd; all fish from sea or shore,
 Freshet,

II. Book II. *PARADISE REGAIN'D.* 41

Freshet, or purling brook, of shell or fin, 345
And exquisitest name, for which was drain'd
25 PONTUS and LUCRINE bay, and AFRIC coast.
Alas how simple, to these cates compar'd,
Was that crude apple that diverted EVE!
And, at a stately side-board, by the wine 350
That fragrant smell diffus'd, in order stood
30 Tall stripling youths rich clad, of fairer hue
Than GANYMEDE or HYLAS; distant more
Under the trees now tripp'd, now solemn stood
Nymphs of DIANA's train, and NAIADES, 355
With fruits and flow'rs from AMALTHEA's horn,
35 And ladies of th' HESPERIDES, that seem'd
Fairer than feign'd of old, or fabl'd since,
Of fairy damsels met in forest wide,
By knights of LOGRES, or of LYONES, 360
LANCELOT, or PELLEAS, or PELLENORE.
And all the while harmonious airs were heard
40 Of chiming strings, or charming pipes, and winds
Of gentlest gale ARABIAN odours fann'd
From their soft wings, and FLORA's earliest smells.
Such was the splendor; and the Tempter now
His invitation earnestly renew'd.

What,

What, doubts the SON of GOD to fit, and eat ?
 These are not fruits forbidden, no interdict
 Defends the touching of these viands pure, 370
 Their taste no knowledge works, at least of evil,
 But life preserves, destroys life's enemy,
 Hunger, with sweet restorative delight.
 All these are spirits of air, and woods and springs,
 Thy gentle ministers, who come to pay 375
 Thee homage, and acknowledge thee their lord :
 What doubt'st thou, SON of GOD ? fit down, and eat.

To whom thus JESUS temp'rately reply'd :
 Saidst thou not that to all things I had right ?
 And who with-holds my pow'r that right to use ?
 Shall I receive by gift, what of my own, 381
 When and where likes me best, I can command ?
 I can at will, doubt not, as soon as thou,
 Command a table in this wilderness,
 And call swift flights of angels ministrant, 385
 Array'd in glory, on my cup t'attend :
 Why shouldst thou then obtrude this dililgence
 In vain, where no acceptance it can find ?
 And with my hunger what hast thou to do ?

Book II. *PARADISE REGAIN'D.* 43

Thy pompous delicacies I contemn, 390
And count thy specious gifts no gifts, but guiles.

To whom thus answer'd SATAN malecontent ;
That I have also pow'r to give, thou seest ;
If of that pow'r I bring thee voluntary
What I might have bestow'd on whom I pleas'd,
And rather opportunely in this place 396
Chose to impart to thy apparent need,
Why shouldst thou not accept it, but I see
What can I do, or offer, is suspect ;
Of these things others quickly will dispose, 400
Whose pains have earn'd the far-fet spoil. With that
Both table and provision vanish'd quite,
With sound of harpies wings, and talons heard ;
Only th' importune Tempter still remain'd,
And with these words his temptation pursu'd. 405

By hunger, that each other creature tames,
Thou art not to be harm'd, therefore not mov'd ;
Thy temperance invincible besides ;
For no allurements yields to appetite,
And all thy heart is set on high designs, 410
High

High actions ; but wherewith to be atchiev'd ?
 Great acts require great means of enterprife ;
 Thou art unknown, unfriended, low of birth,
 A carpenter thy father known, thy self
 Bred up in poverty and streights at home ; 415
 Lost in a desert here, and hunger-bit :
 Which way, or from what hope, dost thou aspire
 To greatness ? whence authority deriv'd ?
 What followers, what retinue canst thou gain,
 Or at thy heels the dizzy multitude, 420
 Longer than thou canst feed them on thy cost ?
 Money brings honour, friends, conquest and realms.
 What rais'd ANTIPATER the Edomite,
 And his Son HEROD plac'd on JUDA's throne,
 (Thy throne) but gold, that got him puissant friends ?
 Therefore, if at great things thou wouldst arrive,
 Get riches first, get wealth, and treasure heap ;
 Not difficult, if thou hearken to me :
 Riches are mine, fortune is in my hand ;
 They whom I favour thrive in wealth amain, 430
 While virtue, valour, wisdom fit in want,

To whom thus JESUS patiently reply'd :
 Yet wealth without these three is impotent

To gain dominion, or to keep it gain'd.

Witness those ancient empires of the earth, 435

In height of all their flowing wealth dissolv'd:

But men endu'd with these, have oft attain'd

15 In lowest poverty to highest deeds;

GIDEON and JEPHTHA, and the shepherd lad,

Whose off-spring on the throne of JUDA sat 440

So many ages, and shall yet regain

That seat, and reign in ISRAEL without end.

20 Among the heathen, (for throughout the world

To me is not unknown what hath been done

Worthy memorial) canst thou not remember 445

QUINTUS, FABRICIUS, CURIUS, REGULUS?

For I esteem those names of men so poor,

Who could do mighty things, and could contemn

Riches, though offer'd from the hand of kings.

And what in me seems wanting, but that I 450

May also in this poverty as soon

Accomplish what they did, perhaps and more?

430 Extol not riches then, the toy of fools,

The wise man's cumbrance, if not snare, more apt

To slacken virtue, and abate her edge, 455

Than prompt her to do aught may merit praise.

What

What if with like averſion I reject
 Riches and realms; yet not for that a crown,
 Golden in ſhew, is but a wreath of thorns,
 Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and ſleepleſs nights
 To him who wears the regal diadem, 461
 When on his ſhoulders each man's burden lies;
 For therein ſtands the office of a king,
 His honour, virtue, merit, and chief praiſe,
 That for the publick all this weight he bears. 465
 Yet he who reigns within himſelf, and rules
 Paſſions, deſires, and fears, is more a king;
 Which ev'ry wiſe and virtuous man attains:
 And who attains not, ill aſpires to rule
 Cities of men, or head-ſtrong multitudes; 470
 Subject himſelf to anarchy within,
 Or lawleſs paſſions in him which he ſerves.
 But to guide nations in the way of truth
 By ſaving doctrine, and from error lead
 To know, and knowing worſhip God aright, 475
 Is yet more kingly; this attracts the ſoul,
 Governs the inner man, the nobler part;
 That other o'er the body only reigns,
 And oft by force, which to a gen'rous mind

Book II. *PARADISE REGAIN'D.* 47

to reigning can be no sincere delight. 480

Besides, to give a kingdom hath been thought

Greater and nobler done, and to lay down

Far more magnanimous, than to assume.

Riches are needless then, both for themselves,

And for thy reason why they should be sought,

To gain a scepter, oft best better miss'd. 486

The end of the second book.



P A R A-

PARADISE REGAIN'D.

BOOK III.

SO spake the SON of GOD ; and SATAN stood
 A-while as mute, confounded what to say,
 What to reply, confuted and convinc'd
 Of his weak arguing, and fallacious drift :
 At length collecting all his Serpent wiles,
 With soothing words renew'd, him thus accosts.

I see thou know'st what is of use to know,
 What best to say canst say, to do canst do ;
 Thy actions to thy words accord, thy words
 To thy large heart give utterance due ; thy heart 10
 Contains of good, wise, just, the perfect shape.

Should



Should kings and nations from thy mouth consult,
Thy counsel would be as the oracle

URIM and THUMMIM, those oraculous gems

On AARON's breast, or tongue of seers old 15

Infallible ; or wert thou sought to deeds

That might require th' array of war, thy skill

Of conduct would be such, that all the world

Could not sustain thy prowess, or subsist

In battel, though against thy few in arms. 20

These god-like Virtues wherefore dost thou hide,

Affecting private life, or more obscure

In savage wilderness? wherefore deprive

All earth her wonder at thy acts, thy self

The fame and glory ? glory, the reward 25

That sole excites to high attempts, the flame

5 Of most erected spirits, most temper'd pure

Ethereal, who all pleasures else despise,

All treasures and all gain esteem as dross,

And dignities and pow'rs, all but the highest. 30

Thy years are ripe, and over-ripe ; the son

Of MACEDONIAN PHILIP had ere these

10 Won ASIA, and the throne of CYRUS held

At his dispose ; young SCIPIO had brought down

E

The

The *CARTHAGINIAN* pride; young *POMPEY* quell'd
The *PONTIC* king, and in triumph had rode. 36

Yet years, and to ripe years judgment mature,
Quench not the thirst of glory, but augment.

Great *JULIUS*, whom now all the world admires,
The more he grew in years, the more enflam'd
With glory, wept that he had liv'd so long 41
Inglorious: but thou yet art not too late.

To whom our *SAVIOUR* calmly thus reply'd.
Thou neither dost persuade me to seek wealth
For empire's sake, nor empire to affect 45
• For glory's sake, by all thy argument.
For, what is glory, but the blaze of fame,
The peoples praise, if always praise unmixt?
And, what the people, but a herd confus'd, 49
A miscellaneous rabble, who extol [praise?
Things vulgar, and well weigh'd scarce worth the
They praise and they admire they know not what,
And know not whom, but as one leads the other:
And what delight to be by such extoll'd,
To live upon their tongues, and be their talk, 53
Of whom to be despis'd were no small praise?

His lot who dares be singularly good.
 Th' intelligent among them and the wife
 Are few, and glory scarce of few is rais'd.
 This is true glory and renown, when God 60
 Looking on th' earth, with approbation marks
 The just man, and divulges him through heav'n
 To all his angels, who with true applause
 Recount his praises; thus he did to Job,
 When to extend his fame through heav'n and earth,
 As thou to thy reproach may'st well remember) 66
 He ask'd thee, Hast thou seen my servant Job,
 Famous he was in heav'n, on earth less known;
 Where glory is false glory, attributed
 To things not glorious, men not worthy of fame.
 They err, who count it glorious to subdue 71
 By conquest far and wide, to over-run
 Large countries, and in field great battels win,
 Great cities by assault: what do these worthies,
 But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave 75
 Peaceable nations, neighbouring, or remote?
 Made captive, yet deserving freedom more
 Than those their conquerors, who leave behind
 Nothing but ruin wherefoe'er they rove,

And all the flourishing works of peace destroy : 85
 Then swell with pride, and must be titled gods,
 Great benefactors of mankind, deliverers,
 Worship'd with temple, priest, and sacrifice ;
 One is the son of Jove, of Mars the other,
 'Till conqueror Death discover them scarce men, 85
 Rolling in brutish vices, and deform'd,
 Violent or shameful death their due reward.
 But if there be in glory aught of good,
 It may by means far different be attain'd
 Without ambition, war, or violence ; 90
 By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,
 By patience, temperance ; I mention still
 Him whom thy wrongs with faintly patience born
 Made famous, in a land and times obscure ;
 Who names not now with honour patient Job ?
 Poor SOCRATES (who next more memorable ?) 95
 By what he taught, and suffer'd for so doing,
 For truth's sake suffering death unjust, lives now
 Equal in fame to proudest Conquerors.
 Yet if for fame and glory aught be done, 100
 Aught suffer'd ; if young AFRICAN for fame
 His wasted country freed from PUNIC rage,

The deed becomes unprais'd, the man at least,
 And loses, though but verbal, his reward.
 Shall I seek glory then, as vain men seek, 105
 Oft not deserv'd? I seek not mine, but His
 Who sent me, and thereby witness whence I am.

To whom the Tempter murm'ring thus reply'd:
 Think not so slight of glory; therein least
 Resembling thy great FATHER; He seeks glory,
 And for His glory all things made, all things 111
 Orders and governs; not content in heav'n
 By all His angels glorify'd, requires
 Glory from men, from all men, good or bad,
 Wise or unwise, no difference, no exemption;
 Above all sacrifice, or hallow'd gift 116
 Glory He requires, and glory He receives
 Promiscuous from all nations, Jew, or Greek,
 Or barbarous, nor exception hath declar'd; 119
 From us, his foes pronounc'd, glory He exacts.

To whom our SAVIOUR fervently reply'd.
 And reason, since His Word all things produc'd,
 Though chiefly not for glory as prime end,

But to shew forth His goodness, and impart
His good communicable t'ev'ry soul 125
Freely; of whom what could He less expect
Than glory and benediction, that is thanks?
'The slightest, easiest, readiest recompence
From them, who could return Him nothing else;
And not returning what would likeliest render
Contempt instead, dishonour, obloquy? 131
Hard recompence, unsuitable return
For so much good, so much beneficence!
But why should man seek glory? who of his own
Hath nothing, and to whom nothing belongs 135
But condemnation, ignominy, and shame?
Who for so many benefits receiv'd,
'Turn'd recreant to GOD, ingrate and false,
And so of all true good himself despoil'd;
Yet, sacrilegious, to himself would take 140
That which to GOD alone of right belongs.
Yet so much bounty is in GOD, such grace,
That who advance His glory, not their own,
Them He himself to glory will advance.

So spake the SON of GOD; and here again 145
SATAN had not to answer, but stood struck

With guilt of his own sin ; for he himself
Insatiable of glory had lost all :
Yet of another plea bethought him soon.

Of glory as thou wilt, said he, so deem, 150

Worth or not worth their seeking, let it pass :

But to a kingdom thou art born, ordain'd

To sit upon thy father DAVID's throne :

By mother's side thy father ; though thy right

Be now in pow'rful hands, that will not part 155

Easily from possession won with arms ;

JUDÆA now, and all the promis'd land,

Reduc'd a province under ROMAN yoke,

Obeys TIBERIUS ; nor is always rul'd

With temp'rate sway, oft have they violated 160

The temple, oft the law with foul affronts,

Abominations rather, as did once

ANTIOCHUS : and think'st thou to regain

Thy right by sitting still, or thus retiring ?

So did not MACHABEUS ; he indeed 165

Retir'd into the desert, but with arms ;

And o'er a mighty king so oft prevail'd,

That by strong hand his family obtain'd,

Tho' priests, the crown, and DAVID's throne usurp'd,
With MODIN and her suburbs once content. 170

If kingdom move thee not, let move thee zeal
And duty ; zeal and duty are not flow,

But on occasion's forelock watchful wait.

They themselves rather are occasion best,
Zeal of thy FATHER's house, duty to free 175

Thy country from her heathen servitude ;

So shalt thou best fulfil, best verifie

The Prophets old, who sung thy endless reign :

The happier reign the sooner it begins. 179

Reign then ; what canst thou better do the while ?

To whom our SAVIOUR answer thus return'd.

All things are best fulfill'd in their due time ;

And time there is for all things, truth hath said :

If of my reign prophetick writ hath told,

That it shall never end, so when begin 185

The FATHER in his purpose hath decreed,

He in whose hand all times and seasons roll.

What if He hath decreed that I shall first

Be try'd in humble state, and things adverse,

By tribulations, injuries, insults, 190

Contempts,

Contempts, and scorns, and snares, and violence,
Suffering, abstaining, quietly expecting,
Without distrust or doubt ; that He may know
What I can suffer, how obey ? Who best
Can suffer, best can do ; best reign, who first 195
Well hath obey'd ; just tryal, ere I merit
My exaltation without change or end.
But what concerns it thee when I begin
My everlasting kingdom, why art thou
Solicitous, what moves thy inquisition ? 200
Know'st thou not that my rising is thy fall,
And my promotion will be thy destruction ?

To whom the Tempter, inly rack'd, reply'd :
Let that come when it comes ; all hope is lost
Of my reception into grace ; what worse ? 205
For where no hope is left, is left no fear.
If there be worse, the expectation more
Of worse torments me, than the feeling can.
I would be at the worst ; worst is my port,
My harbour, and my ultimate repose, 210
The end I would attain, my final good,
My error was my error, and my crime

My

My crime ; whatever for it self condemn'd,
 And will alike be punish'd ; whether thou
 Reign, or reign not : though to that gentle brow
 Willingly I could flie, and hope thy reign, 216
 From that placid aspect and meek regard,
 Rather than aggravate my evil state,
 Would stand between me and thy FATHER's ire,
 (Whose ire I dread more than the fire of hell) 220
 A shelter, and a kind of shading cool
 Interposition, as a summer's cloud.
 If I then to the worst that can be haste,
 Why move thy feet so slow to what is best,
 Happiest both to thy self and all the world, 225
 That thou who worthiest art shouldst be their king !
 Perhaps thou lingrest, in deep thoughts detain'd
 Of th' enterprize, so hazardous and high ;
 No wonder : for tho' in thee be united
 What of perfection can in man be found, 230
 Or human nature can receive, consider,
 Thy life hath yet been private, most part spent
 At home, scarce view'd the GALILEAN towns,
 And once a year JERUSALEM, few days 234
 Short sojourn ; and what thence couldst thou observe ?
 The

The world thou hast not seen, much less her glory,
 Empires, and monarchs, and their radiant courts,
 Best school of best experience, quickest in fight
 In all things that to greatest actions lead.
 The wisest, unexperienc'd, will be ever 240
 Tim'rous and loth, with novice modesty,
 (As he who seeking asses found a kingdom)
 Irresolute, unhardy, unadventrous :
 But I will bring thee where thou soon shalt quit
 Those rudiments, and see before thine eyes 245
 The monarchies of th' earth, their pomp and state,
 Sufficient introduction to inform
 Thee, of thy self so apt, in regal arts,
 And regal mysteries, that thou may'st know
 How best their opposition to withstand. 250

With that (such pow'r was giv'n him then) he took
 The SON of GOD up to a mountain high.
 It was a mountain at whose verdant feet
 A spacious plain out-stretch'd in circuit wide
 Lay pleasant ; from his side two rivers flow'd 255
 Th' one winding, th' other straight, and left between
 Fair champain with less rivers intervein'd,

Then

Then meeting join'd their tribute to the sea,
 Fertile of corn the glebe, of oyl and wine,
 With herds the pastures throng'd, with flocks the hills;
 Huge cities and high towr'd, that well might seem
 The seats of mightiest monarchs, and so large
 The prospect was, that here and there was room
 For barren desert fountainless and dry. 264
 To this high mountain top the Tempter brought
 Our SAVIOUR, and new train of words began.

Well have we speeded, and o'er hill and dale,
 Forest, and field, and flood, temples and tow'rs
 Cut shorter many a league; here thou behold'st
 ASSYRIA and her empire's ancient bounds, 270
 ARAXES and the CASPIAN lake, thence on
 As far as INDUS east, EUPHRATES west,
 And oft beyond; to south the PERSIAN bay,
 And inaccessible th' ARABIAN drouth:
 Here NINEVE, of length within her wall 275
 Sev'ral days journey, built by NINUS old,
 Of that first golden monarchy the seat,
 And seat of SALMANASSAR, whose success
 ISRAEL in long captivity still mourns;

There

There *BABYLON*, the wonder of all tongues, 280
 As ancient, but rebuilt by him who twice
JUDA and all thy father *DAVID*'s house,
 Led captive, and *JERUSALEM* laid waste,
 'Till *CYRUS* set them free; *PERSEPOLIS*
 His city there thou seest, and *BACTRA* there;
ECBATANA her structure vast there shews, 286
 And *HECATOMPYLOS* her hundred gates;
 There *SUSA* by *CHOASPES*, amber stream,
 The drink of none but kings; of later fame
 Built by *EMATHIAN*, or by *PARTHIAN* hands,
 The great *SELEUCIA*, *NISIBIS*, and there
ARTAXATA, *TEREDON*, *CTESIPHON*,
 Turning with easie eye thou may'st behold.
 All these the *PARTHIAN*, now some ages past,
 By great *ARSACES* led, who founded first 295
 That empire, under his dominion holds,
 From the luxurious kings of *ANTIOCH* won.
 And just in time thou com'st to have a view
 Of his great pow'r; for now the *PARTHIAN* king
 In *CTESIPHON* hath gather'd all his host 300
 Against the *SCYTHIAN*, whose incursions wild
 Have wasted *SOGDIANA*; to her aid

He

He marches now in haste ; see, though from far,
 His thousands, in what martial equipage
 They issue forth, steel bows, and shafts their arms,
 Of equal dread in flight, or in pursuit ; 306
 All horsemen, in which fight they most excel ;
 See how in warlike muster they appear,
 In rhombs and wedges, and half-moons and wings.

He look'd, and saw what numbers numberless 310
 The city gates out-pour'd, light-armed troops
 In coats of mail, and military pride ;
 In mail their horses clad, yet fleet and strong,
 Prauncing their riders bore, the flow'r and choice
 Of many provinces from bound to bound ; 315
 From ARACHOSIA, from GANDAOR east,
 And MARGIANA to the HIRCANIAN cliffs
 Of CAUCASUS, and dark IBERIAN dales,
 From ATROPATIA and the neighb'ring plains
 Of ADIABENE, MEDIA, and the south 320
 Of SUSIANA, to BALSARA's hav'n.
 He saw them in their forms of battel rang'd,
 How quick they wheel'd, and flying behind them shot
 Sharp fleet of arrowy show'r against the face

Of

Book III. *PARADISE REGAIN'D.* 63

Of their pursuers, and overcame by flight ; 325
The field all iron cast a gleaming brown,
Nor wanted clouds of foot, nor on each horn
Cuirassiers all in steel, for standing fight ;
Chariots or elephants endorst with tow'rs
Of archers, nor of lab'ring pioneers, 330
A multitude with spades and axes arm'd
To lay hills plain, fell woods, or vallies fill,
Or, where plain was, raise hill, or overlay
With bridges rivers proud, as with a yoke ;
Mules after these, camels and dromedaries, 335
And waggons fraught with utensils of war.
Such forces met not, nor so wide a camp,
When AGRICAN with all his northern pow'rs
Besieg'd ALBRACCA, as romances tell ;
The city of GALLAPHORNE, from thence to win
The fairest of her sex, ANGELICA, 341
His daughter, fought by many prowest knights,
Both PAYNIM, and the peers of CHARLEMANE.
Such and so numerous was their chivalry ;
At fight thereof the fiend yet more presum'd, 345
And to our SAVIOUR thus his words renew'd.

That

That thou may'st know I seek not to engage
 Thy virtue, and not ev'ry way secure
 On no slight grounds thy safety; hear, and mark
 To what end I have brought thee hither, and shewn
 All this fair fight: thy kingdom, though foretold 351
 By prophet or by angel, unless thou
 Endeavour, as thy father DAVID did,
 Thou never shalt obtain; prediction still,
 In all things, and all men, supposes means; 355
 Without means us'd, what it predicts revokes.
 But, say thou wert possess'd of DAVID's throne
 By free consent of all, none opposite,
 SAMARITAN or JEWS; how could'st thou hope
 Long to enjoy it quiet and secure, 360
 Between two such enclosing enemies,
 ROMAN, and PARTHIAN? therefore one of these
 Thou must make sure thy own; the PARTHIAN first,
 By my advice, as nearer, and of late
 Found able by invasion to annoy 365
 Thy country, and captive lead away her kings
 ANTIGONUS, and old HYRCANUS, bound,
 Maugre the ROMAN: it shall be my task
 To render thee the PARTHIAN at dispose;

Chuse

Chuse which thou wilt, by conquest, or by league.
 By him thou shalt regain, without him not, 371
 That which alone can truly re-instal thee
 In *DAVID*'s royal seat, his true successor,
 Deliv'rance of thy brethren, those ten tribes
 Whose off-spring in his territory yet serve 375
 In *HABOR*, and among the *MEDES* dispers'd,
 Ten sons of *JACOB*, two of *JOSEPH* lost
 Thus long from *ISRAEL*; serving, as of old
 Their fathers in the land of *EGYPT* serv'd,
 This offer sets before thee to deliver. 380
 These if from servitude thou shalt restore
 To their inheritance, then, nor 'till then,
 Thou on the throne of *DAVID* in full glory,
 From *EGYPT* to *EUPHRATES*, and beyond, 384
 Shalt reign, and *ROME* or *CÆSAR* not need fear.

To whom our *SAVIOUR* answer'd thus, unmov'd.
 Much ostentation vain of fleshly arm,
 And fragile arms, much instrument of war,
 Long in preparing, soon to nothing brought
 Before mine eyes thou'ast set; and in my ear 390
 Vented much policy, and projects deep

F

Of

Of enemies, of aids, battels, and leagues,
 Plausible to the world, to me worth naught.
 Means I must use, thou say'st, prediction else
 Will un-predict, and fail me of the throne : 395
 My time, I told thee (and that time for thee
 Were better farthest off) is not yet come ;
 When that comes, think not thou to find me slack
 On my part aught endea'ring, or to need
 Thy politick maxims, or that cumbersome 400
 Luggage of war there shewn me, argument
 Of human weakness, rather than of strength.
 My brethren, as thou call'st them, those ten tribes
 I must deliver, if I mean to reign
 DAVID's true heir, and his full scepter sway 405
 To just extent over all ISRAEL's sons.
 But whence to thee this zeal, where was it then
 For ISRAEL, or for DAVID, or his throne,
 When thou stood'st up his tempter to the pride
 Of numb'ring ISRAEL, which cost the lives 410
 Of threescore and ten thousand ISRAELITES
 By three days pestilence? such was thy zeal
 To ISRAEL then, the same that now to me.
 As for those captive tribes, themselves were they
 Who

Who wrought their own captivity, fell off 415
 From GOD to worship calves, and deities
 Of EGYPT, BAAL next, and ASHTAROTH,
 And all th'idolatries of heathen round,
 Besides their other worse than heath'nish crimes;
 Nor in the land of their captivity 420
 Humbled themselves, or penitent besought
 The GOD of their forefathers; but so dy'd
 Impenitent, and left a race behind
 Like to themselves, distinguishable scarce
 From Gentiles, but by circumcision vain, 425
 And GOD with idols in their worship join'd.
 Should I of these the liberty regard,
 Who freed, as to their ancient patrimony,
 Un-humbled, un-repentant, un-reform'd,
 Headlong would follow; and to their gods perhaps
 Of BETHEL and of DAN? no, let them serve 431
 Their enemies, who serve idols with GOD.
 Yet He at length, time to himself best known,
 Remembring ABRAHAM, by some wond'rous call
 May bring them back repentant and sincere, 435
 And at their passing cleave th' ASSYRIAN flood,
 While to their native land with joy they haste;

As the red sea and JORDAN once He cleft,
When to the promis'd land their fathers pass'd;
To His due time and providence I leave them. 440

So spake ISRAEL's true king ; and to the fiend
Made answer meet, that made void all his wiles.
So fares it when with truth falshood contends.

The end of the third book.



PARADISE REGAIN'D.

B O O K IV.

PErplex'd and troubled at his bad success
 The Tempter stood, nor had what to reply,
 Discover'd in his fraud, thrown from his hope
 So oft, and the persuasive rhetoric
 That sleek'd his tongue, and won so much on EVE,
 So little here, nay lost; but EVE was EVE, 6
 This far his over match, who self-deceiv'd
 And rash, before-hand had no better weigh'd
 The strength he was to cope with, or his own:
 But as a man who had been matchless held 10
 In cunning, over-reach'd where least he thought,
 To save his credit, and for very spight,

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Still will be tempting him who foys him still,
 And never cease, though to his shame the more ;
 Or as a swarm of flies in vintage time, 15
 About the wine-press where sweet moult is pour'd,
 Beat off, returns as oft with humming sound ;
 Or surging waves against a solid rock,
 Though all to shivers dash'd, th' assault renew,
 Vain batt'ry, and in froth or bubbles end ; 20
 So SATAN, whom repulse upon repulse
 Met ever, and to shameful silence brought,
 Yet gives not o'er, though desp'rate of success,
 And his vain importunity pursues.
 He brought our SAVIOUR to the western side 25
 Of that high mountain, whence he might behold
 Another plain, long, but in breadth not wide,
 Wash'd by the southern sea, and on the north
 To equal length back'd with a ridge of hills 29
 That screen'd the fruits of th' earth and seats of men
 From cold SEPTENTRION blasts, thence in the midst
 Divided by a river, of whose banks
 On each side an imperial city stood,
 With tow'rs and temples proudly elevate
 On seven small hills, with palaces adorn'd, 35
 Porches,



Porches, and theaters, baths, aqueducts,
 Statues, and trophies, and triumphal arcs,
 Gardens, and groves presented to his eyes,
 Above the height of mountains interpos'd.
 By what strange parallax, or optick skill 40
 Of vision, multiply'd through air, or glass
 Of telescope, were curious to enquire:
 And now the Tempter thus his silence broke.

This city which thou seest, no other deem
 Than great and glorious ROME, queen of the earth
 So far renown'd, and with the spoils enrich'd 46
 Of nations; there the capitol thou seest
 Above the rest lifting his stately head
 On the TARPEIAN rock, her cittadel
 Impregnable; and there mount PALATINE, 50
 Th' imperial palace, compass huge, and high
 The structure, skill of noblest architects,
 With gilded battlements, conspicuous far,
 Turrets, and terraces, and glitt'ring spires.
 Many a fair edifice besides, more like 55
 Houses of gods (so well I have dispos'd
 My airy microscope) thou may'st behold

Outside and inside both, pillars and roofs,
 Carv'd work, the hand of fam'd artificers
 In cedar, marble, ivory, or gold. 60

Thence to the gates cast round thine eye, and see
 What conflux issuing forth, or entring in,
 Pretors, proconsuls to their provinces
 Hast'ing, or on return, in robes of state;
 Lic'tors and rods, the ensigns of their pow'r, 65
 Legions and cohorts, turmes of horse, and wings:
 Or embassies from regions far remote

In various habits on the APPIAN road,
 Or on th'EMILIAN; some from farthest south,
 SYENE, and where the shadow both ways falls, 70
 MEROE, NILOTIC isle; and more to west,
 The realm of BOCC'HUS to the black-moor sea;
 From th'ASIAN kings and PARTHIAN, among these,
 From INDIA, and the golden CHERSONESE,
 And utmost INDIAN isle TAPROBANE, 75

Dusk faces with white filken turbant wreath'd;
 From GALLIA, GADES, and the BRITISH west,
 GERMANS and SCYTHIANS, and SARMATIANS north
 Beyond DANUBIUS to the TAURIC pool.
 All nations now to ROME obedience pay, 80

To

Book IV. *PARADISE REGAIN'D.* 73

To ROME's great emperor, whose wide domain,
In ample territory, wealth, and pow'r,
Civility of manners, arts and arms,
And long renown, thou justly may'st prefer 84
Before the PARTHIAN : these two thrones except,
The rest are barb'rous, and scarce worth the fight,
Shar'd among petty kings, too far remov'd :
These having shewn thee, I have shewn thee all
The kingdoms of the world, and all their glory.
This emp'ror hath no son, and now is old, 90
Old and lascivious, and from ROME retir'd
To CAPREÆ, an island small but strong
On the CAMPANIAN shore, with purpose there
His horrid lusts in private to enjoy,
Committing to a wicked favourite 95
All publick cares, and yet of him suspicious ;
Hated of all, and hating ; with what ease,
Indu'd with regal virtues as thou art,
Appearing, and beginning noble deeds, 99
Mightst thou expel this monster from his throne,
Now made a stye, and in his place ascending
A victor, people free from servile yoke ?
And with my help thou may'st ; to me the pow'r

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Is given, and by that right I give it thee.
 Aim therefore at no less than all the world, 105
 Aim at the highest; without the highest attain'd
 Will be for thee no fitting, or not long,
 On DAVID's throne, be prophesy'd what will.

To whom the SON of GOD unmov'd reply'd.
 Nor doth this grandeur and majestick show 110
 Of luxury, though call'd magnificence,
 More than of arms before, allure mine eye,
 Much less my mind; tho' thou should'st add to tell
 Their sumptuous gluttonies, and gorgeous feasts
 On CITRUS tables or ATLANTIC stone, 115
 (For I have also heard, perhaps have read)
 Their Wines of SETIA, CALES, and FALERNE,
 CHIOS and CREET, and how they quaff in gold,
 Chrystal and myrrhine cups imboss'd with gems
 And studs of pearl, to me should'st tell, who thirst
 And hunger still: then embassies thou shew'st 121
 From nations far and nigh; what honour that,
 But tedious waste of time, to sit and hear
 So many hollow compliments and lies,
 Outlandish flatteries? then proceed'st to talk 125
 Of

Book IV. *PARADISE REGAIN'D.* 75

Of th' emperor, how easily subdu'd;
How gloriously, I shall, thou say'st, expel
A brutish monster: what if I withal
Expel a devil, who first made him such?
Let his tormenter conscience find him out. 130

For him I was not sent, nor yet to free
That people, victor once, now vile and base,
Deservedly made vassal, who once just,
Frugal, and mild, and temp'rate, conquer'd well,
But govern ill the nations under yoke, 135

Peeling their provinces, exhausted all
By lust and rapine; first ambitious grown
Of triumph, that insulting vanity;
Then cruel, by their sports to blood enur'd
Of fighting beasts, and men to beasts expos'd, 140
Luxurious by their wealth, and greedier still,
And from the daily scene effeminate.

What wise and valiant man would seek to free
These thus degen'rate, by themselves enslav'd,
Or could of inward slaves make outward free? 145

Know therefore, when my season comes to fit
On DAVID'S throne, it shall be like a tree,
Spreading and overshadow'ing all the earth;

Or

Or as a stone that shall to pieces dash
 All monarchies besides throughout the world, 150
 And of my kingdom there shall be no end :
 Means there shall be to this ; but what the means,
 Is not for thee to know, nor me to tell.

To whom the Tempter impudent reply'd :
 I see all offers made by me how slight 155
 Thou valu'st, because offer'd, and reject'st :
 Nothing will please the difficult and nice,
 Or nothing more than still to contradict :
 On th' other side know also thou, that I
 On what I offer set as high esteem, 160
 Nor what I part with mean to give for nought :
 All these which in a moment thou behold'st,
 The kingdoms of the world, to thee I give ;
 For giv'n to me, I give to whom I please,
 No trifle ; yet with this reserve, not else, 165
 On this condition, if thou wilt fall down,
 And worship me as thy superior lord,
 Easily done, and hold them all of me :
 For what can less so great a gift deserve ?

Whom

Whom thus our SAVIOUR answer'd with disdain :
I never lik'd thy talk, thy offers less ; 171
Now both abhor, since thou hast dar'd to utter
Th' abominable terms, impious condition :
But I endure the time, 'till which expir'd,
Thou hast permission on me. It is written 175
The first of all commandments, Thou shalt worship
The LORD thy GOD, and only Him shalt serve ;
And dar'st thou to the SON of GOD propound
To worship thee accurst, now more accurst
For this attempt, bolder than that on EVE, 180
And more blasphemous? which expect to rue.
The kingdoms of the world to thee were giv'n?
Permitted rather, and by thee usurp'd :
Other donation none thou canst produce:
If giv'n, by whom but by the King of kings, 185
GOD over all supreme? if giv'n to thee,
By thee how fairly is the giver now
Repaid? but gratitude in thee is lost
Long since. Wert thou so void of fear or shame,
As offer them to me, the SON of GOD, 190
To me my own, on such abhorred pact,
That I fall down and worship thee as God?

Get

Get thee behind me ; plain thou now appear'st
That evil one, SATAN for ever damn'd.

To whom the fiend, with fear abash't, reply'd.
Be not so sore offended, SON of GOD ; 196
Though Sons of GOD both angels are and men,
If I to try whether in higher sort
Than these thou bear'st that title, have propos'd
What both from men and angels I receive, 200
Tetrarchs of fire, air, flood, and on the earth
Nations besides from all the quarter'd winds,
God of this world invok'd, and world beneath ;
Who then thou art, whose coming is foretold
To me so fatal, me it most concerns. 205
The tryal hath endamag'd thee no way,
Rather more honour left, and more esteem ;
Me naught advantag'd, missing what I aim'd.
Therefore let pass, as they are transitory,
The kingdoms of this world ; I shall no more 210
Advise thee, gain them as thou canst, or not.
And thou thy self seem'st otherwise enclin'd
Than to a worldly crown, addicted more
To contemplation and profound dispute,

Book IV. *PARADISE REGAIN'D.* 79

As by that early action may be judg'd, 215
When slipping from thy mother's eye thou went'st
Alone into the temple, there wast found
Among the gravest rabbies disputant
On points and questions fitting MOSES' chair,
Teaching, not taught; the childhood shews the man,
As morning shews the day. Be famous then 221
By wisdom; as thy empire must extend,
So let extend thy mind o'er all the world,
In knowledge, all things in it comprehend:
All knowledge is not couch'd in MOSES' law, 225
The PENTATEUCH, or what the Prophets wrote;
The GENTILES also know, and write, and teach
To Admiration, led by nature's light;
And with the GENTILES much thou must converse,
Ruling them by perswasion, as thou mean'st; 230
Without their learning, how wilt thou with them,
Or they with thee hold conversation meet?
How wilt thou reason with them, how refute
Their idolisms, traditions, paradoxes?
Error by his own arms is best evinc'd. 235
Look once more, ere we leave this specular mount,
Westward, much nearer by south-west, behold
Where

Where on th' *ÆGEAN* shore a city stands
 Built nobly, pure the air, and light the soil,
ATHENS, the eye of *GREECE*, mother of arts 240
 And eloquence, native to famous wits
 Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,
 City or suburb, studious walks and shades ;
 See there the olive grove of *ACADEME*,
PLATO's retirement, where the *ATTIC* bird 245
 Trills her thick-warbl'd notes the summer long ;
 There flow'ry hill *HYMETTUS*, with the sound
 Of bees industrious murmur, oft invites
 To studious musing ; there *ILISSUS* rolls 249
 His whisp'ring stream : within the walls then view
 The schools of ancient sages ; his who bred
 Great *ALEXANDER* to subdue the world,
LYCEUM there, and painted *STOA* next :
 There thou shalt hear and learn the secret pow'r
 Of harmony in tones and numbers, hit 255
 By voice or hand, and various-measur'd verse,
ÆOLIAN charms, and *DORIAN LYRIC* odes,
 And his who gave them breath, but higher sung,
 Blind *MELESIGENES*, thence *HOMER* call'd,
 Whose poem *PHOEBUS* challeng'd for his own.

Thence

Thence what the lofty grave tragoedians taught
 In CHORUS or IAMBIC, teachers best
 Of moral prudence, with delight receiv'd,
 In brief sententious precepts while they treat 264
 Of fate and chance; and change in human life;
 High actions, and high passions best describing:
 Thence to the famous orators repair,
 Those ancients, whose resistless eloquence
 Wielded at will that fierce democratic,
 Shook th' arsenal, and fulmin'd over GREECE 270
 To MACEDON, and ARTAXERXES' throne.
 To sage philosophy next lend thine ear,
 From heav'n descended to the low-rooft house
 Of SOCRATES; see there his tenement,
 Whom well inspir'd the oracle pronounc'd 275
 Wisest of men; from whose mouth issu'd forth
 Mellifluous streams that water'd all the schools
 Of academies old and new, with those
 Sirnam'd PERIPATETICKS, and the sect
 EPICUREAN, and the STOIC severe. 280
 These here revolve, or, as thou lik'st, at home,
 'Till time mature thee to a kingdom's weight;

G

These

These rules will render thee a king compleat
Within thy self, much more with empire join'd.

To whom our SAVIOUR sagely thus reply'd. 285
Think not, but that I know these things ; or think
I know them not ; not therefore am I short
Of knowing what I aught : he who receives
Light from above, from the fountain of light,
No other doctrine needs, tho' granted true ;
But these are false, or little else but dreams, 291
Conjectures, fancies, built on nothing firm.
The first and wisest of them all profess'd
To know this only, that he nothing knew ; 294
The next to fabling fell, and smooth conceits :
A third sort doubted all things, though plain sense ;
Others in virtue plac'd felicity,
But virtue join'd with riches and long life ;
In corporal pleasure he, and careless ease :
The Stoic last in philosophic pride, 300
By him call'd virtue ; and his virtuous man,
Wife, perfect in himself, and all possessing,
Equal to God, oft shames not to prefer,
As fearing God nor man, contemning all

Wealth,

Wealth, pleasure, pain or torment, death and life,
 Which when he lifts, he leaves, or boasts he can :
 For all his tedious talk is but vain boast,
 Or subtle shifts, conviction to evade,
 Alas what can they teach, and not mis-lead ;
 Ignorant of themselves, of God much more, 310
 And how the world began, and how man fell
 Degraded by himself, on grace depending?
 Much of the soul they talk, but all awry,
 And in themselves seek virtue, and to themselves
 All glory arrogate, to God give none ; 315
 Rather accuse him under usual names,
 Fortune and fate, as one regardless quite
 Of mortal things. Who therefore seeks in these
 True wisdom, finds her not, or by delusion
 Far worse, her false resemblance only meets, 320
 An empty cloud. However, many books
 Wise men have said are wearisome ; who reads
 Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
 A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
 (And what he brings, what needs he elsewhere seek)
 Uncertain and unsettled still remains, 326
 Deep vers'd in books, and shallow in himself,

Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys
 And trifles for choice matters, worth a sponge ;
 As children gath'ring pibbles on the shore. 330
 Or if I would delight my private hours
 With musick or with poem, where so soon
 As in our native language can I find
 That solace ? all our law and story strew'd
 With hymns, our psalms with artful terms inscrib'd.
 Our hebrew songs and harps in *BABYLON* 336
 That pleas'd so well our victors ear, declare
 That rather *GREECE* from us these arts deriv'd ;
 Ill imitated, while they loudest sing
 The vices of their deities, and their own, 340
 In fable, hymn, or song, so personating
 Their gods ridiculous, and themselves past shame.
 Remove their swelling epithets thick laid,
 As varnish on a harlot's cheek ; the rest,
 Thin sown with aught of profit or delight, 345
 Will far be found unworthy to compare
 With *SION's* songs, to all true tastes excelling,
 Where *GOD* is prais'd aright, and god-like men,
 The Holiest of holies, and His faints : 349
 Such are from *GOD* inspir'd, not such from thee ;
 Unless

Unless where moral virtue is express'd
By light of nature, not in all quite lost.
Their orators thou then extoll'st, as those
The top of eloquence, statists indeed,
And lovers of their country, as may seem; 355
But herein to our prophets far beneath,
As men divinely taught, and better teaching
The solid rules of civil government,
In their majestic unaffected style,
Than all the oratory of GREECE and ROME. 360
In them is plainest taught, and easiest learnt,
What makes a nation happy, and keeps it so,
What ruins kingdoms, and lays citys flat;
These only with our law best form a king.

So spake the SON of GOD; but SATAN now 365
Quite at a loss, for all his darts were spent,
Thus to our SAVIOUR with stern brow reply'd.

Since neither wealth, nor honour, arms nor arts,
Kingdom nor empire pleases thee, nor aught
By me propos'd in life contemplative, 370
Or active, tended on by glory, or fame,

What dost thou in this world? the wilderness
 For thee is fittest place; I found thee there,
 And thither will return thee: yet remember
 What I foretell thee, soon thou shalt have cause
 To wish thou never hadst rejected thus 376
 Nicely or cautiously my offer'd aid,
 Which wou'd have set thee in short time with ease
 On DAVID's throne, or throne of all the world,
 Now at full age, fulness of time, thy season, 380
 When prophecies of thee are best fulfill'd.
 Now contrary, if I read aught in heav'n,
 Or heav'n write aught of fate, by what the stars
 Voluminous, or single characters
 In their conjunction met, give me to spell, 385
 Sorrows and labours, opposition, hate,
 Attends thee, scorns, reproaches, injuries,
 Violence and stripes, and lastly cruel death;
 A kingdom they portend thee; but, what kingdom?
 Real, or allegoric, I discern not; 390
 Nor when: eternal sure; as without end,
 Without beginning; for no date prefixt,
 Directs me, in the starry rubric set.

So saying, he took, (for still he knew his pow'r
 Not yet expir'd) and to the wilderness 395
 Brought back the SON of GOD, and left him there,
 Feigning to disappear. Darknes now rose,
 As day-light sunk, and brought in lowring night
 Her shad'wy off-spring, un-substantial both,
 Privation meer of light, and absent day. 400
 Our SAVIOUR meek, and with un-troubled mind,
 After his airy jaunt, though hurry'd forc,
 Hungry and cold, betook him to his rest,
 Wherever, under some concourse of shades 404
 Whose branching arms thick interwin'd might shield
 From dews and damps of night his shelter'd head,
 But shelter'd slept in vain; for at his head
 The Tempter watch'd, and soon with ugly dreams
 Disturb'd his sleep, and either tropic now 409
 'Gan thunder, and both ends of heav'n the clouds
 From many a horrid rift abortive pour'd
 Fierce rain with lightning mixt, water with fire
 In ruin reconcil'd: nor slept the winds
 Within their stony caves, but rush'd abroad
 From the four hinges of the world, and fell 415
 On the vext wilderness, whose tallest pines,

Though rooted deep as high, and sturdiest oaks
Bow'd their stiff necks, loaden with stormy blasts,
Or torn up sheer : ill wast thou shrouded then,
O patient SON of GOD, yet only stoodst 420
Un-shaken. Nor yet staid the terror there ;
Infernal ghosts, and hellish furies round
Environ'd thee ; some howl'd, some yell'd, some shriek'd,
Some bent at thee their fiery darts, while thou
Sat'st un-appal'd, in calm and sinless peace. 425
Thus pass'd the night so foul, 'till morning fair
Came forth with pilgrim steps in amice gray,
Who with her radiant finger still'd the roar
Of thunder, chas'd the clouds, and laid the winds,
And grisly spectres which the fiend had rais'd, 430
To tempt the SON of GOD with terrors dire,
And now the sun with more effectual beams
Had chear'd the face of earth, and dry'd the wet
From drooping plant, or dropping tree ; the birds,
Who all things now behold more fresh and green,
After a night of storm so ruinous, 436
Clear'd up their choicest notes in bush and spray,
To gratulate the sweet return of morn ;
Nor yet amidst this joy and brightest morn

Was

Was absent, after all his mischief done, 440
 The prince of darkness, glad would also seem
 Of this fair change, and to our SAVIOUR came ;
 Yet with no new device, they all were spent,
 Rather by this his last affront resolv'd,
 Desp'rate of better course, to vent his rage, 445
 And mad despight, to be so oft repell'd.
 Him walking on a sunny hill he found,
 Back'd on the north and west by a thick wood ;
 Out of the wood he starts in wonted shape,
 And in a careless mood thus to him said. 450

Fair morning yet betides thee, SON of GOD,
 After a dismal night ; I heard the rack
 As earth and sky would mingle ; but my self
 Was distant ; and these flaws, tho' mortals fear them
 As dang'rous to the pillar'd frame of heav'n,
 Or to the earth's dark basis underneath,
 Are to the main as inconsiderable,
 And harmless, if not wholesom, as a sneeze
 To man's less universe, and soon are gone ; 459
 Yet as being oft-times noxious where they light
 On man, beast, plant, wastful and turbulent,
 Like

Like turbulencies in the affairs of men,
 Over whose heads they roar, and seem to point,
 They oft fore-signify and threaten ill :
 This tempest at this desert most was bent ; 465
 Of men, at thee ; for only thou here dwell'ft.
 Did I not tell thee, if thou didst reject
 The perfect season offer'd with my aid
 To win thy destin'd seat, but wilt prolong
 All to the push of fate, pursue thy way 470
 Of gaining DAVID's throne no man knows when,
 (For both the when and how is no where told)
 Thou shalt be what thou art ordain'd, no doubt ;
 For angels have proclaim'd it, but concealing
 The time and means : each act is rightliest done,
 Not when it must, but when it may be best. 476
 If thou observe not this, be sure to find,
 What I foretold thee, many a hard assay
 Of dangers, and adversities and pains,
 Ere thou of ISRAEL's scepter get fast hold ; 480
 Whereof this ominous night that clos'd thee round,
 So many terrors, voices, prodigies,
 May warn thee, as a sure fore-going sign.

So talk'd he, while the SON of GOD went on,
And staid not, but in brief him answer'd thus. 485

Me worfe than wet thou find'st not ; other harm
Those terrors which thou speak'st of, did me none ;
I never fear'd they could, though noising loud
And threatning nigh : what they can do as signs
Betok'ning, or ill boding, I contemn 490
As false portents, not sent from GOD, but thee ;
Who knowing I shall reign past thy preventing,
Obtrud'st thy offer'd aid, that I accepting
At least might seem to hold all pow'r of thee,
Ambitious spirit, and wou'dst be thought my god,
And storm'st refus'd, thinking to terrifie 496
Me to thy will ; desist, thou art discern'd
And toil'st in vain, nor me in vain molest.

To whom the fiend, now swoln with rage, reply'd:
Then hear, O son of DAVID, virgin-born ; 500
For SON of GOD to me is yet in doubt.
Of the MESSIAH I have heard fore-told
By all the prophets ; of thy birth at length
Announc'd by GABRIEL with the first I knew,
And

And of th' angelic song in BETHLEHEM field, 505
 On thy birth-night, that sung thee SAVIOUR born;
 From that time seldom have I ceas'd to eye
 Thy infancy, thy childhood, and thy youth,
 Thy manhood last, though yet in private bred;
 'Till at the ford of JORDAN, whither all 510
 Flock'd to the Baptist, I among the rest,
 Though not to be baptiz'd, by voice from heav'n
 Heard thee pronounc'd the SON of GOD belov'd.
 Thenceforth I thought thee worth my nearer view
 And narrower scrutiny, that I might learn 515
 In what degree or meaning thou art call'd
 The SON of GOD, which bears no single sense:
 The SON of GOD I also am, or was;
 And if I was, I am; relation stands:
 All men are Sons of GOD; yet thee I thought 520
 In some respect far higher so declar'd.
 Therefore I watch'd thy footsteps from that hour,
 And follow'd thee still on to this waste wild;
 Where by all best conjectures I collect
 Thou art to be my fatal enemy. 525
 Good reason then, if I before-hand seek
 To understand my adversary, who

And

And what he is; his wisdom, pow'r, intent ;
 By parl, or composition, truce or league
 To win him, or win from him what I can. 530
 And opportunity I here have had
 To try thee, sift thee, and confefs have found thee
 Proof againſt all temptation, as a rock
 Of adamant, and as a center, firm 534
 To th' utmoſt of mere man, both wiſe and good :
 Not more ; for honours, riches, kingdoms, glory
 Have been before contemn'd, and may again :
 Therefore to know what more thou art than man,
 Worth naming SON of GOD by voice from heav'n,
 Another method I muſt now begin. 540

So ſaying he caught him up, and without wing
 Of HIPPOGRIF bore through the air ſublime,
 Over the wilderneſs, and o'er the plain ;
 'Till underneath them fair JERUSALEM,
 The holy city, lifted high her tow'rs, 545
 And higher yet the glorious temple rear'd
 Her pile, far off appearing like a mount
 Of alabaſter, top'd with golden ſpires :
 There on the higheſt pinnacle he ſet
 The SON of GOD ; and added thus in ſcorn : 550

There stand, if thou wilt stand; to stand upright
 Will ask thee skill. I to thy FATHER's house
 Have brought thee, and highest plac'd, highest is best,
 Now shew thy progeny; if not to stand,
 Cast thy self down; safely, if SON of GOD: 555
 For it is written, He will give command
 Concerning thee to his angels, in their hands
 They shall up lift thee, lest at any time
 Thou chance to dash thy foot against a stone.

To whom thus JESUS: Also it is written, 560
 Tempt not the LORD thy GOD. He said, and stood.
 But SATAN smitten with amazement fell,
 As when earth's son ANTÆUS (to compare
 Small things with greatest) in IRASSA strove
 With JOVE's ALCIDES, and oft foil'd still rose, 565
 Receiving from his mother earth new strength,
 Fresh from his fall, and fiercer grapple join'd,
 Throttled at length in th' air, expir'd and fell:
 So after many a foil, the Tempter proud,
 Renewing fresh assaults, amid't his pride 570
 Fell whence he stood to see his victor fall.
 And as that THEBAN monster that propos'd

Her

Her riddle, and him, who solv'd it not, devour'd;
 That once found out and solv'd, for grief and spight
 Cast her self headlong from th' ISMENIAN steep;
 So strook with dread and anguish fell the fiend,
 And to his crew that sat consulting, brought
 Joyless triumphals of his hop'd success,
 Ruin, and desperation, and dismay,
 Who durst so proudly tempt the Son of God. 580

So SATAN fell; and strait a fiery globe
 Of angels on full sail of wing flew nigh,
 Who on their plummy vans receiv'd him soft
 From his uneasie station, and up-bore
 As on a floating couch through the blithe air, 585

Then in a flow'ry valley set him down
 On a green bank, and set before him spread
 A table of celestial food, divine,
 Ambrosial fruits, fetcht from the tree of life,
 And from the fount of life ambrosial drink, 590

That soon refresh'd him weary'd, and repair'd
 What hunger, if aught hunger had impair'd,
 Or thirst: and as he fed, angelic quires
 Sung heav'nly anthems of his victory
 Over temptation, and the Tempter proud. 595

True

True image of the FATHER, whether thron'd
In the bosom of bliss, and light of light
Conceiving, or remote from heav'n, enshrin'd
In fleshly tabernacle, and human form,
Wand'ring the wilderness, whatever place, 600
Habit, or state, or motion, still expressing
The SON of GOD, with god-like force indu'd
Against th' attempter of thy FATHER's throne,
And thief of Paradise, him long of old
Thou didst debel, and down from heav'n cast 605
With all his army, now thou hast aveng'd
Supplanted ADAM, and by vanquishing
Temptation, hast regain'd lost Paradise ;
And frustrated the conquest fraudulent :
He never more henceforth will dare set foot 610
In Paradise, to tempt ; his snares are broke :
For though that seat of earthly bliss be fail'd,
A fairer Paradise is founded now
For ADAM and his chosen sons, whom thou
A SAVIOUR art come down to re-instal 615
Where they shall dwell secure, when time shall be,
Of Tempter and temptation without fear.
But thou, infernal serpent, shalt not long

Rule in the clouds ; like an autumnal star
Or lightning, thou shalt fall from heav'n, trod down
Under his feet : for proof, ere this thou feel'st 621
Thy wound, yet not thy last and deadliest wound,
By this repulse receiv'd, and hold'st in hell
No triumph ; in all her gates ABADDON rues
Thy bold attempt ; hereafter learn with awe 625
To dread the SON of GOD : he all unarm'd
Shall chase thee with the terror of his voice
From thy demoniac holds, possession foul,
Thee and thy legions, yelling they shall fly,
And beg to hide them in a herd of swine, 630
Lest he command them down into the deep
Bound, and to torment sent before their time.
Hail SON of the most High, heir of both worlds,
Queller of SATAN, on thy glorious work
Now enter, and begin to save mankind. 635

Thus they the SON of GOD our SAVIOUR meek
Sung victor, and from heav'nly feast refresh'd
Brought on his way with joy ; he unobserv'd
Home to his mother's house private return'd.

T H E E N D.

H



SAMSON AGONISTES:

A

D R A M A T I C K

P O E M.

The A U T H O R

J O H N M I L T O N.

Aristot. Poet. Cap. 6.

Τραγωδία μίμνσις πρᾶξις παθαιῶς, &c.

Tragoedia est imitatio actionis seriæ, &c. per misericordiam & metum perficiens talium affectuum lustrationem.

L O N D O N:

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*Of that sort of Dramatick Poem
which is call'd Tragedy.*

TRAGEDY, as it was anciently compos'd hath been ever held the gravest, morallest, and most profitable of all other Poems: therefore said by *Aristotle* to be of power, by raising pity and fear, or terror, to purge the mind of those and such like passions, that is, to temper, and reduce them to just measure, with a kind of delight, stirr'd up by reading or seeing those Passions well imitated. Nor is Nature wanting in her own effects to make good his assertion; for so in Physick things of melancholick hue and quality are us'd against melancholy, sower against sower, salt to remove salt humours. Hence Philosophers and other gravest Writers, as *Cicero*, *Plutarch* and others, frequently cite out of Tragick Poets, both to adorn and illustrate their discourse. The Apostle *St. Paul* himself thought it not worthy to insert a verse of *Euripides* into the text of Holy Scripture, 1 *Cor.* 15. 33. and *Paræus* commenting on the *Revelation*, divides the whole Book as a Tragedy, into Acts distinguish'd each by a Chorus of Heavenly Harpings, and Song between. Heretofore Men in highest dignity have labour'd not a little to be thought able to compose a Tragedy. Of that honour *Dionysius* the elder was no less

Of Dramatick Tragedy, &c.

ambitious, than before of his attaining to the Tyranny. *Augustus Cæsar* also had begun his *Ajax*, but unable to please his own judgment with what he had begun, left it unfinished. *Seneca* the Philosopher is by some thought the Author of those Tragedies (at least the best of them) that go under that name. *Gregory Nazianzen*, a Father of the Church, thought it not unbeseeming the sanctity of his Person to write a Tragedy, which is intitl'd *Christ suffering*. This is mention'd to vindicate Tragedy from the small esteem, or rather infamy, which in the account of many it undergoes at this day with other common Interludes; hap'ning through the Poets error of intermixing Comick stuff with Tragick sadness and gravity; or introducing trivial and vulgar Persons, which by all judicious hath been counted absurd; and brought in without discretion, corruptly to gratify the people. And though ancient Tragedy use no Prologue, yet using sometimes in case of self-defence, or explanation, that which *Martial* calls an Epistle; in behalf of this Tragedy coming forth after the ancient manner, much different from what among us passes for the best, thus much before-hand may be Epistl'd; that *Chorus* is here introduc'd after the *Greek* manner, not ancient only but modern, and still in use among the *Italians*. In the modelling therefore of this Poem, with good reason the Ancients and *Italians* are rather follow'd, as of much more Authority and Fame. The measure of Verse us'd in the Chorus is of all sorts, call'd by the *Greeks* *Monostrophick*, or rather, *Apolelymenon*, without regard had to *Strophe*, *Antistrophe* or *Epod*, which were a kind of
of

Of Dramatick Tragedy, &c.

of Stanza's fram'd only for the Musick, then us'd with the Chorus that sung ; not essential to the Poem, and therefore not material ; or being divided into Stanza's or Pauses they may be called *Allæostropha*. Division into Act and Scene referring chiefly to the Stage (to which this Work never was intended) is here omitted.

It suffices if the whole Drama be found not produc'd beyond the fifth Act. Of the style and uniformity, and that commonly call'd the Plot, whether intricate or explicate, which is nothing indeed but such œconomy, or disposition of the fable, as may stand best with verisimilitude and decorum, they only best judge who are not unacquainted with *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, and *Euripides*, the three Tragick Poets un-equall'd yet by any, and the best rule to all who endeavour to write Tragedy. The circumscription of time wherein the whole Drama begins and ends, is according to ancient rule, and best example, within the space of 24 hours.



The Argument.

SAmson, made Captive, Blind, and now in the Prison at Gaza, there to labour as in a common work-house, on a festival day, in the general cessation from labour, comes forth into the open Air, to a place nigh, somewhat retir'd, there to sit awhile and bemoan his condition. Where he happens at length to be visited by certain friends and equals of his tribe, which make the Chorus, who seek to comfort him what they can; then by his old Father Manoa, who endeavours the like, and withal tells him his purpose to procure his liberty by ransom; and lastly, that this Feast was proclaim'd by the Philistins as a day of Thanksgiving for their deliverance from the hands of Samson, which yet more troubles him. Manoa then departs to prosecute his endeavour with the Philistin Lords for Samson's redemption; who in the mean while is visited by other persons; and lastly by a publick Officer to require his coming to the Feast before the Lords and People, to play or shew his strength in their presence; he at first refuses, dismissing the publick Officer with absolute denial to come; at length perswaded inwardly that this was from God, he yields to go along with him, who came now the second time

The A R G U M E N T.

time with great threatnings to fetch him; the Chorus yet remaining on the place, Manoa returns full of joyful hope, to procure ere long his Son's deliverance: in the midst of which discourse an Hebrew comes in haste, confusedly at first, and afterward more distinctly relating the Catastrophe, what Samson had done to the Philistins, and by accident to himself; wherewith the Tragedy ends.



The

The Persons.

Samfon.

Manoa, *the Father of Samfon.*

Dalila his *Wife.*

Harapha *of Gath.*

Publick Officer.

Messenger.

Chorus *of Danites.*

The Scene before the Prison in Gaza.

SAMSON

SAMSON AGONISTES.

Samsf. **A** Little onward lend thy guiding hand
 To these dark steps, a little farther on ;
 For yonder bank hath choice of sun or shade :
 There I am wont to sit, when any chance
 Relieves me from my task of servile toil,
 Daily in the common Prison else enjoin'd me ;
 Where I a Prisoner chain'd, scarce freely draw
 The Air imprison'd also, close and damp,
 Unwholesome draught : but here I feel amends,
 The breath of Heav'n fresh blowing, pure and sweet,
 With day-spring born ; here leave me to respire.
 This day a solemn Feast the people hold
 To *Dagon* their Sea-Idol, and forbid
 Laborious works, unwillingly this rest
 Their Superstition yields me ; hence with leave
 Retiring from the pop'lar noise, I seek

This

This unfrequented place to find some ease,
 Ease to the body some, none to the mind
 From restless thoughts, that like a deadly swarm
 Of hornets arm'd, no sooner found alone,
 But rush upon me thronging, and present
 Times past, what once I was, and what am now.
 O wherefore was my birth from heav'n foretold
 Twice by an Angel; who at last in fight
 Of both my Parents all in flames ascended
 From off the Altar, where an Off'ring burn'd,
 As in a fiery column charioting
 His God-like presence, and from some great act,
 Or benefit reveal'd to *Abraham's* race?
 Why was my breeding order'd and prescrib'd
 As of a person separate to God,
 Design'd for great exploits; if I must die
 Betray'd, captiv'd, and both my eyes put out,
 Made of my Enemies the scorn and gaze;
 To grind in brazen fetters under task,
 With this Heav'n-gifted strength? O glorious
 strength
 Put to the labour of a beast debas'd
 Lower than bondslave! Promise was that I

Should

Should *Israel* from *Philistian* yoke deliver;
 Ask for this great deliv'rer now, and find him
 Eyeless in *Gaza* at the Mill with slaves,
 Himself in bonds under *Philistian* yoke.
 Yet stay, let me not rashly call in doubt
 Divine Prediction : what if all foretold
 Had been fulfill'd but thro' mine own default,
 Whom have I to complain of but my self?
 Who this high gift of strength committed to me,
 In what part lodg'd, how easily bereft me,
 Under the Seal of silence could not keep,
 But weakly to a Woman must reveal it,
 O'ercome with importunity and tears.
 O impotence of mind, in body strong !
 But what is strength without a double share
 Of wisdom, vast, unweildy, burthenfome,
 Proudly secure, yet liable to fall
 By weakest subtleties, not made to rule,
 But to subserve where wisdom bears command.
 God, when he gave me strength, to shew withal
 How slight the gift was, hung it in my Hair.
 But Peace, I must not quarrel with the will
 Of higest dispensation, which herein

Haply

Haply had ends above my reach to know ;
 Suffices that to me strength is my bane,
 And proves the source of all my miseries ;
 So many, and so huge, that each apart
 Would ask a life to wail ; but chief of all,
 O loss of sight, of thee I most complain !
 Blind among Enemies, O worse than chains,
 Dungeon, or beggary, decrepit age !
 Light the prime work of God to me is extinct,
 And all her various objects of delight
 Annull'd, which might in part my grief have eas'd,
 Inferior to the vilest now become
 Of man or worm ; the vilest here excel me,
 They creep, yet see, I dark in light expos'd
 To daily fraud, contempt, abuse and wrong,
 Within doors, or without, still as a fool,
 In pow'r of others, never in my own ;
 Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.
 O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
 Irrecov'rably dark, total Eclipse
 Without all hope of day !
 O first created Beam, and thou great Word,
 Let there be light, and light was over all ;

Why

Why am I thus bereav'd thy prime decree ?
 The Sun to me is dark
 And silent as the Moon,
 When she deferts the night
 Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.
 Since light so necessary is to life,
 And almost life it self, if it be true
 That light is in the Soul,
 She all in ev'ry part; why was the fight
 To such a tender ball, as th' eye confin'd,
 So obvious and so easie to be quench'd?
 And not, as feeling, through all parts diffus'd,
 That she might look at will through ev'ry pore ?
 Then had I not been thus exil'd from light,
 As in the land of darkness yet in light,
 To live a life half dead, a living death,
 And bury'd ; but O yet more miserable !
 My self, my Sepulchre, a moving Grave,
 Bury'd, yet not exempt
 By privilege of death and burial
 From worst of other evils, pains and wrongs,
 But made hereby obnoxious more
 To all the miseries of Life,

Life

Life in captivity

Among inhuman foes.

But who are these? for with joint pace I hear

The tread of many feet steering this way;

Perhaps my enemies, who come to stare

At my affliction, and perhaps t'insult,

Their daily practice to afflict me more.

Chor. This, this is he: softly a-while,

Let us not break in upon him;

O change beyond report, thought or belief!

See how he lies at random, carelessly diffus'd,

With languish'd head unpropt,

As one past hope, abandon'd,

And by himself giv'n over;

In slavish habit, ill-fitted weeds

O'er-worn and foil'd;

Or do my eyes misrepresent? Can this be he,

That Heroic, that Renown'd,

Irresistible *Samson*; whom unarm'd

No strength of man, or fiercest wild beast could withstand?

Who tore the Lion, as the Lion tears the Kid,

Ran on imbattl'd Armies clad in Iron,

And

And weaponless himself,
 Made arms ridiculous, useless the forgery
 Of brazen Shield and Spear, the hammer'd Cuirass,
Chalybean temper'd steel, and frock of mail
 Adamantean Proof;
 But safest he who stood aloof,
 When insupportably his foot advanc'd,
 In scorn of their proud arms and warlike tools,
 Spurn'd them to death by Troops. The bold *Ascalonite*
 Fled from his Lion ramp, old Warriors turn'd
 Their plated backs under his heel;
 Or grov'ling foil'd their crested helmets in the dust.
 Then with what trivial weapon came to hand,
 The Jaw of a dead Ass, his sword of bone,
 A thousand foreskins fell, the flow'r of *Palestin*,
 In *Ramath-lechi*, famous to this day:
 Then by main force pull'd up and on his shoulders bore
 The Gates of *Azza*, Post, and massie Bar
 Up to the Hill by *Hebron*, feat of Giants old,
 No journey of a Sabbath-day, and loaded so;
 Like whom the Gentiles feign to bear up Heav'n.
 Which shall I first bewail,
 Thy Bondage, or lost Sight,

I

Prison

Prison within Prison

Inseparably dark ?

Thou art become (O worst imprisonment !)

The Dungeon of thy self ; thy soul

(Which men enjoying fight oft without cause com-
Imprison'd now indeed, [plain'd])

In real darkness of the body dwells,

Shut up from outward light

T' incorporate with gloomy night ;

For inward light alas

Puts forth no visual beam.

O mirror of our fickle state,

Since man on earth unparallel'd !

The rather thy example stands,

By how much from the top of wond'rous glory,

Strongest of mortal men,

To lowest pitch of abject fortune thou art fall'n.

For him I reckon not in high estate,

Whom long descent of birth

Or the sphere of fortune raises ;

But thee whose strength, while virtue was her mate,

Might have subdu'd the Earth,

Universally crown'd with highest praises.

Samf.

Samf. I hear the found of words, their sense the air
Dissolves unjointed ere it reach my ear.

Chor. He spake, let us draw nigh. Matchless in might,
The glory late of *Israel*, now the grief,
We come thy friends and neighbours not unknown
From *Eshtaol* and *Zora*'s fruitful Vale
To visit or bewail thee, or if better,
Counsel or consolation we may bring,
Salve to thy Sores, apt words have pow'r to swage
The tumours of a troubled mind,
And are as Balm to fester'd wounds.

Samf. Your coming, Friends, revives me, for I learn
Now of my own experience, not by talk,
How counterfeit a coin they are who friends
Bear in their superscription (of the most
I would be understood) in prosp'rous days
They swarm, but in adverse withdraw their head,
Not to be found, though sought. Ye see, O friends,
How many evils have enclos'd me round;
Yet that which was the worst now least afflicts me,
Blindness, for had I sight, confus'd with shame,

How could I once look up, or heave the head,
 Who like a foolish Pilot have shipwreck'd
 My vessel trusted to me from above,
 Gloriously rigg'd ; and for a word, a tear,
 Fool, have divulg'd the secret gift of God
 To a deceitful woman ? tell me, Friends,
 Am I not sung and proverb'd for a fool
 In every street ; do they not say, how well
 Are come upon him his deserts ? yet why ?
 Immeasurable strength they might behold
 In me, of wisdom nothing more than mean ;
 This with the other should at least have pair'd,
 These two proportion'd ill drove me transverse.

Chor. Tax not divine disposal: wisest Men
 Have err'd, and by bad Women been deceiv'd ;
 And shall again, pretend they ne'er so wise.
 Deject not then so overmuch thy self,
 Who hast of sorrow thy full load besides ;
 Yet truth to say, I oft have heard men wonder
 Why thou shouldst wed *Philistian* Woman rather
 Than of thine own Tribe fairer, or as fair,
 At least of thy own Nation, and as noble.

Samf.

Sams. The first I saw at *Timna*, and she pleas'd
 Me, not my Parents, that I sought to wed
 The daughter of an Infidel; they knew not
 That what I mention'd was of God; I knew
 From intimate impulse, and therefore urg'd
 The Marriage on; that by occasion hence
 I might begin *Israel's* Deliverance,
 The work to which I was divinely call'd.
 She proving false, the next I took to Wife
 (O that I never had! fond wish too late,)
 Was in the Vale of *Sorec*, *Dalila*,
 That specious Monster, my accomplisht snare.
 I thought it lawful from my former act,
 And the same end; still watching to oppress
Israel's oppressors: of what now I suffer
 She was not the prime cause, but I my self,
 Who vanquisht with a peal of words (O weakness!)
 Gave up my fort of silence to a Woman,

Chor. In seeking just occasion to provoke
 The *Philistin*, thy Country's Enemy,
 Thou never wast remiss, I bear thee witness:
 Yet *Israel* still serves with all his Sons.

Samsf. That fault I take not on me, but transfer
 On *Israel's* Governors, and Heads of Tribes,
 Who seeing those great acts which God had done
 Singly by me against their Conquerors,
 Acknowledg'd not, or not at all consider'd
 Deliv'rance offer'd : I on t'other side
 Us'd no ambition to commend my deeds, [doer;
 The deeds themselves, though mute, spoke loud the
 But they persisted deaf, and would not seem
 To count them things worth notice, 'till at length
 Their Lords the *Philistins* with gather'd pow'rs
 Enter'd *Judea* seeking me, who then
 Safe to the rock of *Etham* was retir'd,
 Not flying, but forecasting in what place
 To set upon them what advantag'd best :
 Mean-while the men of *Judah*, to prevent
 The harrafs of their Land, beset me round ;
 I willingly on some conditions came
 Into their hands, and they as gladly yield me
 To the uncircumcis'd a welcome prey,
 Bound with two cords ; but cords to me were threds
 Toucht with the flame : on their whole Host I flew
 Unarm'd, and with a trivial weapon fell'd

Their

Their choicest youth ; they only liv'd who fled.
 Had *Judab* that day join'd, or one whole Tribe,
 They had by this possess'd the Tow'rs of *Gath*,
 And lorded over them whom now they serve :
 But what more oft in Nations grown corrupt,
 And by their vices brought to servitude,
 Than to love Bondage more than Liberty,
 Bondage with ease than strenuous Liberty ;
 And to despise, or envy, or suspect
 Whom God hath of his special favour rais'd
 As their Deliv'rer ; if he aught begin,
 How frequent to desert him, and at last
 To heap ingratitude on worthiest deeds ?

Chor. Thy words to my remembrance bring
 How *Succoth* and the Fort of *Penuel*
 Their great Deliverer contemn'd,
 The matchless *Gideon* in pursuit
 Of *Madian* and her vanquisht Kings :
 And how ingrateful *Ephraim*
 Had dealt with *Jephtha*, who by argument,
 Not worse than by his shield and spear
 Defended *Israel* from the *Ammonite*,

Had not his prowess quell'd their pride
 In that fore battel, when so many dy'd
 Without Reprieve adjudg'd to death,
 For want of well pronouncing *Shibboleth*.

Sams. Of such examples add me to the roll,
 Me easily indeed mine may neglect,
 But God's propos'd deliverance not so.

Chor. Just are the ways of God,
 And justifiable to Men ;
 Unless there be who think not God at all.
 If any be, they walk obscure ;
 For of such Doctrine never was there School,
 But the heart of the Fool,
 And no man therein Doctor but himself.

Yet more there be who doubt his ways not just,
 As to his own edicts found contradicting,
 Then give the reins to wandring thought,
 Regardless of his Glory's diminution ;
 'Till by their own perplexities involv'd
 They ravel more, still less resolv'd,
 But never find self-satisfying solution.

As if they would confine th' Interminable,
 And tie him to his own prescript,
 Who made our Laws to bind us, not himself;
 And hath full right t' exempt
 Whom so it pleases him by choice
 From National obstriction, without taint
 Of sin, or legal debt ;
 For with his own Laws he can best dispense.

He would not else, who never wanted means,
 Nor in respect of th' enemy just cause
 To fetter his people free,
 Have prompted this Heroick *Nazarite*
 Against his vow of strictest purity,
 To seek in marriage that fallacious Bride,
 Unclean, unchaste.

Down Reason then, at least vain reasonings down,
 Though Reason here aver
 That moral verdict quits her of unclean :
 Unchaste was subsequent, her stain not his.

But see here comes thy rev'rend Sire
 With careful step, Locks white as down,

Old *Manoah*: advise
Forthwith how thou ought'st to receive him.

Samf. Ah me, another inward grief awak'd
With mention of that name renews th' assault.

Man. Brethren and men of *Dan*, for such ye seem,
Though in this uncouth place; if old respect,
As I suppose, toward your once-glory'd friend,
My Son now Captive, hither hath inform'd
Your younger feet, while mine cast back with age
Came lagging after; say if he be here.

Chor. As signal now in low dejected state,
As erst in highest, behold him where he lies.

Man. O miserable change! is this the man,
That invincible *Samson*, far renown'd
The dread of *Israel's* foes, who with a strength
Equivalent to Angels walk'd their streets,
None offering fight; who single combatant
Duell'd their Armies rank'd in proud array,
Himself an Army, now unequal match

To save himself against a coward arm'd
 At one spear's length. O ever-failing trust
 In mortal strength! and oh what not in man
 Deceivable and vain? Nay, what thing good
 Pray'd for, but often proves our woe, our bane?
 I pray'd for Children, and thought barrenness
 In wedlock a reproach; I gain'd a Son,
 Such a Son as all men hail'd me happy;
 Who would be now a Father in my stead?
 O wherefore did God grant me my request,
 And as a blessing with such pomp adorn'd?
 Why are his gifts desirable, to tempt
 Our earnest Pray'rs, then giv'n with solemn hand
 As Graces, draw a Scorpion's tail behind?
 For this did th' Angel twice descend; for this
 Ordain'd thy nurture holy, as of a Plant
 Select and Sacred, Glorious for a while,
 The miracle of men, then in an hour
 Ensnar'd, assaulted, overcome, led bound,
 Thy Foes derision, Captive, Poor and Blind,
 Into a Dungeon thrust, to work with Slaves?
 Alas, methinks whom God hath chosen once
 To worthiest deeds, if he through frailty err,

He

He should not so o'erwhelm, and as a thrall
 Subject him to so foul indignities,
 Be it but for honours sake of former deeds,

Samf. Appoint not heav'nly disposition, Father.
 Nothing of all these evils hath befall'n me
 But justly; I my self have brought them on,
 Sole Author, I, sole cause: if ought seem vile,
 As vile hath been my folly, who have profan'd
 The mystery of God giv'n me under pledge
 Of vow, and have betray'd it to a woman,
 A *Canaanite*, my faithless enemy:
 This well I knew, nor was at all surpriz'd,
 But warn'd by oft experience; did not she
 Of *Timna* first betray me, and reveal
 The secret wrested from me in her height
 Of Nuptial love profess, carrying it straight
 To them who had corrupted her, my Spies,
 And Rivals? In this other was there found
 More Faith? who also in her prime of love,
 Spousal embraces, vitiated with Gold,
 Though offer'd only, by the scent conceiv'd
 Her spurious first-born, Treason against me?

Thrice

Thrice she assay'd with flatt'ring pray'rs and sighs,
 And amorous reproaches to win from me
 My capital secret, in what part my strength
 Lay stor'd, in what part summ'd, that she might know:
 Thrice I deluded her, and turn'd to sport
 Her importunity, each time perceiving
 How openly, and with what impudence
 She purpos'd to betray me, and (which was worse
 Than undissembled hate) with what contempt
 She thought to make me Traitor to my self;
 Yet the fourth time, when must'ring all her wiles,
 With blandidht parleys, feminine assaults,
 Tongue-batteries, she surceas'd not day nor night
 To storm me over-watch'd, and weary'd out.
 At times when men seek most repose and rest,
 I yielded, and unlock'd her all my heart,
 Who with a grain of manhood well resolv'd
 Might easily have shook off all her snares:
 But foul effeminacy held me yok'd
 Her bond-slave; O indignity, O blot
 To Honour and Religion! servile mind
 Rewarded well with servile punishment!
 The base degree to which I now am fall'n,

These

These rags, this grinding, is not yet so base
 As was my former servitude, ignoble,
 Unmanly, ignominious, infamous,
 True slavery, and that blindness worse than this,
 That saw not how degen'rately I serv'd.

Man. I cannot praise thy Marriage choices, Son,
 Rather approv'd them not ; but thou didst plead
 Divine impulsion prompting how thou might'st
 Find some occasion to infect our Foes.
 I state not that ; this I am sure, our Foes
 Found soon occasion thereby to make thee
 Their Captive, and their Triumph ; thou the sooner
 Temptation found'st, or over-potent charms
 To violate the sacred trust of silence
 Deposited within thee ; which to have kept
 Tacit, was in thy pow'r ; true ; and thou bear'st
 Enough, and more the burthen of that fault ;
 Bitterly hast thou paid, and still art paying
 That rigid score. A worse thing yet remains,
 This day the *Philistins* a pop'lar Feast
 Here celebrate in *Gaza* ; and proclaim
 Great Pomp, and Sacrifice, and Praises loud

To *Dagon*, as their God who hath deliver'd
Thee, *Samson*, bound and blind into their hands,
Them out of thine, who flew't them many a slain.
So *Dagon* shall be magnify'd, and God,
Besides whom is no God, compar'd with Idols,
Disglorify'd, blasphem'd, and had in scorn
By the Idolatrous rout amidst their wine ;
Which to have come to pass by means of thee,
Samson, of all thy sufferings think the heaviest,
Of all reproach the most with shame that ever
Could have befall'n thee, and thy Father's house.

Samf. Father, I do acknowledge and confess
That I this honour, I this pomp have brought
To *Dagon*, and advanc'd his praises high
Among the Heathen round ; to God have brought
Dishonour, obloquy, and op'd the mouths
Of Idolists, and Atheists ; have brought scandal
To *Israel*, diffidence of God, and doubt
In feeble hearts, propense enough before
To waver, or fall off and join with Idols ;
Which is my chief affliction, shame and sorrow,
The anguish of my Soul, that suffers not

Mine

Mine eye to harbour sleep, or thoughts to rest.
 This only hope relieves me, that the strife
 With me hath end ; all the contest is now
 'Twixt God and *Dagon* ; *Dagon* hath presum'd,
 Me overthrown, to enter lists with God,
 His Deity comparing and preferring
 Before the God of *Abraham*. He, be sure,
 Will not connive, or linger, thus provok'd,
 But will arise, and his great name assert :
Dagon must stoop, and shall ere long receive
 Such a discomfit, as shall quite despoil him
 Of all these boasted Trophies won on me,
 And with confusion blank his Worshippers.

[words

Man. With cause this hope relieves thee, and these
 I as a Prophecy receive ; for God,
 Nothing more certain, will not long defer
 To vindicate the glory of his Name
 Against all competition, nor will long
 Endure it, doubtful whether God be Lord,
 Or *Dagon*. But for thee what shall be done?
 Thou must not in the mean-while here forgot
 Lie in this miserable lothsome plight

Neg-

Neglected. I already have made way
To some *Philistian* Lords with whom to treat
About thy ransom : well they may by this
Have satisfy'd their utmost of revenge
By pains and flav'ries, worse than death, inflicted
On thee, who now no more canst do them harm.

Sam. Spare that proposal, Father, spare the trouble
Of that sollicitation ; let me here,
As I deserve, pay on my punishment ;
And expiate, if possible, my crime,
Shameful garrulity. To have reveal'd
Secrets of men, the secrets of a friend,
How heinous had the fact been, how deserving
Contempt and scorn of all, to be excluded
All friendship, and avoided as a blab,
The mark of fool set on his front ? But I
God's counsel have not kept, his holy secret
Presumptuously have publish'd, impiously,
Weakly at least, and shamefully : A Sin
That *Gentiles* in their Parables condemn
To their abyss and horrid pains confin'd.

K

Man.

Man. Be penitent and for thy fault contrite,
 But act not in thy own affliction, Son ;
 Repent the sin, but if the punishment
 Thou canst avoid, self-preservation bids ;
 Or th' execution leave to high disposal,
 And let another hand, not thine, exact
 Thy penal forfeit from thy self: perhaps
 God will relent, and quit thee all his debt ;
 Who evermore approves and more accepts
 (Best pleas'd with humble and filial submission)
 Him who imploring mercy sues for life,
 Than who self-rigorous chuses death as due ;
 Which argues over-just, and self-displeas'd
 For self-offence, more than for God offended.
 Reject not then what offer'd means ; who knows
 But God hath set before us, to return thee
 Home to thy country and his Sacred house,
 Where thou may'st bring thy off'rings, to avert
 His farther ire, with pray'rs and vows renew'd?

Samf. His pardon I implore ; but as for life,
 To what end should I seek it ? when in strength
 All mortals I excell'd, and great in hopes

With youthful courage and magnanimous thoughts
 Of birth from Heav'n foretold and high exploits
 Full of divine instinct, after some proof
 Of Acts indeed heroick, far beyond
 The Sons of *Anack*, famous now and blaz'd,
 Fearless of danger, like a petty God
 I walk'd about, admir'd of all, and dreaded
 On hostile ground, none daring my affront.
 Then swell'd with pride into the snare I fell
 Of fair fallacious looks, venereal trains,
 Soften'd with pleasure and voluptuous life ;
 At length to lay my head and hollow pledge
 Of all my strength in the lascivious lap
 Of a deceitful concubine, who shorn me
 Like a tame Weither, all my precious fleece,
 Then turn'd me out ridiculous, despoil'd,
 Shav'n and disarm'd among mine enemies.

Chor. Desire of wine and all delicious drinks,
 Which many a famous warrior overturns,
 Thou couldst repress, nor did the dancing Ruby
 Sparkling, out-pour'd, the flavour of the smell,
 Or taste that cheers the hearts of Gods or Men,
 Allure thee from the cool Chrystalline stream.

Samf. Where-ever fountain or fresh current flow'd
 Against the Eastern ray, translucent pure,
 With touch ætherial of Heav'n's fiery rod,
 I drank, from the clear milky juice allaying
 Thirst, and refresh'd; nor envy'd them the grape,
 Whose heads that turbulent liquor fills with fumes.

Chor. O madness, to think use of strongest wines
 And strongest drinks our chief support of health,
 When God with these forbidd'n made choice to rear
 His mighty Champion, strong above compare,
 Whose drink was only from the liquid brook.

Samf. But what avail'd this temp'rance, not compleat
 Against another object more enticing?
 What boots it at one gate to make defence,
 And at another to let in the Foe
 Effeminately vanquish'd? by which means,
 Now blind, dishearten'd, sham'd, dishonour'd, quell'd,
 To what can I be useful, wherein serve
 My Nation, and the work from Heaven impos'd,
 But to sit idle on the Household hearth,
 A Burd'nous drone; to visitants a gaze,

Or pity'd object, these redundant locks
 Robustious to no purpose clustring down,
 Vain monument of strength; 'till length of years
 And sedentary numness craze my limbs
 To a contemptible old Age obscure.
 Here rather let me drudge and earn my bread,
 'Till vermin or the draff of servile food
 Consume me, and oft-invoked death
 Hasten the welcome end of all my pains,

Man. Wilt thou then serve *Philistines* with that gift
 Which was expressly giv'n thee to annoy them?
 Better at home lie bed-rid, not only idle,
 Inglorious, unemploy'd, with age out-worn.
 But God who caus'd a Fountain at thy pray'r
 From the dry ground to spring, thy thirst t'allay
 After the brunt of Battel, can as easie
 Cause light again within thy eyes to spring,
 Wherewith to serve him better than thou hast;
 And I persuade me so, why else this strength
 Mirac'lous yet remaining in those locks?
 His might continues in thee not for naught,
 Nor shall his wondrous gifts be frustrate thus.

Samf. All otherwise to me my thoughts portend,
 That these dark Orbs no more shall treat with light,
 Nor th' other light of life continue long,
 But yield to double darkness nigh at hand :
 So much I feel my genial Spirits droop,
 My hopes all flat, Nature within me seems
 In all her functions weary of her self ;
 My race of Glory run, and race of Shame,
 And I shall shortly be with them that rest.

Man. Believe not these suggestions, which proceed
 From anguish of the mind and humours black,
 That mingle with thy fancy. I however
 Must not omit a Father's timely care
 To prosecute the means of thy deliverance
 By ransom, or how else : mean while be calm,
 And healing words from these thy friends admit.

Samf. O that torment should not be confin'd
 To the body's wounds and sores,
 With maladies innumerable
 In heart, head, breast, and reins ;
 But must secret passage find

To th' inmost mind,
 There exercise all his fierce accidents,
 And on her purest spirits prey,
 As on entrails, joints and limbs,
 With answerable pains, but more intense,
 Though void of corporal sense.

My griefs not only pain me
 As a lingring disease,
 But finding no redress, ferment and rage,
 Nor less than wounds immedicable
 Rankle, and fester, and gangrene,
 To black mortification.
 Thoughts my Tormentors arm'd with deadly stings
 Mangle my apprehensive tenderest parts,
 Exasperate, exulcerate, and raise
 Dire inflammation, which no cooling herb
 Or medicinal liquor can assuage,
 Nor breath of vernal Air from snowy *Alp*.
 Sleep hath forsook and giv'n me o'er
 To death's benumbing Opium as my only cure,
 Thence faintings, swoonings of despair,
 And sense of Heav'n's desertion.

I was his nurpling once, and choice delight,
 His destin'd from the womb,
 Promis'd by Heav'nly message twice descending,
 Under his special eye
 Abstemious I grew up and thriv'd amain;
 He led me on to mightiest deeds
 Above the nerve of mortal arm
 Against the uncircumcis'd, our enemies:
 But now hath cast me off as never known,
 And to those cruel enemies,
 Whom I by his appointment had provok'd,
 Left me all helpless with th' irreparable loss
 Of fight, reserv'd alive to be repeated
 The subject of their cruelty or scorn.
 Nor am I in the list of them that hope;
 Hopeless are all my evils, all remediless;
 This one Prayer yet remains, might I be heard,
 No long petition, speedy death,
 The close of all my miseries, and the balm.

Chor. Many are the Sayings of the Wife
 In ancient and in modern books enroll'd,
 Extolling Patience as the truest fortitude ;

And to the bearing well of all calamities,
 All chances incident to man's frail life :
 Consolatories writ
 With study'd argument, and much persuasion fought,
 Lenient of grief and anxious thought,
 But to th' afflicted in his pangs his sound
 Little prevails, or rather seems a tune,
 Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his complaint,
 Unless he feel within
 Some source of consolation from above,
 Secret refreshings, that repair his strength,
 And fainting spirits uphold.

God of our Fathers! what is man!
 That thou tow'rds him with hand so various,
 Or might I say contrarious,
 Temper'st thy providence through his short course,
 Not ev'nly, as thou rul'st
 Th' Angelick orders and inferior creatures mute,
 Irrational and brute.
 Nor do I name of men the common rout,
 That wandring loose about,
 Grow up and perish, as the summer flie,

Heads

Heads without name no more remembred,
 But such as thou hast solemnly elected,
 With gifts and graces eminently adorn'd,
 To some great work, thy glory,
 And people's safety, which in part they effect :
 Yet toward these thus dignify'd, thou oft
 Amidst their height of noon
 Changeest thy countenance, and thy hand, with no regard
 Of highest favours past
 From thee on them, or them to thee of service.

Not only dost degrade them or remit
 To life obscur'd, which were a fair dismissal,
 But throw'st them lower than thou didst exalt them high,
 Unseemly falls in human eye,
 Too grievous for the trespass or omission,
 Oft leav'st them to the hostile sword
 Of heathen and prophane, their carcasses
 To dogs and fowls a prey, or else captiv'd :
 Or to th' unjust tribunals under change of times,
 And condemnation of th' ingrateful multitude.
 If these they 'scape, perhaps in poverty
 With sickness and disease thou bow'st them down,

Painful

Painful diseases and deform'd,
 In crude old age :
 Though not disordinate, yet causeless suff'ring
 The punishment of dissolute days; in fine,
 Just, or unjust, alike seem miserable,
 For oft alike both come to evil end.

So deal not with this once thy glorious Champion,
 The Image of thy strength, and mighty Minister.
 What do I beg? how hast thou dealt already?
 Behold him in his state calamitous, and turn
 His labours, for thou canst, to peaceful end.

But who is this, what thing of Sea or Land?
 Female of sex it seems,
 That so be-deckt, ornate, and gay,
 Comes this way sailing
 Like a stately Ship
 Of *Tarsus*, bound for th' Isles
 Of *Javan* or *Gadier*
 With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
 Sails fill'd, and streamers waving,
 Courted by all the winds that hold them play,

An

An Amber scent of odorous perfume
 Her harbinger, a damsel train behind ;
 Some rich *Philistian* Matron she may seem ;
 And now at nearer view, no other certain
 Than *Dalila* thy Wife.

Samf. My Wife! my Trayt'refs: let her not come ^{[near me.}

Chor. Yet on she moves, now stands and eyes ^{[thee fix'd;}
 About t' have spoke, but now, with head declin'd,
 Like a fair flow'r furcharg'd with dew, she weeps,
 And words addrefs'd seem into tears diffolv'd,
 Wetting the borders of her filken veil :
 But now again she makes addrefs to speak.

Dal. With doubtful feet and wavering resolution
 I came, still dreading thy displeasure, *Samfon*,
 Which to have merited, without excuse,
 I cannot but acknowledge ; yet if tears
 May expiate (though the fact more evil drew
 In the perverse event than I foresaw)
 My penance hath not slacken'd, though my pardon
 No way assur'd. But conjugal affection

Pre-

Prevailing over fear and timorous doubt,
 Hath led me on, desirous to behold
 Once more thy face, and know of thy estate,
 If aught in my ability may serve
 To lighten what thou suffer'st, and appease
 Thy mind with what amends is in my pow'r,
 Though late, yet in some part to recompense
 My rash, but more unfortunate misdeed.

Samf. Out, out, *Hyæna*! these are thy wonted arts,
 And arts of ev'ry woman false like thee,
 To break all faith, all vows, deceive, betray,
 Then as repentant to submit, beseech,
 And reconciliation move with feign'd remorse,
 Confess, and promise wonders in her change,
 Not truly penitent, but chief to try
 Her Husband, how far urg'd his patience bears,
 His virtue or weakness which way to assail:
 Then with more cautious and instructed skill
 Again transgresses, and again submits;
 That wisest and best men full oft beguil'd,
 With goodness principled not to reject
 The penitent, but ever to forgive,

Are

Are drawn to wear out miserable days,
 Entangled with a pois'nous bosom snake,
 If not by quick destruction soon cut off,
 As I by thee, to Ages an example.

Dal. Yet hear me, *Samson*; not that I endeavour
 To lessen or extenuate my offence,
 But that on th' other side if it be weigh'd
 By it self, with aggravations not surcharg'd,
 Or else with just allowance counterpois'd,
 I may, if possible, thy pardon find
 The easier towards me, or thy hatred less.
 First granting, as I do, it was a weakness
 In me, but incident to all our sex,
 Curiosity, inquisitive, importune
 Of secrets, then with like infirmity
 To publish them, both common female faults:
 Was it not weakness also to make known
 For importunity, that is, for naught,
 Wherein consisted all thy strength and safety?
 To what I did thou shew'dst me first the way.
 But I to enemies reveal'd, and should not;
 Nor should'st thou have trusted that to woman's frailty:
 Ere

Ere I to thee, thou to thy self wast cruel.
 Let weakness then with weakness come to parl,
 So near related, or the same of kind,
 Thine forgive mine; that men may censure thine
 The gentler, if severely thou exact not
 More strength from me, than in thy self was found.
 And what if Love, which thou interpret'st hate,
 The jealousy of Love, powerful of sway
 In human hearts, not less in mine tow'rs thee,
 Caus'd what I did? I saw thee mutable
 Of fancy, fear'd lest one day thou wouldst leave me,
 As her at *Timna*, sought by all means therefore
 How to endear and hold thee to me firmest:
 No better way I saw than by importuning
 To learn thy secrets, get into my pow'r
 Thy key of strength and safety; thou wilt say,
 Why then reveal'd? I was assur'd by those
 Who tempted me, that nothing was design'd
 Against thee but safe custody, and hold:
 That made for me, I knew that liberty
 Would draw thee forth to perilous enterprises,
 While I at home sat full of cares and fears,
 Wailing thy absence in my widow'd bed;

Here

Here I should still enjoy thee day and night
 Mine and Love's pris'ner, not the *Philistins*,
 Whole to my self unhazarded abroad,
 Fearless at home of partners in my love.
 These reasons in Love's law have past for good,
 Though fond and reasonless to some perhaps ;
 And Love hath oft, well meaning, wrought much woe,
 Yet always pity or pardon hath obtain'd :
 Be not unlike all others, not austere
 As thou art strong, inflexible as steel.
 If thou in strength all mortals dost exceed,
 In uncompassionate anger do not so.

Samf. How cunningly the Sorceress displays
 Her own transgressions, to upbraid me mine ?
 That malice, not repentance, brought thee hither
 By this appears : I gave, thou say'st, th' example ;
 I led the way ; bitter reproach, but true :
 I to my self was false ere thou to me :
 Such pardon therefore as I give my folly,
 Take to thy wicked deeds, which when thou seest
 Impartial, self-severe, inexorable,
 Thou wilt renounce thy seeking, and much rather

Confess it feign'd : weakness is thy excuse,
 And I believe it, weakness to resist
Philistian gold : if weakness may excuse,
 What Murtherer, what Traitor, Parricide,
 Incestuous, Sacrilegious, but may plead it?
 All wickedness is weakness ; that plea therefore
 With God or Man will gain thee no remission:
 But Love constrain'd thee ; call it furious rage
 To satisfy thy lust : Love seeks to have Love ;
 My love how could'st thou hope, who took'st the way
 To raise in me inexpiable hate,
 Knowing, as needs I must, by thee betray'd?
 In vain thou striv'st to cover shame with shame,
 For by evasions thy crime uncover'st more.

Dal. Since thou determin'st weakness for no plea
 In man or woman, though to thy own condemning,
 Hear what assaults I had, what snares besides,
 What sieges girt me round, ere I consented ;
 Which might have aw'd the best resolv'd of Men,
 The constantest, to have yielded without blame.
 It was not Gold, as to my charge thou lay'st
 That wrought with me : thou know'st the Magistrates

L

And

And Princes of my Country came in person,
 Solicited, commanded, threatned, urg'd,
 Adjur'd by all the Bonds of civil Duty,
 And of Religion, press'd how just it was,
 How honourable, how glorious to entrap
 A common enemy, who had destroy'd
 Such Numbers of our Nation: and the Priest
 Was not behind, but ever at my ear,
 Preaching how meritorious with the Gods
 It would be to ensnare an irreligious
 Dishonourer of *Dagon*: what had I
 T' oppose against such powerful Arguments?
 Only my love of thee held long debate;
 And combated in silence all their reasons
 With hard contest: at length that grounded maxim,
 So ripe and celebrated in the mouths
 Of wisest men, that to the publick good
 Private respects must yield; with grave authority
 Took full possession of me, and prevail'd;
 Virtue, as I thought, truth, duty so enjoining.

[end;

Samf. I thought where all thy circling wiles would
 In feign'd Religion, smooth hypocrisie.

But

But had thy love, still odiously pretended,
 Been, as it ought, sincere, it wou'd have taught thee
 Far other reasonings, brought forth other deeds.
 I before all the daughters of my Tribe
 And of my Nation chose thee from among
 My enemies, lov'd thee, as too well thou knew'st,
 Too well, unbosom'd all my secrets to thee,
 Not out of levity, but over-power'd
 By thy request, who could deny thee nothing ;
 Yet now am judg'd an enemy. Why then
 Didst thou at first receive me for thy Husband?
 Then, as since then, thy country's foe protest:
 Being once a Wife, for me thou wast to leave
 Parents and country ; nor was I their subject,
 Nor under their protection, but my own ;
 Thou mine; not theirs : if aught against my life
 Thy Country sought of thee, it sought unjustly,
 Against the law of nature, law of nations:
 No more thy Country, but an impious crew
 Of men conspiring to uphold their state
 By worse than hostile deeds, violating the ends
 For which our Country is a name so dear ;
 Not therefore to be obey'd. But zeal mov'd thee:

To please thy gods thou didst it ; gods unable
 T'acquit themselves and prosecute their Foes
 But by ungodly deeds, the contradiction
 Of their own deity, gods they cannot be ;
 Less therefore to be pleas'd, obey'd or fear'd.
 These false pretexs and varnish'd colours failing,
 Bare in thy guilt, how foul thou must appear ?

Dal. In argument with Men a Woman ever
 Goes by the worse, whatever be her cause.

Samf. For want of words no doubt, or lack of breath;
 Witness when I was worried with thy peals.

Dal. I was a fool, too rash, and quite mistaken
 In what I thought would have succeeded best.
 Let me obtain forgiveness of thee, *Samson*,
 Afford me place to shew what recompence
 Towards thee I intend, for what I have misdone,
 Misguided ; only what remains past cure
 Bear not too sensibly, nor still insist
 T'afflict thy self in vain : tho' fight be lost,
 Life yet hath many solaces, enjoy'd

Where

Where other senses want not their delights.
 At home in leisure and domestick ease,
 Exempt from many a care and chance, to which
 Eye-sight exposes daily men abroad.
 I to the Lords will intercede, not doubting
 Their favourable ear, that I may fetch thee
 From forth this loathsome prison-house, t' abide
 With me, where my redoubl'd love and care
 With nursing diligence, to me glad office,
 May ever tend about thee to old age
 With all things grateful chear'd, and so supply'd,
 That what by me thou hast lost, thou least shalt miss.

Samf. No, no, of my condition take no care,
 It fits not; thou and I long since are twain;
 Nor think me so unwary or accurst,
 To bring my feet again into the snare
 Where once I have been caught: I know thy trains,
 Tho' dearly to my cost, thy ginns, and toils;
 Thy fair enchanted cup, and warbling charms
 No more on me have pow'r, their force is null'd;
 So much of Adder's wisdom I have learnt,
 To fence my ear against thy Sorceries.

If in my flower of youth and strength, when all men
 Lov'd, honour'd, fear'd me, thou alone could'st hate me
 Thy husband, flight me, sell me, and forego me ;
 How would'st thou use me now blind, and thereby
 Deceivable, in most things as a child
 Helpless, thence easily contemn'd, and scorn'd,
 And last neglected ? How would'st thou insult,
 When I must live uxorious to thy will
 In perfect thralldom, how again betray me,
 Bearing my words and doings to the Lords,
 To gloss upon, and censuring, frown or smile ?
 This Goal I count the house of Liberty
 To thine, whose Doors my feet shall never enter.

Dal. Let me approach at least, and touch thy hand.

Samf. Not for thy life, lest fierce remembrance wake
 My sudden rage to tear thee joint by joint.
 At distance I forgive thee, go with that ;
 Bewail thy falsehood, and the pious works
 It hath brought forth to make thee memorable
 Among illustrious Women, faithful Wives :
 Cherish thy hasten'd widowhood with the gold
 Of Matrimonial treason : so farewell :

Dal. I see thou art implacable, more deaf
 To pray'rs than winds and seas, yet winds to seas
 Are reconcil'd at length, and sea to shore :
 Thy anger unappeasable, still rages,
 Eternal Tempest never to be calm'd.
 Why do I humble thus my self, and suing
 For Peace, reap nothing but repulse and hate ?
 Bid go with evil omen, and the brand
 Of infamy upon my name denounc'd ?
 To mix with thy concernments I desist
 Henceforth, nor too much disapprove my own.
 Fame, if not double-fac'd, is double-mouth'd,
 And with contrary blasts proclaims most deeds ;
 On both his wings, one black, the other white,
 Bears greatest names in his wild airy flight.
 My name perhaps among the circumcis'd
 In *Dan*, in *Judah*, and the bordering Tribes,
 To all posterity may stand defam'd,
 With malediction mention'd, and the blot
 Of falshood most unconjugal traduc'd.
 But in my country, where I most desire,
 In *Ecron*, *Gaza*, *Asdod*, and in *Gath*,
 I shall be nam'd among the famousest

Of Women, sung at solemn festivals,
 Living and dead recorded, who to save
 Her country from a fierce destroyer, chose
 Above the faith of wedlock-bands; my tomb
 With odours visited and annual flow'rs,
 Not less renown'd than in Mount *Ephraim*,
Jael, who with inhospitable guile
 Smote *Sisera* sleeping, through the Temples nail'd.
 Nor shall I count it heinous to enjoy
 The publick marks of honour and reward
 Conferr'd upon me, for the piety
 Which to my country I was judg'd to have shewn.
 At this whoever envies or repines,
 I leave him to his lot, and like my own.

Chor. She's gone, a manifest Serpent by her sting
 Discover'd in the end, 'till now conceal'd.

Samf. So let her go. God sent her to debase me,
 And aggravate my folly, who committed
 To such a viper his most sacred trust
 Of secresie, my safety and my life,

Chor.

Chor. Yet beauty, tho' injurious, hath strange pow'r,
After offence returning, to regain
Love once possess'd, nor can be easily
Repulst, without much inward passion felt
And secret sting of amorous remorse.

Samf. Love-quarrels oft in pleasing concord end,
Not wedlock-treachery endang'ring life.

Chor. It is not virtue, wisdom, valour, wit,
Strength, comeliness of shape, or amplest merit,
That Woman's love can win or long inherit;
But what it is, hard is to say,
Harder to hit,
(Which way soever Men refer it)
Much like thy riddle, *Samson*, in one day
Or seven, though one should musing fit.

If any of these or all, the *Timmian* bride
Had not so soon preferr'd
Thy Paranymp, worthless to thee compar'd,
Successor in thy Bed,
Nor both so loosely disally'd

Their

Their nuptials, nor this last so treacherously
 Had shorn the fatal Harvest of thy Head :
 Is it for that such outward ornament
 Was lavish'd on their Sex, that inward gifts
 Were left for haste unfinish'd, judgment scant,
 Capacity not rais'd to apprehend,
 Or value what is best
 In choice, but ofttest to affect the wrong ?
 Or was too much of self-love mix'd,
 Of constancy no root infix'd,
 That either they love nothing, or not long ?

Whate'er it be, to wisest Men and best
 Seeming at first all heav'nly under virgin Veil,
 Soft, modest, meek, demure,
 Once join'd, the contrary she proves, a Thorn
 Intestine, war within defensive arms
 A cleaving mischief, in his way to virtue
 Adverse and turbulent, or by her charms
 Draws him awry, enslav'd
 With dotage, and his sense deprav'd,
 To folly and shameful deeds which ruin ends.
 What Pilot so expert but needs must wreck,
 Embarqu'd with such a Steers-mate at the Helm ?

Favour'd of Heav'n who finds
 One virtuous, rarely found,
 That in domestick good combines ;
 Happy that house ! his way to peace is smooth :
 But virtue which breaks through all opposition,
 And all temptation can remove,
 Most shines and most is acceptable above.

Therefore God's universal Law
 Gave to the Man despotick power
 Over his Female in due awe,
 Nor from that right to part an hour,
 Smile she or lowre :
 So shall he least confusion draw
 On his whole life, not sway'd
 By female usurpation, or dismay'd.
 But had we best retire ? I see a storm.

Sams. Fair days have oft contracted wind and rain.

Chor. But this another kind of tempest brings.

Sams. Be less abstruse, my ridelling days are past.

Chor.

Chor. Look now for no enchanting voice, nor fear
 The bait of honied words; a rougher tongue
 Draws hitherward, I know him by his stride,
 The Giant *Harapha* of *Gath*, his look
 Haughty, as is his pile high-built and proud.
 Comes he in peace? what wind hath blown him hither:
 I less conjecture, than when first I saw
 The sumptuous *Dalila* floating this way:
 His habit carries peace, his brow defiance.

Samf. Or peace or not, alike to me he comes.

Chor. His fraught we soon shall know, he now
 [arrives.

Har. I come not, *Samson*, to condole thy chance,
 As these perhaps, yet wish it had not been,
 Though for no friendly intent. I am of *Gath*,
 Men call me *Harapha*, of stock renown'd
 As *Og* or *Anak*, and the *Emims* old
 That *Kiriathaim* held, thou know'st me now
 If thou at all art known. Much I have heard
 Of thy prodigious might and feats perform'd,
 Incredible to me, in this displeas'd,

That

That I was never present in the place
Of those encounters, where we might have try'd
Each other's force in camp or list'd field :
And now am come to see of whom such noise
Hath walk'd about, and each limb to survey,
If thy appearance answer loud report.

Samf. The way to know were not to see but taste.

Har. Dost thou already fingle me? I thought
Gieves and the Mill had tam'd thee. O that fortune
Had brought me to the field, where thou art fam'd
To have wrought such wonders with an Afs's Jaw ;
I should have forc'd thee soon with other arms,
Or left thy carcass where the Afs lay thrown :
So had the glory of Prowess been recover'd
To *Palestine*, won by a *Philistin*
From the unfore-skin'd race, of whom thou bear'st
The highest name for valiant Acts; that honour
Certain to have won by mortal duel from thee,
I lose, prevented by thy eyes put out.

[but do
Samf. Boast not of what thou wouldst have done,
What then thou wouldst, thou seest it in thy hand.

Har. To combat with a blind Man I disdain,
And thou hast need much washing to be touch'd.

Samf. Such usage as your honourable Lords
Afford me, assassinated and betray'd,
Who durst not with their whole united pow'rs
In fight withstand me single and unarm'd,
Nor in the house with chamber Ambushes
Close-banded durst attaque me, no not sleeping,
'Till they had hir'd a woman with their gold,
Breaking her Marriage Faith to circumvent me.
Therefore without feign'd shifts let be assign'd
Some narrow place enclos'd, where fight may give thee,
Or rather flight, no great advantage on me;
Then put on all thy gorgeous arms, thy Helmet
And Brigandine of brass, thy broad Habergeon,
Vant-brass, and Greves, and Gauntlet, and thy Spear
A Weaver's beam, and sev'n-times-folded shield;
I only with an Oak'n-staff will meet thee,
And raise such out-cries on thy clatter'd Iron,
Which long shall not with-hold me from thy head,
That in a little time while breath remains thee,
Thou oft shalt wish thy self at *Gath*, to boast

Again

Again in safety what thou wouldst have done
To *Samson*, but shalt never see *Gath* more.

Har. Thou durst not thus disparage glorious arms
Which greatest Heroes have in battel worn,
Their ornament and safety, had not spells
And black enchantments, some Magician's Art,
Arm'd thee or charm'd thee strong, which thou from
Heav'n

Feign'dst at thy Birth was giv'n thee in thy Hair,
Where strength can least abide, though all thy Hairs
Were bristles rang'd like those that ridge the back
Of chaf'd wild Boars, or ruffled Porcupines.

Samsf. I know no spells, use no forbidden Arts;
My trust is in the living God, who gave me
At my Nativity this strength, diffus'd
No less through all my sinews, joints and bones,
Than thine, while I preserv'd these locks unshorn,
The pledge of my unviolated vow.
For proof hereof, if *Dagon* be thy god,
Go to his temple, invoke his aid
With solemnest devotion, spread before him
How highly it concerns his glory now

To frustrate and dissolve these Magick spells,
 Which I to be the power of *Israel's* God
 Avow, and challenge *Dagon* to the test,
 Off'ring to combat thee his Champion bold,
 With th' utmost of his godhead seconded :
 Then thou shalt see, or rather to thy sorrow
 Soon feel, whose God is strongest, thine or mine.

Har. Presume not on thy God, what-e'er he be,
 Thee he regards not, owns not, hath cut off
 Quite from his people, and deliver'd up
 Into thy Enemies hand, permitted them
 To put out both thine eyes, and fetter'd send thee
 Into the common Prison, there to grind
 Among the Slaves and Asses thy comrades,
 As good for nothing else, no better service
 With those thy boy'strous locks, no worthy match
 For valour to assail, nor by the sword
 Of noble Warriour, so to stain his honour,
 But by the Barber's razor best subdu'd.

Samf. All these indignities, for such they are
 From thine, these evils I deserve and more,

Acknowledge them from God, inflicted on me
 Justly, yet despair not of his final pardon,
 Whose ear is ever open, and his eye
 Gracious to re-admit the suppliant ;
 In confidence whereof I once again
 Desie thee to the tryal of mortal fight,
 By combat to decide whose God is God,
 Thine, or whom I with *Israel's* sons adore.

Har. Fair honour that thou dost thy God, in trust-^{[ing}
 He will accept thee to defend his cause,
 A Murtherer, a Revolter, and a Robber.

Samf. Tongue-doughty Giant, how dost thou prove^{[me these?}

Har. Is not thy Nation subject to our Lords?
 Their Magistrates confest it, when they took thee
 As a League-breaker, and deliver'd bound
 Into our hands : for hadst thou not committed
 Notorious murther on those thirty men
 At *Askalon*, who never did thee harm,
 Then like a Robber stripp'dst them of their robes ?

M

The

The *Philistins*, when thou hadst broke the league,
Went up with armed pow'rs thee only seeking,
To others did no violence nor spoil.

Samsf. Among the Daughters of the *Philistins*
I chose a Wife, which argu'd me no foe;
And in your City held my Nuptial Feast :
But your ill-meaning Politician Lords,
Under pretence of bridal friends and guests,
Appointed to await me thirty Spies,
Who threatning cruel death, constrain'd the Bride
To wring from me and tell to them my secret,
'That solv'd the riddle which I had propos'd.
When I perceiv'd all set on enmity,
As on my enemies, where-ever chanc'd,
I us'd hostility, and took their spoil,
To pay my underminers in their coin.
My Nation was subjected to your Lords ;
It was the force of Conquest ; force with force
Is well ejected when the Conquer'd can :
But I a private person, whom my Country
As a League-breaker gave up bound, presum'd

Single

Single Rebellion, and did hostile Acts.

I was no private, but a person rais'd
 With strength sufficient and command from Heav'n
 To free my Country; if their servile minds
 Me their deliverer sent would not receive,
 But to their Masters gave me up for naught,
 Th'unworthier they; whence to this day they serve.
 I was to do my part from Heav'n assign'd,
 And had perform'd it, if my known offence
 Had not disabled me, not all your force:
 These shifts refuted, answer thy appellant,
 Though by his blindness maim'd for high attempts,
 Who now defies thee thrice to single fight,
 As a petty enterprise of small enforce.

Har. With thee, a man condemn'd, a Slave enrol'd,
 Due by the Law to capital punishment?
 To fight with thee no man of arms will deign.

Samf. Cam'st thou for this, vain boaster, to survey me,
 To descant on my strength, and give thy verdict?
 Come nearer, part not hence so slight inform'd;
 But take good heed my hand survey not thee.

Har. O *Baal-zebub* ! can my ears unus'd,
Hear these dishonours, and not render death ?

Samf. No man with-holds thee, nothing from thy ^{[hand}
Fear I incurable ; bring up thy van,
My heels are fetter'd, but my fist is free.

Har. This insolence other kind of answer fits.

Samf. Go baffled coward, lest I run upon thee,
Though in these chains, bulk without spirit vast,
And with one buffet lay thy structure low,
Or swing thee in the Air, then dash thee down
To th' hazard of thy brains and shatter'd sides.

Har. By *Astaroth* ere long thou shalt lament
These braveries, in Irons loaden on thee.

Chor. His Giantship is gone somewhat crest-fall'n,
Stalking with less unconscionable strides
And lower looks, but in a fultry chase.

Samf. I dread him not, nor all his Giant-brood,

Tho'

Tho' fame divulg'd him Father of five Sons
All of Gigantick size, *Goliath* chief.

Chor. He will directly to the Lords, I fear,
And with malicious counsel stir them up
Some way or other farther to afflict thee.

Sams. He must alledge some cause, and offer'd fight
Will not dare mention, lest a question rise
Whether he durst accept the offer or not;
And that he durst not, plain enough appear'd :
Much more affliction than already felt
They cannot well impose, nor I sustain ;
If they intend advantage of my labours,
The work of many hands, which earns my keeping
With no small profit daily to my owners.
But come what will, my deadliest foe will prove
My speediest friend, by death to rid me hence,
The worst that he can give, to me the best.
Yet so it may fall out, because their end
Is hate, not help to me, it may with mine
Draw their own ruin who attempt the deed.

Chor. Oh how comely it is, and how reviving
 To the Spirits of just men long oppress'd!
 When God into the hands of their deliverer
 Puts invincible might
 To quell the mighty of the earth, th' oppressor,
 The brute and boist'rous force of violent men,
 Hardy and industrious to support
 Tyrannick power, but raging to pursue
 The righteous and all such as honour Truth;
 He all their Ammunition
 And feats of War defeats,
 With plain heroick magnitude of mind
 And celestial vigour arm'd,
 Their Armories and Magazins contemns,
 Renders them useles, while
 With winged expedition,
 Swift as the light'ning glance, he executes
 His errand on the wicked, who surpriz'd
 Lose their defence, distracted and amaz'd.

But patience is more oft the exercise
 Of Saints, the tryal of their fortitude,
 Making them each his own Deliverer,

And

SAMSON AGONISTES. 107

And Victor over all
That tyranny or fortune can inflict.
Either of these is in thy lot,
Samson, with might endu'd
Above the Sons of men ; but fight bereav'd
May chance to number thee with those
Whom Patience finally must crown.
This Idol's day hath been to thee no day of rest,
Labouring thy mind
More than the working day thy hands.

And yet perhaps more trouble is behind.
For I descry this way
Some other tending, in his hand
A Scepter or quaint Staff he bears,
Comes on amain, speed in his look ;
By his habit I discern him now
A publick Officer, and now at hand,
His message will be short and voluble.

Off. *Hebrews*, the Pris'ner *Samson* here I seek.

Chor. His manacles remark him, there he fits.

Off. *Samson*, to thee our Lords thus bid me say ;
 This day to *Dagon* is a solemn Feast,
 With Sacrifices, Triumph, Pomp and Games ;
 Thy strength they know surpassing human race,
 And now some publick proof thereof require
 To honour this great Feast, and great Assembly :
 Rise therefore with all speed and come along,
 Where I will see thee heartn'd and fresh clad
 To appear as fits before the illustrious Lords.

Samf. Thou know'st I am an *Hebrew*, ^{[tell them} therefore
 Our Law forbids at their Religious Rites
 My presence; for that cause I cannot come.

Off. This answer, be assur'd, will not content them.

Samf. Have they not Sword-players, and every sort
 Of Gymnick Artists, Wrestlers, Riders, Runners,
 Juglers and Dancers, Anticks, Mummers, Mimers,
 But they must pick me out with shackles tir'd,
 And over-labour'd at their publick Mill,
 To make them sport with blind activity ?
 Do they not seek occasion of new quarrels,

On my refusal to distress me more,
Or make a game of my calamities?
Return the way thou cam'st, I will not come.

Off. Regard thy self, this will offend them highly.

Samsf. My self? my conscience and internal peace.
Can they think me so broken, so debas'd
With corporal servitude, that my mind ever
Will condescend to such absurd commands?
Altho' their drudge, to be their fool or jester,
And in my midst of sorrow and heart-grief
To shew them feats, and play before their god,
The worst of all indignities, yet on me
Join'd with extreme contempt? I will not come.

Off. My message was impos'd on me with speed,
Brooks no delay: is this thy resolution?

Samsf. So take it with what speed thy message needs.

Off. I am sorry what this stoutness will produce.

Samsf. Perhaps thou shalt have cause to sorrow indeed.

Chor. Consider, *Samson*, matters now are strain'd
Up to the height, whether to hold or break ;
He's gone, and who knows how he may report
Thy words, by adding fuel to the flame ?
Expect another message more imperious,
More Lordly thund'ring than thou well wilt bear.

Samf. Shall I abuse this consecrated gift
Of strength, again returning with my hair
After my great transgression, so requite
Favour renew'd, and add a greater sin
By prostituting holy things to idols ?
A *Nazarite* in place abominable
Vaunting my strength in honour to their *Dagon* !
Besides, how vile, contemptible, ridiculous,
What act more execrably unclean, prophane ?

Chor. Yet with this strength thou serv'st the *Philistins*,
Idolatrous, uncircumcis'd, unclean.

Samf. Not in their Idol-worship, but by labour
Honest and lawful to deserve my food
Of those who have me in their civil power.

Chor.

Ch. Where the heart joins not, outw'rd acts defile not,

[tence holds,

Samsf. Where outward force constrains, the sen-
But who constrains me to the Temple of *Dagon*,
Not dragging? the *Philistian* Lords command.
Commands are no constraints. If I obey them,
I do it freely, vent'ring to displease
God for the fear of Man, and Man prefer,
Set God behind: which in his jealousy
Shall never, unrepented, find forgiveness.
Yet that he may dispence with me or thee
Present in Temples at Idolatrous Rites
For some important cause, thou need'st not doubt.

[reach.

Ch. How thou wilt here come off, surmounts my

Samsf. Be of good courage, I begin to feel
Some rousing motions in me, which dispose
To something extraordinary my thoughts.
I with this Messenger will go along,
Nothing to do, be sure, that may dishonour
Our Law, or stain my vow of *Nazarite*.
If there be aught of presage in the mind,

This

This day will be remarkable in my life
By some great act, or of my days the last.

Chor. In time thou hast resolv'd, the man returns.

Off. Samson, this second message from our Lords
To thee I am bid say. Art thou our Slave,
Our Captive, at the publick Mill our drudge,
And dar'st thou at our sending and command
Dispute thy coming? come without delay;
Or we shall find some Engines to assail
And hamper thee, as thou shalt come of force,
Though thou art firmlier fasten'd than a Rock.

Samf. I could be well content to try their Art,
Which to no few of them would prove pernicious.
Yet knowing their advantages too many,
Because they shall not trail me through their streets
Like a wild Beast, I am content to go.
Masters commands come with a power resistless
To such as owe them absolute subjection:
And for a life who will not change his purpose?
(So mutable are all the ways of men)

Yet

Yet this be sure, in nothing to comply
Scandalous or forbidden in our Law.

Off. I praise thy resolution : doff these links :
By this compliance thou wilt win the Lords
To favour, and perhaps to set thee free.

Samf. Brethren farewell, your company along
I will not wish, lest it perhaps offend them
To see me girt with Friends ; and how the fight
Of me as of a common Enemy,
So dreaded once, may now exasperate them
I know not : Lords are Lordliest in their wine ;
And the well-feasted Priest then soonest fir'd
With zeal, if aught Religion seem concern'd :
No less the People on their Holy-days
Impetuous, insolent, unquenchable.
Happen what may, of me expect to hear
Nothing dishonourable, impure, unworthy
Our God, our Law, my Nation, or my self,
The last of me or no I cannot warrant.

Chor. Go, and the Holy One
Of *Israel* be thy guide

To

To what may serve his glory best, and spread his name
 Great among the Heathen round ;
 Send the Angel of thy Birth to stand
 Fast by thy side, who from thy Father's field
 Rode up in flames after his message told
 Of thy conception, and be now a shield
 Of fire ; that Spirit that first rusht on thee
 In the Camp of *Dan*,
 Be efficacious in thee now at need.
 For never was from Heav'n imparted
 Measure of strength so great to mortal seed,
 As in thy wond'rous actions hath been seen.
 But wherefore comes old *Manoa* in such haste
 With youthful steps? much livelier than ere-while
 He seems : supposing here to find his Son,
 Or of him bringing to us some glad news ?

Man. Peace with you, Brethren ; my inducement hither
 Was not at present here to find my Son,
 By order of the Lords now parted hence,
 To come and play before them at their Feast.
 I heard all as I came, the City rings,
 And numbers thither flock : I had no will,

Left

Left I should see him forc'd to things unseemly:
But that which mov'd my coming now, was chiefly
To give you part with me what hope I have
With good success to work his liberty.

Chor. That hope would much rejoice us to partake
With thee; say, reverend Sire, we thirst to hear.

Man. I have attempted one by one the Lords,
Either at home, or through the high street passing,
With supplication prone and Father's tears,
T' accept of ransom for my Son their pris'ner.
Some much averse I found and wondrous harsh,
Contemptuous, proud, set on revenge and spite;
That part most reverenc'd *Dagon* and his priests.
Others more moderate seeming, but their aim
Private reward, for which both God and State
They easily would set to sale; a third
More generous far and civil, who confess'd
They had enough reveng'd, having reduc'd
Their foe to misery beneath their fears,
The rest was magnanimity to remit,
If some convenient ransom were propos'd.
What noise or shout was that? it tore the Skie.

Chor. Doubtless the People shouting to behold
Their once great dread, captive, and blind before
them.

Or at some proof of strength before them shown.

Man. His ransom, if my whole Inheritance
May compass it, shall willingly be paid
And number'd down : much rather I shall chuse
To live the poorest in my Tribe, than richest;
And he in that calamitous prison left.
No, I am fixt not to part hence without him ;
For his redemption all my Patrimony,
If need be, I am ready to forego
And quit : not wanting him, I shall want nothing.

Chor. Fathers are wont to lay up for their Sons,
Thou for thy Son art bent to lay out all ;
Sons wont to nurse their Parents in old age,
Thou in old age car'st how to nurse thy Son,
Made older than thy age through eye-sight lost.

Man. It shall be my delight to tend his eyes,
And view him sitting in the house, ennobl'd

With

With all those high exploits by him atchiev'd,
 And on his shoulders waving down those locks,
 That of a Nation arm'd the strength contain'd :
 And I persuade me God hath not permitted
 His strength again to grow up with his hair,
 Garrison'd round about him like a Camp
 Of faithful Soldierly, were not his purpose
 To use him farther yet in some great service,
 Not to sit idle with so great a gift
 Useless, and thence ridiculous about him.
 And since his strength with eye-sight was not lost,
 God will restore him eye-sight to his strength.

Chor. Thy hopes are not ill founded, nor seem vain
 Of his delivery, and thy joy thereon
 Conceiv'd, agreeable to a Father's love,
 In both which we, as next, participate.

Man. I know your friendly minds and---- [noise !
 O what
 Mercy of Heav'n, what hideous noise was that !
 Horribly loud, unlike the former shout.

Chor. Noise call you it, or universal groan,

N

As

As if the whole inhabitation perish'd !
 Blood, death, and deathful deeds are in that noise,
 Ruin, destruction at the utmost point.

Man. Of ruin indeed methought I heard the noise.
 Oh it continues ! they have slain my Son !

Chor. Thy Son is rather slaying them : that out-cry
 From slaughter of one Foe could not ascend.

Man. Some dismal accident it needs must be ;
 What shall we do, stay here, or run and see ?

Chor. Best keep together here, lest running thither
 We unawares run into danger's mouth.
 This evil on the *Philistins* is fall'n,
 From whom could else a general cry be heard ?
 The sufferers then will scarce molest us here,
 From other hands we need not much to fear.
 What if his eye-sight (for to *Israel's* God
 Nothing is hard) by miracle restor'd,
 He now be dealing dole among his foes,
 And over heaps of slaughter'd walk his way ?

Man.

Man. That were a joy presumptuous to be thought.

Chor. Yet God hath wrought things as incredible
For his people of old ; what hinders now ?

Man. He can I know, but doubt to think he will ;
Yet hope would fain subscribe, and tempts belief.
A little stay will bring some notice hither.

Chor. Of good or bad so great, of bad the sooner ;
For evil news rides post, while good news baits.
And to our wish I see one hither speeding,
An *Hebrew*, as I guess, and of our Tribe.

Mess. O whither shall I run, or which way flee
The sight of this so horrid spectacle,
Which erst my eyes beheld, and yet behold ?
For dire imagination still pursues me.
But Providence or instinct of nature seems,
Or reason though disturb'd, and scarce consulted,
To have guided me aright, I know not how,
To thee first reverend *Manoa*, and to these
My countrymen, whom here I knew remaining,

As at some distance from the place of horror,
So in the sad event too much concern'd.

Man. The accident was loud, and heard before thee
With rueful cry, yet what it was we hear not;
No preface needs, thou seest we long to know.

Mess. It would burst forth, but I recover breath,
And sense distract, to know well what I utter.

Man. Tell us the sum, the circumstance defer.

Mess. *Gaza* yet stands, but all her Sons are fall'n,
All in a moment overwhelm'd and fall'n.

Man. Sad, but thou know'st to *Israelites* not saddest,
The desolation of an hostile City.

Mess. Feed on that first, there may in grief be surfeit.

Man. Relate by whom.

Mess. By *Samson*.

Man. That still lessens
The sorrow, and converts it nigh to joy.

Mess.

Meff. Ah *Manoa*, I refrain, too suddenly
To utter what will come at last too soon;
Left evil tidings with too rude irruption
Hitting thy aged ear should pierce too deep.

Man. Suspense in news is torture, speak them out.

Meff. Then take the worst in brief, *Samson* is dead.

Man. The worst indeed! O all my hope's defeated
To free him hence! But death who sets all free,
Hath paid his ransom now and full discharge.
What windy joy this day had I conceiv'd
Hopeful of his Deliv'ry, which now proves
Abortive as the first-born bloom of spring,
Nipt with the lagging reer of winter's frost.
Yet ere I give the reins to grief, say first,
How dy'd he? death to life is crown or shame.
All by him fell, thou say'st; by whom fell he?
What glorious hand gave *Samson* his death's wound?

Meff. Unwounded of his enemies he fell.

Man. Wearied with slaughter then, or how? explain.

Meff. By his own hands.

Man. Self-violence? what cause
Brought him so soon at variance with himself
Among his Foes?

Meff. Inevitable cause,
At once both to destroy and be destroy'd;
The Edifice where all were met to see him,
Upon their heads and on his own he pull'd.

Man. O lastly over-strong against thy self!
A dreadful way thou took'st to thy revenge.
More than enough we know; but while things yet
Are in confusion, give us if thou canst,
Eye-witness of what first or last was done,
Relation more particular and distinct.

Meff. Occasions drew me early to this City,
And as the gates I enter'd with Sun rise,
The Morning Trumpets Festival proclaim'd
Through each high street: little had I dispatch'd,
When all abroad was rumour'd that this day

Sam-

Samson should be brought forth to shew the people
Proof his mighty strength in feats and games.

I sorrow'd at his captive state, but minded
Not to be absent at that spectacle.

The building was a spacious Theatre
Half round, on two main Pillars vaulted high,
With seats where all the Lords and each degree
Of sort, might sit in order to behold ;

The other side was open, where the throng
On banks and scaffolds under Skie might stand ;
I among those aloof obscurely stood.

The Feast and Noon grew high, and Sacrifice
Had fill'd their hearts with mirth, high cheer and wine,
When to their sports they turn'd. Immediately

Was *Samson* as a publick servant brought,
In their state Livery clad ; before him Pipes
And Timbrels ; on each side went armed guards,
Both horse and foot, before him and behind,
Archers, and Slingers, Cataphracts and Spears.

At sight of him the people with a shout
Rifted the Air, clamouring their god with praise,
Who had made their dreadful enemy their thrall.
He patient but undaunted where they led him,

Came to the place ; and what was fet before him,
Which without help of eye might be assay'd,
To heave, pull, draw, and break, he still perform'd
All with incredible stupendious force,
None daring to appear Antagonist.

At length for intermission sake they led him
Between the Pillars ; he his guide requested
(For so from such as nearer stood we heard)
As over-tir'd, to let him lean a while
With both his arms on those two massie Pillars,
That to the arched roof gave main support.
He unsuspecting led him ; which when *Samson*
Felt in his arms, with head a-while inclin'd,
And eyes fast fixt he stood as one who pray'd,
Or some great matter in his mind revolv'd.
At last with head erect thus cry'd aloud,
Hitherto, Lords, what your commands impos'd
I have perform'd, as reason was, obeying,
Nor without wonder or delight beheld :
Now of my own accord such other tryal
I mean to shew you of my strength, yet greater,
As with amaze shall strike all who behold.
This utter'd, straining all his nerves he bow'd,

As

As with the force of winds and waters pent,
 When Mountains tremble, those two massie Pillars
 With horrible confusion to and fro,
 He tugg'd, he took, 'till down they came, and drew
 The whole roof after them, with burst of thunder
 Upon the heads of all who sat beneath,
 Lords, Ladies, Captains, Counsellors, or Priests,
 Their choice Nobility and Flower, not only
 Of this but each *Philistian* City round,
 Met from all parts to solemnize this Feast.
Samson with these immixt, inevitably
 Pull'd down the same destruction on himself;
 The vulgar only scap'd who stood without.

Chor. O dearly-bought revenge, yet glorious!
 Living or dying thou hast fulfill'd
 The work for which thou wast foretold
 To *Israel*, and now ly'st victorious
 Among thy slain self-kill'd,
 Not willingly, but tangled in the fold
 Of dire necessity, whose law in death conjoin'd
 Thee with thy slaughter'd foes, in number more
 Than all thy life had slain before.

Semi-

Semichor. While their hearts were jocund and
 Drunk with Idolatry, drunk with Wine, [sublime,
 And fat regorg'd of Bulls and Goats,
 Chaunting their Idol, and preferring
 Before our living Dread who dwells
 In *Silo* his bright Sanctuary:
 Among them he a spirit of phrenzy sent,
 Who hurt their minds,
 And urg'd them on with mad desire
 To call in haste for their destroyer.
 They only set on sport and play,
 Unweetingly importun'd
 Their own destruction to come speedy upon them.
 So fond are mortal men
 Fall'n into wrath divine,
 As their own ruin on themselves t'invite,
 Infensate left, or to sense reprobate,
 And with blindness internal struck.

Semichor. But he though blind of sight,
 Despis'd and thought extinguish'd quite,
 With inward eyes illuminated,
 His fiery virtue rous'd

From

From under ashes into sudden flame,
 And as an ev'ning Dragon came,
 Affailant on the perched roosts
 And nests in order rang'd
 Of tame villatick Fowl ; but as an Eagle
 His cloudless thunder bolted on their heads.
 So virtue giv'n for lost,
 Deprest, and overthrown, as seem'd,
 Like that self-begotten Bird
 In the *Arabian* woods embost,
 That no second knows nor third,
 And lay ere-while a Holocaust,
 From out her ashie womb now teem'd,
 Revives, reflowerishes, then vigorous most,
 When most unactive deem'd,
 And though her body die, her fame survives,
 A secular Bird ages of lives.

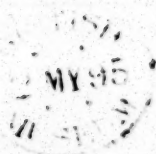
Man. Come, come, no time for lamentation now,
 Nor much more cause ; *Samson* hath quit himself
 Like *Samson*, and heroickly hath finish'd
 A life Heroick, on his Enemies
 Fully reveng'd, hath left them years of mourning,
 And lamentation to the Sons of *Caphtor*

Through all *Philistian* bounds: To *Israel*
 Honour hath left, and freedom, let but them
 Find courage to lay hold on this occasion:
 To himself and Father's house eternal Fame:
 And which is best and happiest yet, all this
 With God not parted from him, as was fear'd,
 But favouring and assisting to the end.
 Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
 Or knock the breasts, no weakness, no contempt,
 Dispraise, or blame, nothing but well and fair,
 And what may quiet us in a death so noble.
 Let us go find the Body where it lies
 Soak'd in his enemies blood, and from the stream
 With lavers pure and cleansing herbs wash off
 The clodded gore. I with what speed the while
 (*Gaza* is not in plight to say us nay)
 Will send for all my kindred, all my friends
 To fetch him hence, and solemnly attend
 With silent obsequie and funeral train
 Home to his father's house: there will I build him
 A Monument, and plant it round with shade
 Of Laurel ever-green, and branching Palm,
 With all his Trophies hung, and Acts enroll'd
 In copious Legend, or sweet Lyrick Song.

Thither shall all the valiant Youth resort,
 And from his memory inflame their breasts
 To matchless valour, and adventures high :
 The Virgins also shall on feastful days
 Visit his Tomb with flowers, only bewailing
 His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice,
 From whence captivity and loss of eyes.

Chor. All is best, though we oft doubt
 What th' unsearchable dispose
 Of highest wisdom brings about,
 And ever best found in the close.
 Oft he seems to hide his face,
 But unexpectedly returns,
 And to his faithful Champion hath in place
 Bore witness gloriously ; whence *Gaza* mourns,
 And all that band them to resist
 His uncontroulable intent,
 His servant he with new acquit
 Of true experience from this great event
 With peace and consolation hath dismiss'd,
 And calm of mind all passion spent.

T H E E N D.



P O E M S

O N

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

L Y C I D A S.

In this Monody the Author bewails a learned Friend, unfortunately drowned in his passage from Chester on the Irish Seas, 1637. And by occasion foretells the ruin of our corrupted Clergy, then in their height.

YET once more, O ye Laurels, and once more
 Ye Myrtles brown, with Ivy never fear,
 I come to pluck your Berries harsh and crude,
 And with forced fingers rude,
 Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
 Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,

O

Com-

Compels me to disturb your season due :
For *Lycidas* is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young *Lycidas*, and hath not left his peer :
Who would not sing for *Lycidas*? he knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not flote upon his watry bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well,
That from beneath the seat of *Jove* doth spring,
Begin, and somewhat louder sweep the string.
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse,
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favour my destin'd Urn,
And as he passes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.
For we were nurs't upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill.

Together both, ere the high Lawns appear'd
Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,
We drove a-field, and both together heard



What

What time the Gray-fly winds her fultry horn,
 Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
 Oft 'till the Star that rose, at Ev'ning, bright,
 Toward Heav'n's descent had stop'd his westering wheel.
 Mean-while the Rural ditties were not mute,
 Temper'd to th' Oaten Flute,
 Rough *Satyrs* danc'd, and *Fauns* with cloven heel
 From the glad sound would not be absent long,
 And old *Dametas*. lov'd to hear our song.

But O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
 Now thou art gone, and never must return!
 Thee Shepherd, thee the Woods, and desert Caves
 With wild Thyme and the gadding Vine o'er-grown,
 And all their echoes mourn.
 The Willows, and the Hazel Copfes green,
 Shall now no more be seen,
 Fanning their joyous Leaves to thy soft layes,
 As killing as the Canker to the Rose,
 Or Taint-worm to the weaning Herds that graze,
 Or Frost to Flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
 When first the White-Thorn blows;
 Such, *Lycidas*, thy loss to Shepherds ear.

Where were ye Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd *Lycidas* ?
For neither were ye playing on the steep,
Where your old *Bards*, the famous *Druids*, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of *Mona* high,
Nor yet where *Deva* spreads her wisard stream :
Ah me, I fondly dream !
Had ye been there---for what could that have done?
What could the Muse her self that *Orpheus* bore,
The Muse her self, for her enchanting son
Whom universal nature did lament,
When by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His goary visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift *Hebrus* to the *Lesbian* shoar.

Alas ! what boots it with uncessant care
To tend the homely flighted Shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse ?
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with *Amaryllis* in the shade,
Or with the tangles of *Neæra*'s hair ?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)

To

To scorn delights, and live laborious days ;
 But the fair Guerdon when we hope to find,
 And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
 Comes the blind *Fury* with th' abhorred shears,
 And flits the thin-spun life. But not the praise,
Phœbus reply'd, and touch'd my trembling ears ;
Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
 Nor in the glistering foil
 Set off to th' world, nor in broad rumor lies,
 But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
 And perfect witness of all-judging *Jove* ;
 As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
 Of so much fame in Heav'n expect thy meed.

O Fountain *Arethuse*, and thou honour'd flood,
 Smooth-sliding *Mincius*, crown'd with vocal reeds,
 That strain I heard was of a higher mood :
 But now my Oate proceeds,
 And listens to the Herald of the Sea
 That came in *Neptune's* plea,
 He ask'd the Waves, and ask'd the Felon Winds
 What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle Swain?
 And question'd every gust of rugged wings

That blows from off each beaked Promontory :
They knew not of his story,
And sage *Hippotades* their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd,
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek *Panope* with all her sisters play'd.
It was that fatal and perfidious Bark
Built in th' eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next *Camus*, reverend Sire, went footing flow,
His Mantle hairy, and his Bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flower inscrib'd with woe.
Ah! who hath reft (quoth he) my dearest pledge?
Last came, and last did go
The Pilot of the *Galilean* lake,
Two massy Keys he bore of metals twain,
(The Golden opes, the Iron shuts amain)
He shook his miter'd locks, and stern bespake ;
How well could I have spar'd for thee, young fwain,
Enow of such as for their bellies sake,
Creep and intrude, and climb into the fold?

Of other care they little reck'ning make,
 Than how to scramble at the shearers feast,
 And shove away the worthy bidden guest;
 Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
 A sheep-hook, or have learn'd ought else the least
 That to the faithful Herdman's art belongs!
 What recks it them? What need they? They are sped,
 And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
 Grate on their scrannel Pipes of wretched straw;
 The hungry Sheep look up, and are not fed,
 But swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
 Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:
 Besides what the grim Wolf with privy paw
 Daily devours apace, and nothing fed,
 But that two-handed engine at the door,
 Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.

Return *Alpheus*, the dread voice is past
 That shrunk thy streams; Return *Sicilian* Muse,
 And call the Vales, and bid them hither cast
 Their Bells and Flowrets of a thousand hues.
 Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use,
 Of shades and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,

On whose fresh lap the swart Star sparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamel'd eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honied showres,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowres.
Bring the rathe Primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted Crow-toe, and pale Jessamine,
The white Pink, and the Pansie freakt with jeat,
The glowing Violet,
The Musk-rose, and the well-attir'd Woodbine,
With Cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears :
Bid *Amaranthus* all his beauty shed,
And Daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the Laureat Herse where *Lycid* lies.
For so to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.
Ah me! Whilst thee the shores, and sounding Seas
Wash far away, where-e'er thy bones are hurl'd,
Whether beyond the stormy *Hebrides*,
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world ;
Or whether thou to our moist vows deny'd,
Sleep'st by the fable of *Bellerus* old,

Where

Where the great Vision of the guarded Mount
Looks toward *Naymancos* and *Boyona's* hold ;
Look homeward Angel now, and melt with ruth :
And, O ye *Dolphins*, waft the hapless youth.

Weep no more, woful Shepherds, weep no more,
For *Lycidas*, your sorrow, is not dead,
Sunk tho' he be beneath the watry floor ;
So sinks the day-star in the Ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled Ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky :
So *Lycidas* sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of him that walk'd the waves,
Where other groves, and other streams along,
With *Nectar* pure his oozy Locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial Song,
In the blest Kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the Saints above,
In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.

Now

Now, *Lycidas*, the Shepherds weep no more ;
 Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore,
 In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
 To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth Swain to th' Okes and rills,
 While the still morn went out with Sandals gray,
 He touch'd the tender stops of various Quills,
 With eager thought warbling his *Dorick* lay :
 And now the Sun had stretch'd out all the hills,
 And now was dropt into the Western Bay :
 At last he rose, and twitch'd his Mantle blew ;
 To-morrow to Fresh woods, and Pastures new.

L' Allegro.

Hence loathed Melancholy,
 Of *Cerberus* and blackest midnight born,
 In *Stygian* Cave forlorn
 'Mong horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights un-
 holy,

Find

Find out some uncouth cell,

Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night-Raven sings ;

There under *Ebon* shades, and low-brow'd Rocks,
As ragged as thy Locks,

In dark *Cimmerian* desert ever dwell.

But come thou Goddess fair and free,

In Heav'n yclep'd *Euphrosyne*,

And by men, heart-easing Mirth,

Whom lovely *Venus* at a birth

With two Sister Graces more

To Ivy-crowned *Bacchus* bore ;

Or whether (as some Sages sing)

The frolick Wind that breathes the Spring,

Zephir with *Aurora* playing,

As he met her once a Maying,

There on beds of Violets blue,

And fresh-blown Roses washt in dew,

Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,

So bucksom, blith, and debonnair.

Haste thee Nymph, and bring with thee

Jest and youthful Jollity,

Quips

Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods, and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,
Such as hang on *Hebe's* cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek ;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his fides.
Come, and trip it as you go
On the light fantaſtick toe,
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The Mountain Nymph, ſweet Liberty ;
And if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreprieved pleaſures free ;
To hear the Lark begin his flight,
And ſinging ſtartle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the ſkies,
'Till the dappled dawn doth riſe ;
Then to come in ſpight of ſorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the Sweet-Briar, or the Vine,
Or the twiſted Eglantine.

While

While the Cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin;
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his Dames before.
Oft list'ning how the Hounds and Horn
Chearly rouse the flumbring morn,
From the side of some Hoar Hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill.
Sometime walking not unseen
By Hedg-row Elms, on Hillocks green,
Right against the Eastern gate,
Where the great Sun begins his state,
Roab'd in Flames, and Amber light,
The Clouds in thousand Liveries dight.
While the Plow-man near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrow'd Land,
And the Milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the Mower whets his fithe,
And every Shepherd tells his tale
Under the Hawthorn in the dale.
Streight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the Lantskip round it measures;

Ruffet

Ruffet Lawns, and Fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray,
Mountains on whose barren breast
The labouring Clouds do often rest,
Meadows trim with Daifies pide,
Shallow Brooks, and Rivers wide.
Towres and Battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted Trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.
Hard by a Cottage chimney smokes,
From betwixt two aged Okes,
Where *Corydon* and *Thyrsis* met,
Are at their favoury dinner set
Of Herbs, and other Country Messes,
Which the neat-handed *Phyllis* dresses;
And then in haste her Bowre she leaves,
With *Thesylis* to bind the Sheaves:
Or if the earlier Season lead
To the tann'd Haycock in the Mead.
Sometimes with secure delight
The up-land Hamlets will invite,

When

When the merry bells ring round,
 And the jocond rebecks found
 To many a Youth, and many a Maid,
 Dancing in the chequer'd shade;
 And young and old come forth to play
 On a Sunshine Holy-day,
 'Till the live-long day-light fail;
 Then to the spicy nut-brown Ale,
 With stories told of many a feat,
 How *Fairy Mab* the junkets eat;
 She was pincht, and pull'd, she said,
 And he by Friars Lanthorn led;
 Tells how the drudging *Goblin* swet,
 To earn his Cream-bowl duly set,
 When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
 His shadowy Flail hath thresh'd the Corn
 That ten day-labourers could not end,
 Then lies him down the Lubbar Fiend:
 And stretch'd out all the Chimney's length,
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength;
 And crop-full out of doors he flings,
 Ere the first Cock his Mattin rings.

Thus

Thus done the Tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering Winds soon lull'd asleep.
Towred Cities please us then,
And the busy humm of men,
Where throngs of Knights and Barons bold,
In weeds of Peace high triumphs hold,
With store of Ladies, whose bright Eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of Wit or Arms, while both contend
To win her Grace, whom all commend.
There let *Hymen* oft appear
In Saffron robe, with Taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask, and antique Pageantry,
Such sights as youthful Poets dream
On Summer Eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod Stage anon,
If *Johnson's* learned Sock be on,
Or sweetest *Shakespear*, fancy's child,
Warble his native Wood-notes wild,
And ever against eating Cares,
Lap me in soft *Lydian* Aires,

Married

Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting Soul may pierce
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that ty
The hidden soul of harmony :
That *Orpheus*' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a Bed
Of heapt *Elysian* flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of *Pluto*, to have quite set free
His half-regain'd *Eurydice*.
These delights, if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.



Il Penseroso.

Hence vain deluding joys,
The brood of folly without father bred,
How little you bested,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys;
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the Sun-beams,
Or likest hovering dreams,
The fickle Pensioners of *Morpheus'* train.
But hail thou Goddess, sage and holy,
Hail divinest Melancholy,
Whose Saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight ;
And therefore to our weaker view,
O'er-laid with black staid Wisdom's hue :
Black, but such as in esteem,
Prince *Memnon's* Sister might beseem,

Or that starr'd *Ethiope* Queen that stroye
To set her beauties praise above
The Sea Nymphs, and their powers offended.
Yet thou art higher far descended,
Thee bright-hair'd *Vesta* long of yore
To solitary *Saturn* bore ;
His daughter she (in *Saturn's* reign,
Such mixture was not held a stain)
Oft in glimmering bowres and glades
He met her, and in sacred shades
Of woody *Ida's* inmost grove,
While yet there was no fear of *Jove*.
Come pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, stedfast, and demure,
All in robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestick train,
And sable stole of *Cypress* Lawn,
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:

There held in holy passion still,
Forget thy self to Marble, 'till
With a sad leaden downward cast,
Thou fix them on the earth as fast ;
And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with Gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring
Ay round about *Jove's* Altar sing.
And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim Gardens takes his pleasure ;
But first, and chieftest, with thee bring,
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The Cherub Contemplation,
And the mute Silence hist along,
'Lest *Philomel* will deign a Song,
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night ;
While *Cynthia* checks her Dragon yoke
Gently o'er th' accustom'd Oke.
Sweet Bird that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy !

Thee

Thee Chauntrefs of the Woods among,
I woo to hear thy Even-fong ;
And miſſing thee, I walk unſeen
On the dry ſmooth-shaven Green,
To behold the wandring Moon,
Riding near her higheſt noon,
Like one that had been led aſtray
Through the Heav'ns wide pathleſs way ;
And oft as if her head ſhe bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft on a Plat of riſing ground,
I hear the far-off *Curſeu* ſound,
Over ſome wide-water'd ſhoar,
Swinging ſlow with ſullen roar ;
Or if the Air will not permit,
Some ſtill removed place will fit,
Where glowing Embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
Far from all reſort of mirth,
Save the Cricket on the hearth,
Or the Belman's drowſie charm,
To bleſs the doors from nightly harm :

Or let my Lamp at midnight hour
Be seen in some high lonely Tow'r
Where I may oft out-watch the *Bear*,
With thrice great *Hermes*, or unspear
The spirit of *Plato*, to unfold
What Worlds, or what vast Regions hold
Th' immortal Mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook :
And of those *Dæmons* that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With Planet, or with Element.
Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In scepter'd Pall come sweeping by,
Presenting *Thebes*, or *Pelops'* line,
Or the tale of *Troy* divine:
Or what (though rare) of later age,
Ennobled hath the Buskin'd stage.
But, O sad Virgin, that thy power
Might raise *Musæus* from his bower,
Or bid the Soul of *Orpheus* sing
Such notes as, warbled to the string,

Drew

Drew Iros. tears down *Pluto's* cheek,
 And made Hell grant what Love did seek.
 Or call up him that left half told
 The story of *Cambuscan* bold,
 Of *Camball*, and of *Algarsife*,
 And who had *Canace* to wife,
 That own'd the virtuous Ring and Glass,
 And of the wondrous Horse of Brass,
 On which the *Tartar* King did ride;
 And if ought else great *Bards* beside
 In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
 Of Turneys, and of Trophies hung;
 Of Forests, and Inchantments drear,
 Where more is meant than meets the ear,
 Thus Night oft see me in thy pale career,
 'Till civil-suited Morn appear,
 Not trickt and frounc't as she was wont,
 With the *Attick* Boy to hunt,
 But Cherchef't in a comely Cloud,
 While rocking Winds are piping loud,
 Or usher'd with a shower still,
 When the gulf hath blown his fill,

Ending on the rustling Leaves,
With minute drops from off the Eaves,
And when the Sun begins to fling
His flaming beams, me Goddess bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown that *Sylvan* loves
Of Pine, or monumental Oak,
Where the rude Ax with heaved stroke
Was never heard their Nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
There in close covert by some Brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from Day's gairish eye,
While the Bee with honied thie,
That at her flowry work doth sing,
And the Waters murmuring
With such consort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleep;
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings in airy stream
Of lively portraiture display'd,
Softly on my eye-lids laid.

And

And as I wake, sweet musick breath
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or th' unseen Genius of the Wood.
But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious Cloyster's pale,
And love the high embowed Roof,
With antick Pillars massy proof,
And storied Windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing Organ blow,
To the full-voiced Quire below,
In Service high, and Anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes.
And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy Gown, and mossy Cell,
Where I may sit, and rightly spell
Of every Star that Heav'n doth shew,
And every Herb that sips the dew ;

'Till

'Till old experience do attain
 To something like Prophetic strain.
 These pleasures *Melancholy* give,
 And I with thee will choose to live.

A R C A D E S.

*Part of an Entertainment presented to the Countess
 Dowager of Derby at Harefield, by some Noble
 Persons of her Family, who appear on the Scene in
 Pastoral Habit, moving toward the Seat of State,
 with this Song.*

I. S O N G.

LOOK Nymphs, and Shepherds look,
 What sudden blaze of Majesty
 Is that which we from hence descry,
 Too divine to be mistook :

 This, this is she
 To whom our vows and wishes bend,
 Here our solemn search hath end.
Fame, that her high worth to raise,

Seem'd

Seem'd erst so lavish and profuse,
We may justly now accuse
Of detraction from her praise :

Less than half we find express'd,
Envy bid conceal the rest.

Mark what radiant state she spreads,
In circle round her shining throne,
Shooting her beams like silver threads,
This, this is she alone,

Sitting like a Goddess bright,
In the center of her light.

Might she the wise *Latona* be,
Or the towred *Cybele*,
Mother of a hundred gods ;
Juno dares not give her odds.

Who had thought this clime had held
A Deity so unparallel'd ?

*As they come forward, the Genius of the Wood appears,
and turning toward them, speaks.*

Gen. **S**Tay gentle Swains, for tho' in this disguise,
I see bright honour sparkle through your eyes,
Of

Of famous *Arcady* ye are, and sprung
Of that renowned flood, so often sung,
Divine *Alpheus*, who by secret sluice,
Stole under Seas to meet his *Arethuse* ;
And ye the breathing Roses of the Wood,
Fair silver-buskin'd Nymphs as great and good,
I know this quest of yours, and free intent
Was all in honour and devotion meant
To the great Mistress of yon princely shrine,
Whom with low reverence I adore as mine,
And with all helpful service will comply
To further this night's glad solemnity ;
And lead ye where ye may more near behold
What shallow-searching *Fame* hath left untold ;
Which I full oft amidst these shades alone
Have sat to wonder at, and gaze upon :
For know, by lot from *Jove*, I am the pow'r
Of this fair Wood, and live in Oaken bow'r,
To nurse the Saplings tall, and curl the grove
With Ringlets quaint, and wanton windings wove.
And all my Plants I save from nightly ill
Of noisom winds, and blasting vapours chill :

And

And from the Boughs brush off the evil dew,
And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blew,
Or what the cross dire-looking Planet smites,
Or hurtful Worm with canker'd venom bites.
When Ev'ning gray doth rise, I fetch my round
Over the mount, and all this hallow'd ground,
And early ere the odorous breath of morn
Awakes the slumbring leaves, or tassel'd horn
Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,
Number my ranks, and visit every sprout
With puissant words, and murmurs made to bless :
But else in deep of night, when drowfiness
Hath lockt up mortal sense, then listen I
To the celestial *Sirens* harmony,
That sit upon the nine enfolded Sphears,
And sing to those that hold the vital shears,
And turn the Adamantine spindle round,
On which the fate of gods and men is wound.
Such sweet compulsion doth in musick lie,
To lull the daughters of *Necessity*,
And keep unsteddy Nature to her law,
And the low world in measur'd motion draw

After

After the heavenly tune, which none can hear
 Of human mould with gross unpurged ear ;
 And yet such musick worthiest were to blaze
 The peerless height of her immortal praise,
 Whose lustre leads us, and for her most fit,
 If my inferior hand or voice could hit
 Inimitable sounds : yet as we go,
 What-ere the skill of lesser gods can show,
 I will assay, her worth to celebrate,
 And so attend ye toward her glittering state ;
 Where ye may all that are of noble stem
 Approach, and kiss her sacred vesture's hem.

II. S O N G.

O 'ER the smooth enamel'd green,
 Where no print of step hath been,
 Follow me as I sing,
 And touch the warbled string,
 Under the shady roof
 Of branching Elm Star-proof.
 Follow me,

I will bring you where she fits,
Clad in splendor, as befits
Her Deity.

Such a rural Queen
All *Arcadia* hath not seen.

III. S O N G.

Nymphs and Shepherds dance no more
By sandy *Ladon's* lillied banks,
On old *Lycæus* or *Cyllene* hoar,

Trip no more in twilight ranks,
Though *Erymanth* your loss deplore,
A better soyl shall give ye thanks.

From the stony *Mænalus*,
Bring your Flocks, and live with us,
Here ye shall have greater grace,
To serve the Lady of this place.

Though *Syrinx* your *Pan's* Mistress were,
Yet *Syrinx* well might wait on her,
Such a rural Queen
All *Arcadia* hath not seen.



P O E M S

U P O N

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Compos'd at several Times.

B Y

Mr. *J O H N M I L T O N.*

----- *Baccare frontem*

Cingite, ne vati noceat mala lingua futuro.

Virgil. Eclog. 7.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. and R. TONSON near *Catharine-*
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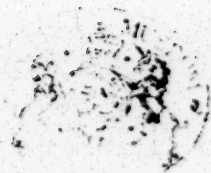
A
M A S K

PRESENTED

At *LUDLOW-CASTLE*,
1634.

BEFORE

The Earl of BRIDGEWATER, then
President of WALES.



The Copy of a Letter written by Sir HENRY
WOOTTON, to the Author, upon the
following Poem.

From the College, this 13th of *April*, 1638.

S I R,

*I*T was a special favour, when you lately bestow'd
upon me here the first taste of your Acquaintance,
though no longer than to make me know that I
wanted more time to value it, and to enjoy it rightly;
and in truth, if I could then have imagined your farther
stay in these parts, which I understood afterwards by Mr. H. I would have been bold in our
vulgar phrase to mend my draught, (for you left me
with an extreme thirst) and to have begged your conversation
again, jointly with your said learned Friend,
at a poor meal or two, that we might have banded together
some good Authors of the ancient time: Among
which, I observed you to have been familiar.

Since your going you have charged me with new
Obligations, both for a very kind Letter from you
dated the sixth of this Month, and for a dainty
piece of entertainment which came therewith.
Wherein I should much commend the Tragical part,
if the Lyrical did not ravish me with a certain
Dorique delicacy in your Songs and Odes, where-

Q²

unto

unto I must plainly confess to have seen yet nothing parallel in our Language: *Ipfa Mollities*. But I must not omit to tell you, that I now only owe you thanks for intimating unto me (how modestly soever) the true Artificer. For the work it self I had view'd some good while before, with singular delight, having received it from our common Friend Mr. R. in the very close of the late R's Poems, printed at Oxford, whereunto it was added (as I now suppose) that the Accessory might help out the Principal, according to the Art of Stationers, and to leave the Reader *Con la bocca dolce*.

Now, Sir, concerning your travels wherein I may challenge a little more privilege of Discourse with you; I suppose you will not blanch Paris in your way: therefore I have been bold to trouble you with a few lines to Mr. M. B. whom you shall easily find attending the young Lord S. as his Governor; and you may surely receive from him good directions for the shaping of your farther journey into Italy, where he did reside by my choice some time for the King, after mine own recess from Venice.

I should think that your best Line will be thro' the whole length of France to Marseilles, and thence by Sea to Genoa, whence the passage into Tuscany is as Diurnal as a Gravesend Barge: I hasten as you do to Florence, or Siena, the rather to tell you a short story, from the interest you have given me in your safety.

At Siena I was tabled in the House of one Alberto Scipioni, an old Roman Courtier in dangerous times, having been Steward to the Duca di Pagliano, who with all his Family were strangled,
Jave

save this only man that escap'd by foresight of the Tempest: With him I had often much chat of those affairs; into which he took pleasure to look back from his Native Harbour; and at my departure toward Rome (which had been the centre of his experience) I had won confidence enough to beg his advice, how I might carry myself securely there, without offence of others, or of mine own conscience. Signor Arrigo mio (says he) I pensieri stretti, & il viso sciolto, will go safely over the whole World: Of which Delphian Oracle (for so I have found it) your judgment doth need no commentary; and therefore (Sir) I will commit you with it to the best of all securities, God's dear love, remaining

Your Friend as much at command

as any of longer date,

Henry Wootton.

P O S T S C R I P T.

S I R,

I Have expressly sent this my Foot-boy to prevent your departure with some acknowledgment from me of the receipt of your obliging Letter, having my self through some business, I know not how, neglected the ordinary conveyance. In any part where I shall understand you fixed, I shall be glad, and diligent to entertain you with Home-Novelties; even for some fomentation of our friendship, too soon interrupted in the Cradle.

Q₃

The

The Persons.

*The attendant Spirit, afterwards in the habit of
Thyrsis.*

Comus with his Crew.

The Lady.

1 Brother,

2 Brother.

Sabrina the Nymph.

The chief Persons who presented, were,

The Lord Brackly.

Mr. Thomas Egerton his Brother.

The Lady Alice Egerton.

A

M A S K

Presented at

LUDLOW-CASTLE, 1634.

The first SCENE discovers a wild Wood.

The attendant Spirit descends or enters.

BEfore the starry threshold of *Jove's* Court
 My mansion is, where those immortal Shapes
 Of bright aerial Spirits live inspher'd
 In Regions mild of calm and serene Air,
 Above the smoak and stir of this dim spot,
 Which Men call Earth, and with low-thoughted care
 Confin'd, and pester'd in this pin-fold here,
 Strive to keep up a frail and feaverish being,
 Unmindful of the Crown that Virtue gives,
 After this mortal change, to her true Servants,

Q₄

Amongst

Amongst th' enthroned Gods on Sainted seats,
Yet some there be that by due steps aspire
To lay their just hands on that Golden Key
That opes the Palace of Eternity :
To such my errand is ; and but for such,
I would not foil these pure Ambrosial weeds,
With the rank vapours of this Sin-worn mould.

But to my task. *Neptune*, besides the sway
Of every salt Flood, and each ebbing Stream,
Took in by lot 'twixt high and neather *Jove*,
Imperial rule of all the Sea-girt Isles,
That like to rich and various Gemms inlay
The unadorned bosom of the Deep,
Which he to grace his tributary Gods
By course commits to several Governments,
And gives them leave to wear their Saphire Crowns,
And weild their little Tridents ; but this Isle,
The greatest and the best of all the Main,
He quarters to his blue-hair'd Deities,
And all this tract that fronts the falling Sun,
A noble Peer of mickle trust and power
Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide
An old, and haughty Notion proud in Arms :

Where

Where his fair off-spring nurs'd in Princely lore,
Are coming to attend their Father's state,
And new-entrusted Scepter : but their way
Lies through the perplex'd paths of this drear Wood,
The nodding horror of whose shady brows
Threats the forlorn and wandring Passenger;
And here their tender age might suffer peril,
But that by quick command from Sovereign *Jove*
I was dispatcht for their defence and guard ;
And listen why, for I will tell ye now
What never yet was heard in Tale or Song,
From old or modern Bard, in Hall or Bow'r.

Bacchus, that first from out the purple Grape
Crusht the sweet poyson of mis-used Wine,
After the *Tuscan* Mariners transform'd,
Coasting the *Tyrrhene* shore, as the winds listd,
On *Circe's* Island fell ; (Who knows not *Circe*,
The daughter of the Sun? whose charmed Cup
Whoever tasted lost his upright shape,
And downward fell into a groveling Swine)
This Nymph that gaz'd upon his clustring locks,
With Ivy Berries wreath'd, and his blithe youth,
Had by him, ere he parted thence, a Son

Much

Much like his Father, but his Mother more,
Whom therefore she brought up, and *Comus* nam'd;
Who ripe, and frolick of his full grown age,
Roving the *Celtick* and *Iberian* fields,
At last betakes him to this ominous Wood,
And in thick shelter of black shades imbowr'd,
Excels his Mother at her mighty Art,
Off'ring to every weary Traveller
His orient Liquor in a Chrystal Glass,
To quench the drouth of *Phæbus*, which as they taste
(For most do taste through fond intemperate thirst)
Soon as the Potion works, their human count'nance,
Th'express resemblance of the Gods, is chang'd
Into some brutish form of Wolf, or Bear,
Or Ounce, or Tiger, Hog, or bearded Goat,
All other parts remaining as they were;
And they (so perfect is their misery)
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
But boast themselves more comely than before,
And all their friends and native home forget,
To roll with pleasure in a sensual stie.
Therefore when any favour'd of high *Jove*,
Chances to pass through this adventurous glade,

Swift as a Sparkle of a glancing Star
 I shoot from Heav'n to give him safe convey,
 As now I do; But first I must put off
 These my skie robes spun out of *Iris' Wooff*,
 And take the weeds and likeness of a Swain
 That to the service of this house belongs,
 Who with his soft Pipe, and smooth-dittied Song
 Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,
 And hush the waving Woods, nor of less faith,
 And in this office of his Mountain watch,
 Likeliest, and nearest to the present aid
 Of this occasion. But I hear the tread
 Of hateful steps, I must be viewless now.

*Comus enters with a Charming Rod in one hand, his
 Glass in the other; with him a rout of Monsters
 beaded like sundry sorts of wild Beasts, but otherwise
 like Men and Women, their Apparel glistening: they
 come in making a riotous and unruly noise, with
 Torches in their hands.*

Comus. The Star that bids the Shepherd fold,
 Now the top of Heav'n doth hold,
 And the gilded Car of Day
 His glowing Axle doth allay

In

In the steep *Atlantick* stream,
And the slope Sun his upward beam
Shoots against the dusky Pole,
Pacing toward the other goal
Of his Chamber in the East.
Mean-while welcome Joy, and Feast,
Midnight shout, and revelry,
Tipfie dance, and Jollity.
Braid your Locks with rosie Twine,
Dropping Odours, dropping Wine.
Rigor now is gone to bed,
And Advice with scrupulous head,
Strict Age, and sower Severity,
With their grave Saws in slumber lie.
We that are of purer fire
Imitate the starry Quire,
Who in their nightly watchful Sphears,
Lead in swift round the Months and Years.
The Sounds and Seas, with all their finny drove,
Now to the Moon in wavering Morrice move,
And on the Tawny Sands and Shelves,
Trip the pert Fairies, and the dapper Elves;

By

By dimpled Brook, and Fountain brim,
The Wood-Nymphs deckt with Daiesies trim,
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep :
What hath night to do with sleep ?
Night hath better sweets to prove,
Venus now wakes, and wakens Love.
Come let us our rites begin,
'Tis only day-light that makes Sin,
Which these dun shades will ne'er report.
Hail Goddess of Nocturnal sport,
Dark-vail'd *Cotytto*, t'whom the secret flame
Of mid-night Torches burns; mysterious Dame,
That ne'er art call'd, but when the Dragon woom
Of Stygian darkness spets her thickest gloom,
And makes one blot of all the air,
Stay thy cloudy Ebon Chair,
Wherein thou rid'st with *Hecat'*, and befriend
Us thy vow'd Priests, 'till utmost end
Of all thy dues be done, and none left out,
Ere the blabbing Eastern scout,
The nice Morn on the *Indian* steep
From her cabin'd loop-hole peep,

And

And to the tell-tale Sun descry
Our conceal'd Solemnity.
Come, knit hands, and beat the ground
In a light fantastick round.

The Measure.

Break off, break off, I feel the different pace
Of some chaste footing near about this ground.
Run to your shrouds, within these Barks and Trees,
Our number may affright : Some Virgin sure
(For so I can distinguish by mine Art)
Benighted in these Woods. Now to my charms,
And to my wily trains. I shall ere-long
Be well-stock't with as fair a herd as graz'd
About my Mother *Circe*. Thus I hurl
My dazling Spells into the spongy air,
Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion,
And give it false presentments, lest the place
And my quaint habits breed astonishment,
And put the Damsel to suspicious flight,
Which must not be, for that's against my course ;
I under fair pretence of friendly ends,
And well-plac'd words of glozing courtesie,
Baited with reasons not unplaussible,

Win

Win me into the easie-hearted man
And hug him into snares. When once her eye
Hath met the virtue of this Magick dust,
I shall appear some harmless Villager,
Whom thrift keeps up about his Country gear.
But here she comes, I fairly step aside
And harken, if I may her business hear.

The Lady Enters.

This way the noise was, if mine ear be true,
My best guide now; methought it was the sound
Of Riot and ill-manag'd Merriment,
Such as the jocund Flute, or gamesome Pipe
Stirs up among the loose unletter'd Hinds,
When for their teeming Flocks, and granges full,
In wanton dance they praise the bounteous *Pan*,
And thank the Gods amiss. I should be loth
To meet the rudeness, and swell'd insolence
Of such late Waffailers; yet O where else
Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
In the blind mazes of this tangled Wood?
My Brothers when they saw me wearied out
With this long way, resolving here to lodge
Under the spreading favour of these Pines,

Stept

Stept as they said to the next Thicket side
To bring me Berries, or such cooling fruit
As the kind hospitable Woods provide.
They left me then, when the gray-hooded Ev'n
Like a sad Votarist in Palmers weed
Rose from the hindmost wheels of *Phæbus* wain.
But where they are, and why they came not back,
Is now the labour of my thoughts ; 'tis likeliest
They had engag'd their wandring steps too far,
And envious darkness, ere they could return,
Had stole them from me ; else O theevish night,
Why shouldst thou, but for some felonious end,
In thy dark lantern thus close up the Stars,
That nature hung in Heav'n, and fill'd their Lamps
With everlasting oil, to give due light
To the mis-led and lonely Traveller ?
This is the place, as well as I may guess,
Whence even now the tumult of loud Mirth
Was rife, and perfect in my list'ning ear,
Yet nought but single darkness do I find.
What might this be ? A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory
Of calling shapes, and beckning shadows dire,

And

And airy tongues, that syllable men's names
On Sands and Shoars, and desert Wilderneſſes.
Theſe thoughts may ſtartle well, but not aſtound
The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
By a ſtrong ſiding champion, Conſcience.— —
O welcome pure-ey'd Faith, white-handed Hope,
Thou hovering Angel girt with golden wings,
And thou unblemish'd form of Chaſtity ;
I ſee ye viſibly, and now believe
That He, the Supreme Good, t'whom all things ill
Are but as ſlaviſh officers of vengeance,
Would ſend a glist'ring Guardian if need were
To keep my life and honour unaffail'd.
Was I deceiv'd, or did a ſable cloud
Turn forth her ſilver lining on the night ?
I did not err, there does a ſable cloud
Turn forth her ſilver lining on the night,
And caſts a gleam over this tufted Grove.
I cannot hallow to my Brothers, but
Such noiſe as I can make to be heard fartheſt
I'll venture, for my new-enliven'd ſpirits
Prompt me ; and they perhaps are not far off.

R

S O N G.

S O N G.

SWEET Echo, *sweetest Nymph that liv'st unseen*
Within thy airy shell,
By slow Meander's margent green,
And in the violet-imbroider'd vale,
Where the love-lorn Nightingale
Nightly to render thee her sad Song mourneth well;
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle Pair
That likest thy Narcissus are?
O if thou have
Hid them in some flowry Cave,
Tell me but where,
Sweet Queen of Parly, Daughter of the Sphear,
So may'st thou be translated to the Skies,
And give resounding grace to all Heav'n's harmonies.

Comus. Can any mortal mixture of Earth's mould
 Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?
 Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
 And with these raptures moves the vocal air
 To testify his hidden residence:
 How sweetly did they float upon the wings

Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night,
At every fall smoothing the raven-doun
Of Darkneſs 'till it ſmil'd: I have oft heard
My Mother *Circe* with the *Sirens* three,
Amidſt the flow'ry-kirtled *Naiades*,
Culling their potent herbs, and baleful drugs,
Who as they fung, would take the priſon'd Soul,
And lap it in *Elyſium*: *Scylla* wept,
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell *Charybdis* murmur'd ſoft applauſe:
Yet they in pleaſing ſlumber lull'd the Senſe,
And in ſweet madneſs robb'd it of it ſelf.
But ſuch a ſacred, and home-felt delight,
Such ſober certainty of waking bliſs
I never heard, 'till now. I'll ſpeak to her,
And ſhe ſhall be my Queen. Hail foreign wonder,
Whom certain theſe rough ſhades did never breed,
Unleſs the Goddeſſes that in rural ſhrine
Dwell'ſt here with *Pan*, or *Sylvan*, by bleſt Song
Forbidding every bleak unkindly Fog
To touch the proſperous growth of this tall Wood.

La. Nay gentle Shepherd, ill is loſt that praiſe
That is addreſt to unattending Ears;

Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
 How to regain my fever'd company,
 Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo
 To give me answer from her mossie Couch.

Co. What chance, good Lady, hath bereft you thus?

La. Dim darkness, and this leafy Labyrinth.

Co. Could that divide you from near ushering guides?

La. They left me weary on a grassy turf.

Co. By falshood, or discourtesie, or why?

La. To seek i'th' Vally some cool friendly Spring.

Co. And left your fair side all unguarded, Lady?

La. They were but twain, and purpos'd quick return.

Co. Perhaps fore-stalling night prevented them.

La. How easie my misfortune is to hit!

Co. Imports their loss, beside the present need?

La. No less than if I should my Brothers lose.

Co. Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?

La. As smooth as *Hebe's* their unrazor'd lips.

Co. Two such I saw, what time the labour'd Oxe
 In his loose traces from the furrow came,
 And the swink't hedger at his supper sat;
 I saw them under a green mantling Vine

That

That crawls along the side of yon small hill,
Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots;
Their port was more than human, as they stood:
I took it for a faery vision
Of some gay creatures of the Element,
That in the colours of the Rainbow live,
And play i'th' plighted clouds. I was aw-strook,
And as I pass'd, I worshipt: if those you seek,
It were a journey like the path to Heav'n,
To help you find them. *La.* Gentle Villager,
What readiest way would bring me to that place?

Co. Due west it rises from this shrubby point.

La. To find out that, good Shepherd, I suppose,
In such a scant allowance of Star-light,
Would over-task the best Land-Pilot's art,
Without the sure guesses of well-practis'd feet.

Co. I know each lane, and every alley green,
Dingle, or bushy dell of this wild Wood,
And every bosky bourn from side to side,
My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood:
And if your stray-attendance be yet lodg'd,
Or shroud within these limits, I shall know
Ere morrow wake, or the low-roofed Lark

From her thatch'd pallat rowse ; if otherwise
 I can conduct you, Lady, to a low
 But loyal cottage, where you may be safe
 'Till further quest. *La.* Shepherd, I take thy word,
 And trust thy honest offer'd courtesie,
 Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
 With smoaky rafters, than in tap'stry Halls
 And Courts of Princes, where it first was nam'd,
 And yet is most pretended : In a place
 Less warranted than this, or less secure
 I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.
 Eye me, blest Providence, and square my tryal
 To my proportion'd strength. Shepherd, lead on.

The two Brothers.

Eld. Bro. Unmuffle ye faint Stars, and thou fair
 That wont'st to love the Travailers benizon, [Moon
 Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,
 And disipherit *Chaos*, that reigns here
 In double night of darkness, and of shades ;
 Or if your influence be quite damm'd up
 With black usurping mists, some gentle taper,
 (Though a rush-candle from the wicker hole
 Of some clay habitation) visit us

With

With thy long levell'd rule of streaming light;
And thou shalt be our Star of *Arcady*,
Or *Tyrian* Cynosure. 2 *Bro.* Or if our eyes
Be barr'd that happiness, might we but hear
The folded flocks pen'd in their watled cotes,
Or sound of pastoral reed with oaten stops;
Or whistle from the Lodge, or Village Cock
Count the night watches to his feathery Dames,
'Twould be some solace yet, some little chearing
In this close dungeon of innumerable boughs.
But O that hapless Virgin! our lost sister,
Where may she wander now, whither betake her
From the chill dew, amongst rude burs and thistles?
Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now,
Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad Elm
Leans her unpillow'd head, fraught with sad fears.
What if in wild amazement, and affright,
Or, while we speak, within the direful grasp
Of savage hunger, or of savage heat?

Eld. Bro. Peace, Brother, be not over-exquisite
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils;
For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,
What need a man forestall his date of grief,

And run to meet what he would most avoid?
Or if they be but false alarms of Fear,
How bitter is such self-delusion?
I do not think my Sister so to seek,
Or so unprincipled in Virtue's book,
And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever,
As that the single want of light and noise
(Not being in danger, as I trust she is not)
Could stir the constant mood of her calm Thoughts,
And put them into mis-becoming plight.
Virtue could see to do what Virtue would
By her own radiant light, though Sun and Moon
Were in the flat Sea funk. And Wisdom's self
Oft seeks to sweet retired Solitude,
Where with her best nurse Contemplation,
She plumes her feathers and lets grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd.
He that has light within his own clear breast,
May sit i'th' Center, and enjoy bright day;
But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day Sun;
Himself is his own dungeon.

2 Bro. 'Tis most true,
That musing Meditation most affects
The pensive secrecy of desert Cell,
Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds,
And sits as safe as in a Senate House :
For who would rob a Hermit of his Weeds,
His few Books, or his Beads, or Maple Dish,
Or do his gray Hairs any violence?
But Beauty, like the fair *Hesperian* Tree
Laden with blooming Gold, had need the guard
Of Dragon-watch with uninchanted eye,
To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit
From the rash hand of bold Incontinence.
You may as well spread out the unsunn'd heaps
Of Misers Treasure by an Outlaw's den,
And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope
Danger will wink on Opportunity,
And let a single helpless Maiden pass
Uninjur'd in this wild surrounding waste
Of night : of loneliness it recks me not,
I fear the dread events that dog them both,
Lest some ill-greeting touch attempt the person
Of our unowned Sister.

Eld. Bro.

Eld Bro. I do not, Brother,
 Infer, as if I thought my Sister's state
 Secure without all doubt, or controverſie :
 Yet where an equal poize of hope and fear,
 Does arbitrate th' Event, my Nature is
 That I incline to hope, rather than fear,
 And gladly baniſh ſquint ſuſpicion.
 My Siſter is not ſo defenceleſs left
 As you imagine, ſhe has a hidden ſtrength
 Which you remember not.

2 Bro. What hidden ſtrength,
 Unleſs the ſtrength of Heav'n, if you mean that?

El. Bro. I mean that too, but yet a hidden ſtrength,
 Which, if Heav'n gave it, may be term'd her own :
 'Tis Chaſtity, my Brother, Chaſtity :
 She that has that: is clad in compleat ſteel,
 And like a quiver'd Nymph with Arrows keen
 May trace huge Foreſts, and unharbour'd Heaths,
 Infamous Hills, and ſandy perilous wildes,
 Where through the ſacred rays of Chaſtity,
 No Savage fierce, Bandite, or Mountaineer
 Will dare to ſoyl her Virgin purity :
 Yea there, where very deſolation dwells

By grots, and caverns shag'd with horrid shades,
She may pass on with unblench'd majesty,
Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.
Some say no evil thing walks by night,
In fog, or fire, by lake, or moorish fen,
Blue meager Hag, or stubborn unlaid Ghost,
That breaks his magick chains at *Curfew* time,
No Goblin, or swart Fairy of the Mine,
Hath hurtful power o'er true Virginity.
Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call
Antiquity from the old Schools of *Greece*
To testify the arms of Chastity?
Hence had the huntress *Dian* her dread bow,
Fair silver-shafted Queen for ever chaste,
Wherewith she tam'd the brinded Lions,
And spotted mountain Pard, but set at nought
The frivolous bolt of *Cupid*: gods and men
Fear'd her stern frown, and she was Queen o'th' Woods.
What was that snaky-headed *Gorgon* shield
That wise *Minerva* wore, unconquer'd Virgin,
Wherewith she freez'd her foes to congeal'd stone,
But rigid looks of chaste austerity,
And noble grace that dash'd brute violence

With

With sudden adoration, and blank awe?
So dear to Heav'n is Saintly Chastity,
That when a Soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried Angels lackey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
And in clear dream, and solemn vision,
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear;
'Till oft converse with heav'nly habitants
Begin to cast a beam on th' outward shape,
The unpolluted temple of the Mind,
And turns it by degrees to the Soul's essence,
'Till all be made immortal: but when Lust,
By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
But most by leud and lavish act of sin,
Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
The Soul grows clotted by contagion,
Imbodies, and imbrutes, 'till she quite lose
The divine property of her first being.
Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp
Oft seen in Charnel Vaults, and Sepulchres,
Lingring, and sitting by a new-made grave,
As loth to leave the Body that it lov'd,
And linkt it self by carnal sensuality
To a degenerate and degraded state.

2 *Bro.* How charming is divine Philosophy!
Not harsh, and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is *Apollo's* Lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.

Eld. Bro. List, list, I hear
Some far-off hollow break the silent Air.

2 *Bro.* Methought so too: what should it be?

Eld. Bro. For certain
Either some one like us night-founder'd here,
Or else some Neighbour Woodman, or, at worst,
Some roaving Robber calling to his fellows.

2 *Bro.* Heav'n keep my Sister. Agen, agen, and near:
Best draw, and stand upon our guard.

Eld. Bro. I'll hollow;
If he be friendly he comes well; if not,
Defence is a good cause, and Heav'n be for us.

The attendant Spirit, habited like a Shepherd.
That hollow I should know, what are you? speak.
Come not too near, you fall on Iron stakes else.

Spi. What voice is that? my young Lord? speak agen.

2 *Bro.* O brother, 'tis my Father's Shepherd sure.

Eld. Bro. *Thyrsis*? whose artful strains have oft
delaid

The

The hudling brook to hear his madrigal,
 And sweetned every muskrose of the dale.
 How cam'st thou here, good Swain? hath any Ram
 Slipt from the fold, or young Kid lost his dam,
 Or straggling Weather the pen't flock forsook?
 How could'st thou find this dark sequester'd nook?

Spir. O my lov'd Master's heir, and his next joy,
 I came not here on such a trivial toy
 As a stray'd Ewe, or to pursue the stealth
 Of pilfering Wolf; not all the fleecy wealth
 That doth enrich these Downs, is worth a thought
 To this my errand, and the care it brought.
 But, O my Virgin Lady, where is she?
 How chance she is not in your company?

Eld. Bro. To tell thee sadly, Shepherd, without blame,
 Or our neglect, we lost her as we came.

Spir. Ay me unhappy! then my fears are true.

El. Bro. What fears, good *Thyrfis*? Pr'ythee briefly

Spir. I'll tell ye, 'tis not vain or fabulous, [shew.
 (Though so esteem'd by shallow ignorance)
 What the sage Poets, taught by th' Heavenly Muse,
 Story'd of old in high immortal verse,
 Of dire *Chimera's* and enchanted Isles,

And

And rifted Rocks whose entrance leads to Hell,
For such there be, but unbelief is blind.
Within the navel of this hideous Wood,
Immur'd in Cypress shades a Sorcerer dwells,
Of *Bacchus* and of *Circe* born, great *Comus*,
Deep skill'd in all his Mother's Witcheries ;
And here to every thirsty wanderer
By sly enticement gives his baneful cup,
With many murmurs mixt, whose pleasing poison
The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,
And the inglorious likeness of a beast
Fixes instead, unmoulding reason's mintage
Character'd in the face ; this have I learnt,
Tending my flocks hard by i'th' hilly crofts,
That brow this bottom glade, whence night by night
He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl
Like stabled Wolves, or Tigers at their prey,
Doing abhorred rites to *Hecate*
In their obscured haunts of inmost bowers.
Yet have they many baits, and guileful spells
T'inveigle and invite th' unwary sense
Of them that pass unweeting by the way.
This evening late, by then the chewing flocks

Had

Had ta'en their supper on the savoury Herb
Of Knot-grass dew-besprent, and were in fold,
I set me down to watch upon a bank
With Ivy canopied, and interwove
With flaunting Hony-suckle, and began
Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy,
To meditate my rural minstrelsie,
'Till Fancy had her fill; but ere a close,
The wonted roar was up amidst the woods,
And fill'd the Air with barbarous dissonance,
At which I ceas'd, and listen'd them a-while,
'Till an unusual stop of sudden silence
Gave respite to the drowsie frighted steeds
That draw the litter of close-curtain'd sleep.
At last a soft and solemn breathing sound
Rose like a steam of rich distill'd perfumes,
And stole upon the Air, that even Silence
Was took ere she was ware, and wisht she might
Deny her Nature, and be never more,
Still to be so displac'd. I was all ear,
And took in strains that might create a Soul
Under the ribs of Death: but O ere long
Too well I did perceive it was the voice

Of my most honour'd Lady, your dear Sister.
Amaz'd I stood, harrow'd with grief and fear,
And, O poor hapless Nightingale, thought I,
How sweet thou sing'st, how near the deadly Snare!
Then down the lawns I ran with headlong haste,
Through paths and turnings often trod by day,
'Till guided by mine ear I found the place
Where that damn'd wifard laid in fly disguise,
(For so by certain signs I knew) had met
Already, ere my best speed could prevent,
The aidless innocent Lady his wisht prey,
Who gently ask'd if he had seen such two,
Supposing him some neighbour villager:
Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guess'd
Ye were the two she meant; with that I sprung
Into swift flight, 'till I had found you here.
But further know I not. 2 *Bro.* O night and shades,
How are you join'd with Hell in triple knot,
Against th' unarmed weakness of one Virgin
Alone, and helpless! Is this the confidence
You gave me, Brother? *Eld. Bro.* Yes, and keep it still,
Lean on it safely, not a period
Shall be unsaid for me: against the threats

S

Of

Of malice or of forcery, or that power
Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firm,
Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt,
Surpriz'd by unjust force, but not intrall'd;
Yea even that which mischief meant most harm,
Shall in the happy tryal prove most glory.
But evil on it self shall back recoil,
And mix no more with goodness, when at last
Gather'd like scum, and settled to it self,
It shall be in eternal restless change
Self-fed, and self-consumed; if this fail,
The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,
And earth's base built on stubble. But come, let's on.
Against th' opposing will and arm of Heav'n
May never this just sword be lifted up;
But for that damn'd Magician, let him be girt
With all the griesly legions that troop
Under the footy flag of *Acheron*,
Harpyes and *Hydras*, or all the monstrous forms
'Twixt *Africa* and *Inde*, I'll find him out,
And force him to restore his purchase back,
Or drag him by the curls, to a foul death,
Curs'd as his life.

Spir. Alas! good vent'rous Youth,
I love thy Courage yet, and bold Emprise;
But here thy Sword can do thee little stead;
Far other arms, and other weapons must
Be those that quell the might of Hellish charms.
He with his bare wand can unthred thy joynts,
And crumble all thy sinews.

Eld. Bro. Why pr'ythee, Shepherd,
How durst thou then thy self approach so near,
As to make this Relation?

Spir. Care and utmost shifts
How to secure the Lady from surprisal,
Brought to my mind a certain Shepherd Lad,
Of small regard to see to, yet well skill'd
In every virtuous Plant and healing Herb
That spreads her verdant leaf to th' morning ray:
He lov'd me well, and oft would beg me sing,
Which when I did, he on the tender grass
Would sit, and hearken even to ecstasie,
And in requital ope his leathern scrip,
And shew me simples of a thousand names,
Telling their strange and vigorous faculties:
Amongst the rest a small unsightly root,

But of divine effect, he cull'd me out :
The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,
But in another Country, as he said,
Bore a bright Golden flowre, but not in this soyl :
Unknown, and little esteem'd, and the dull Swain
Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon ;
And yet more med'cinal is it than that *Moly*
That *Hermes* once to wise *Ulysses* gave ;
He call'd it *Hæmony*, and gave it me,
And bad me keep it as of sov'raign use
'Gainst all enchantments, mildew, blast or damp,
Or ghastly furies apparition.
I purs'd it up, but little reck'ning made,
'Till now that this extremity compell'd.
But now I find it true ; for by this means
I knew the foul Inchanter, tho' disguis'd,
Enter'd the very lime-twigs of his spells,
And yet came off : if you have this about you
(As I will give you when we go) you may
Boldly assault the Necromancer's Hall ;
Where if he be, with dauntless hardyhood,
And brandisht blade rush on him, break his glass,
And shed the luscious liquor on the ground ;

But

But seize his wand, though he and his curst crew
 Fierce sign of Battail make, and menace high,
 Or like the Sons of *Vulcan* vomit smoak,
 Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink.

Eld. Bro. Thyrsis, lead on apace, I'll follow thee,
 And some good Angel bear a shield before us.

The Scene changes to a stately Palace, set out with all manner of deliciousness: soft Musick, Tables spread with all dainties. Comus appears with his rabble, and the Lady set in an enchanted Chair, to whom he offers his Glass, which she puts by, and goes about to rise.

Comus. Nay, Lady, sit; if I but wave this wand,
 Your nerves are all chain'd up in *Alabaster*,
 And you a Statue, or as *Daphne* was,
 Root-bound, that fled *Apollo*.

La. Fool, do not boast,
 Thou canst not touch the freedom of my mind
 With all thy Charms, although this corporal rind
 Thou hast immanacled, while Heav'n fees good.

Co. Why are you vext, Lady? why do you frown;
 Here dwell no frowns, nor anger, from these gates
 Sorrow flies far: See here be all the pleasures

That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,
When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns
Brisk as the *April* buds in Primrose-season.
And first behold this cordial Julep here,
That flames and dances in his crystal bounds,
With spirits of balm, and fragrant Syrups mixt.
Not that *Nepenthes* which the Wife of *Thone*
In *Ægypt*, gave to *Jove-born Helena*,
Is of such power to stir up joy as this,
To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.
Why should you be so cruel to your self,
And to those dainty limbs which Nature lent
For gentle usage, and soft delicacy?
But you invert the Cov'nants of her trust,
And harshly deal like an ill borrower
With that which you receiv'd on other terms,
Scorning the unexempt condition
By which all mortal frailty must subsist,
Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,
That have been tir'd all day without repast,
And timely rest have wanted: but fair Virgin,
This will restore all soon.

La. 'Twill not, false traitor,
'Twill not restore the truth and honesty

That thou hast banisht from thy tongue with lyes,
Was this the cottage, and the safe abode
Thou told'st me of? What grim aspects are these
These ugly-headed Monsters? Mercy guard me!
Hence with thy brew'd enchantments, foul deceiver;
Hast thou betray'd my credulous Innocence
With visor'd falshood, and base forgery,
And would'st thou seek again to trap me here
With liquorish baits fit to insnare a brute?
Were it a draft for *Juno* when she banquets,
I would not taste thy treasonous offer; none
But such as are good men can give good things,
And that which is not good, is not delicious
To a well-govern'd and wise appetite.

Co. O foolishness of men! that lend their ears
To those budge Doctors of the *Stoick* Furr,
And fetch their precepts from the *Cynick* Tub,
Praising the lean and fallow Abstinence.
Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth,
With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,
Covering the Earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,
Thronging the Seas with spawn innumerable,
But all to please, and sate the curious taste?

And set to work millions of spinning Worms,
 That in their green shops weave the smooth-hair'd silk
 To deck her Sons; and that no corner might
 Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loyns
 She hutch't th' all-worshipt Ore, and precious Gems
 To store her children with, if all the world
 Should in a pet of temperance feed on Pulse,
 Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but Frieze,
 Th' all-giver would be unthank't, would be unprais'd,
 Not half his riches known, and yet despis'd,
 And we should serve him as a grudging Master,
 As a penurious niggard of his wealth,
 And live like Nature's bastards, not her sons,
 Who would be quite furcharg'd with her own weight,
 And strangled with her waste fertility;
 Th' earth cumber'd, and the wing'd air dark't with [plumes.
 The herds would over-multitude their Lords,
 The Sea o'er fraught would swell, and th' unfought Di-
 Would so emblaze the forehead of the deep, [amonds
 And so bestud with Stars, that they below
 Would grow inur'd to light, and come at last
 To gaze upon the Sun with shameless brows.
 Lift Lady, be not coy, and be not cosen'd

With

With that same vaunted name Virginity ;
Beauty is Nature's coyn, must not be hoorded,
But must be current, and the good thereof
Consists in mutual and partaken blifs,
Unfavoury in th' enjoyment of it self ;
If you let slip time, like a neglected rose
It withers on the stalk with languish't head.
Beauty is Nature's brag, and must be shown
In Courts, at Feasts, and high Solemnities,
Where most may wonder at the workmanship ;
It is for homely features to keep home,
They had their name thence ; coarse complexions
And cheeks of sorry grain will serve to ply
The sampler, and to teize the hufwives wool.
What need a vermil-tinctur'd lip for that,
Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the Morn ?
There was another meaning in these gifts,
Think what, and be advis'd, you are but young yet.

La. I had not thought to have unlockt my lips
In this unhallow'd air, but that this Jugler
Would think to charm my Judgment, as mine eyes,
Obtruding false Rules, prank'd in Reason's garb.
I hate when vice can bolt her arguments,

And

And virtue has no tongue to check her pride.
Impostor do not charge most innocent Nature,
As if she would her children should be riotous
With her abundance; she good caterefs
Means her provision only to the good,
That live according to her sober laws,
And holy dictate of spare Temperance :
If every just man that now pines with want
Had but a moderate and befitting share
Of that which lewdly pamper'd Luxury
Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,
Nature's full blessings would be well dispens'd,
In unsuperfluous even proportion,
And she no whit encumber'd with her store,
And then the giver would be better thank'd,
His praise due paid : for swinish gluttony
Ne'er looks to Heav'n amidst his gorgeous feast,
But with besotted base ingratitude
Cramms, and blasphemes his feeder. Shall I go on?
Or have I said enough? To him that dares
Arm his prophane tongue with contemptuous words
Against the Sun-clad power of Chastity,
Fain would I something say, yet to what end?

Thou

Thou hast nor Ear, nor Soul to apprehend
The sublime notion, and high mystery
That must be utter'd, to unfold the sage
And serious doctrine of Virginity,
And thou art worthy that thou should'st not know
More happiness than this thy present lot.
Enjoy your dear Wit, and gay Rhetorick
That hath so well been taught her dazling fence,
Thou art not fit to hear thy self convinc'd;
Yet should I try, the uncontrouled worth
Of this pure cause would kindle my rap'd spirits
To such a flame of sacred vehemence,
That dumb things would be mov'd to sympathize,
And the brute Earth would lend her nerves, and shake,
'Till all thy magick structures rear'd so high,
Were shatter'd into heaps o'er thy false head.

Co. She fables not, I feel that I do fear
Her words set off by some superior power;
And tho' not mortal, yet a cold shudd'ring dew
Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath of *Jove*
Speaks thunder, and the chains of *Erebus*
To some of *Saturn's* crew. I must dissemble,
And try her yet more strongly. Come, no more,

This

This is meer moral babble, and direct
 Against the Canon Laws of our Foundation ;
 I must not suffer this, yet 'tis but the lees
 And setlings of a melancholy blood :
 But this will cure all streight, one sip of this
 Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight,
 Beyond the blifs of dreams. Be wise, and taste.----

*The Brothers rush in with swords drawn, wrest his
 Glass out of his hand, and break it against the
 ground ; his rout make sign of resistance, but are
 all driven in ; The attendant Spirit comes in.*

Spir. What, have you let the false Enchanter scape?
 O ye mistook, ye should have snatcht his wand,
 And bound him fast ; without his rod revers'd,
 And backward mutters of dislevering power,
 We cannot free the Lady that sits here
 In stony fetters fixt, and motionless :
 Yet stay, be not disturb'd ; now I bethink me,
 Some other means I have which may be us'd,
 Which once of *Melibæus* old I learnt
 The foothest Shepherd that ere pip't on plains.

There is a gentle Nymph, not far from hence,
 That with moist curb sways the smooth *Severn* stream,

Sabrina is her name, a Virgin pure ;
Whilom she was the daughter of *Lochrine*,
That had the Scepter from his Father *Brute*.
She guiltless damsel flying the mad pursuit
Of her enraged Stepdame *Guendolen*,
Commended her fair innocence to the flood,
That stay'd her flight with his cross flowing course.
The Water-Nymphs that in the bottom plaid,
Held up their pearly wrists and took her in,
Bearing her freight to aged *Nereus*' Hall,
Who piteous of her woes, rear'd her lank head,
And gave her to his daughters to imbathe
In nectar'd lavers strew'd with *Asphodil* ;
And through the porch and inlet of each sense
Dropt in Ambrosial Oyls 'till she reviv'd,
And underwent a quick immortal change,
Made Goddess of the River ; still she retains
Her Maiden gentleness, and oft at Eve
Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,
Helping all Urchin blasts, and ill-luck signs
That the shrewd meddling Elfe delights to make ;
Which she with precious viol'd liquors heals,
For which the Shepherds at their Festivals

Carrol

Carrol her goodnefs lowd in ruftick lays,
 And throw fweet garland wreaths into her ftream
 Of Pancies, Pinks and gaudy Daffadils.
 And as the old Swain faid, ſhe can unlock
 The clafping charm, and thaw the numming ſpell,
 If ſhe be right invok'd in warbled Song :
 For maidenhood ſhe loves, and will be ſwift
 To aid a Virgin, ſuch as was her ſelf,
 In hard-befetting need; this will I try,
 And add the power of ſome adjuring verſe.

S O N G.

Sabrina fair,
 Liſten where thou art fitting
 Under the glaſſie, cool, tranſlucent Wave,
 In twiſted Braids of Lillies knitting
 The looſe train of thy Amber-dropping Hair;
 Liſten for dear Honour's ſake,
 Goddeſs of the Silver Lake,
 Liſten and ſave.
 Liſten and appear to us,
 In name of great Oceanus,

By the earth-shaking *Neptune's* mace,
And *Tethys* grave majestick pace,
By hoary *Nereus* wrinkled look,
And the *Carpathian* wifard's hook,
By scaly *Triton's* winding shell,
And old sooth-saying *Glaucus* spell,
By *Leucothea's* lovely hands,
And her Son that rules the strands,
By *Thetis* tinsel slipper'd feet,
And the Songs of *Sirens* sweet,
By dead *Parthenope's* dear tomb,
And fair *Ligea's* golden comb,
Wherewith she sits on Diamond rocks,
Sleeking her soft alluring locks,
By all the *Nymphs* that nightly dance
Upon thy streams with wily glance,
Rise, rise, and heave thy rosie head
From thy coral-paven bed,
And bridle in thy headlong wave,
'Till thou our summons answer'd have.
Listen and save.

Sbrina

Sabrina rises, attended by Water-nymphs, and sings.

*By the rusby-fringed bank,
Where grows the Willow and the Osier dank,
My sliding Chariot stays,
Thick set with Agat, and the azure sheen
Of Turkis blew, and Emrauld green
That in the channel strays,
Whilst from off the waters fleet
Thus I set my printless feet
O'er the Cowslip's Velvet head,
That bends not as I tread ;
Gentle Swain, at thy request
I am here.*

*Spir. Goddess dear,
We implore thy powerful hand
To undo the charmed band
Of true Virgin here distressed,
Through the force, and thro' the wile
Of unblest inchanter vile.*

*Sab. Shepherd, 'tis my office best
To help insnared chastity ;*

Brightest

Brightest Lady look on me,
 Thus I sprinkle on thy breast
 Drops that from my fountain pure,
 I have kept of precious cure ;
 Thrice upon thy fingers tip,
 Thrice upon thy rubied lip,
 Next this marble venom'd seat
 Smear'd with gums of glutinous heat
 I touch with chaste palms moist and cold :
 Now the spell hath lost his hold,
 And I must haste ere morning hour
 To wait in *Amphitrite's* bower.

Sabrina descends, and the Lady rises out of her Seat.

Spir. Virgin daughter of *Lochrine*,
 Sprung of old *Anchises'* line,
 May thy brimmed waves for this
 Their full tribute never miss
 From a thousand petty rills,
 That tumble down the snowy hills:
 Summer drouth, or finged air
 Never scorch thy tresses fair,

T

Nor

Nor wet *October's* torrent flood
Thy molten crystal fill with mud ;
May thy billows rowl ashoar
The Beryl, and the golden Ore ;
May thy lofty Head be crown'd
With many a Tower and Terras round,
And here and there thy banks upon
With Groves and Myrrhe, and Cinnamon.

Come Lady, while Heav'n lends us grace,
Let us fly this curst place,
Lest the Sorcerer us intice
With some other new device.
Not a waste or needles found,
'Till we come to holier ground ;
I shall be your faithful guide
Through this gloomy Covert wide ;
And not many furlongs thence
Is your Father's Residence,
Where this night are met in state
Many a friend, to gratulate
His wished presence ; and beside
All the Swains that there abide,

With

With Jiggs, and rural dance resort;
We shall catch them at their sport,
And our sudden coming there
Will double all their mirth and cheer.
Come let us haste, the Stars grow high,
But night fits Monarch yet in the mid sky.

*The Scene changes, presenting Ludlow Town and the
President's Castle; then come in Country Dancers,
after them the attendant Spirit, with the two
Brothers and the Lady.*

S O N G.

Spir. *Back, Shepherds, back, anough your play,
'Till next Sun-shine holiday;
Here be, without duck or nod,
Other trippings to be trod
Of lighter toes, and such Court guise
As Mercury did first devise
With the mincing Dryades,
On the Lawns, and on the Leas.*

T 2

This

This second Song presents them to their Father
and Mother.

*Noble Lord and Lady bright,
I have brought ye new delight :
Here behold so goodly grown
Three fair branches of your own ;
Heav'n hath timely try'd their youth,
Their faith, their patience, and their truth,
And sent them here through hard assays
With a Crown of deathless Praise,
To triumph in victorious dance
O'er sensual Folly, and Intemperance.*

The Dances ended, the Spirit Epiloguizes.

Spir. To the Ocean now I fly,
And those happy climes that ly
Where day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky :
There I suck the liquid air
All amidst the Gardens fair
Of *Hesperus*, and his daughters three
That sing about the golden tree :

Along

Along the crisped shades and bowres
 Revels the spruce and jocund Spring,
 The Graces, and the rosie-bosom'd Hours,
 Thither all their bounties bring,
 There eternal Summer dwells,
 And West-winds, with musky wing
 About the cedar'n alleys fling
Nard, and *Cassia*'s balmy smells.
Iris there with humid bow
 Waters the odorous banks, that blow
 Flowers of more mingled hew
 Than her purpled scarf can shew,
 And drenches with *Elysian* dew
 (List mortals if your ears be true)
 Beds of *Hyacinth* and *Roses*,
 Where young *Adonis* oft reposes,
 Waxing well of his deep wound
 In slumber soft, and on the ground
 Sadly sits th' *Assyrian* Queen ;
 But far above in spangled sheen
 Celestial *Cupid* her fam'd Son advanc'd,
 Holds his dear *Psyche* sweet intranc'd,

After her wandring labours long,
Till free consent the gods among
Make her his eternal Bride,
And from her fair unspotted side
Two blisful twins are to be born,
Youth and joy ; so *Jove* hath sworn.

But now my task is smoothly done,
I can fly, or I can run
Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend ;
And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the Moon.

Mortals that would follow me,
Love virtue, she alone is free ;
She can teach ye how to clime
Higher than the Sphery chime ;
Or if virtue feeble were,
Heav'n it self would stoop to her.



ON THE
M O R N I N G
O F
CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

I.

THIS is the Month, and this the happy Morn
Wherein the Son of Heav'n eternal King,
Of wedded Maid, and Virgin Mother born,
Our great Redemption from above did bring ;
For so the holy Sages once did sing,
That he our deadly forfeit should release,
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

II.

That glorious Form, that Light unsufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of Majesty,
Wherewith he wont at Heav'n's high Council-table
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
He laid aside ; and here with us to be,

Forsook the Courts of everlasting Day,
And chose us with a darksome House of mortal clay.

III.

Say Heav'nly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein
Afford a Present to the Infant God?
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
To welcome him to this his new abode,
Now while the Heav'n by the Sun's team untrod,
Hath took no print of the approaching light,
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons
[bright?

IV.

See how from far upon the Eastern rode
The Star-led Wisards haste with odours sweet;
O run, prevent them with thy humble Ode,
And lay it lowly at his blessed feet;
Have thou the Honour first, thy Lord to greet,
And join thy voice unto the Angel Quire,
From out his secret Altar toucht with hallow'd fire.

The HYMN.

I.

IT was the Winter wild,
While the Heav'n-born child

All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies ;
Nature in awe to him
Had doff'd her gawdy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathize :
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the Sun her lusty Paramour,

II.

Only with speeches fair
She wooes the gentle Air,
To hide her guilty front with innocent Snow,
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,
The Saintly Veil of Maiden white to throw :
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

III.

But he her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-ey'd Peace ;
She, crown'd with Olive green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphear
His ready Harbinger,
With Turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing ;

And

And waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes an universal Peace thro' Sea and Land.

IV.

No War, or Battel's sound
Was heard the World around,
The idle spear and shield were high up hung;
The hooked Chariot stood
Unstain'd with hostile blood,
The Trumpet spake not to the armed throng;
And Kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sov'raign Lord was by.

V.

But peaceful was the night,
Wherein the Prince of light
His reign of peace upon the earth began :
The Winds with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kist,
Whispering new joys to the mild Ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While Birds of Calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

VI.

The Stars with deep amaze
Stand fixt in stedfast gaze,

Bending

Bending one way their precious influence ;
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,

Or *Lucifer* that often warn'd them thence ;
But in their glimmering Orbs did glow,
Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

VII.

And though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,

The Sun himself with-held his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferiour flame

The new-enlighten'd World no more should need ;
He saw a greater Sun appear
Than his bright Throne, or burning Axletree could bear.

VIII.

The Shepherds on the Lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,

Sat simply chatting in a rustick row ;
Full little thought they then,
That the mighty *Pan*

Was kindly come to live with them below :

Perhaps

Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

IX.

When such musick sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal finger strook :
Divinely warbled voice
Answering the stringed noise,
As all their Souls in blissful rapture took :
The Air such pleasure loth to lose,
With thousand echo's still prolongs each heav'nly close.

X.

Nature that heard such sound
Beneath the hollow round
Of *Cynthia's* seat, the airy region thrilling,
Now was almost won
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling ;
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all Heav'n and Earth in happier union.

XI.

At last surrounds their sight
A Globe of circular light,

That

That with long beams the shame-fac'd night array'd:
The helmed Cherubim
And sworded Seraphim,
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings display'd,
Harping in loud and solemn quire,
With unexpressive notes to Heaven's new-born Heir.

XII.

Such Musick (as 'tis said)
Before was never made,
But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While the Creator great
His Constellations set,
And the well-ballanc'd world on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltring waves their oozy channel keep.

XIII.

Ring out ye Crystal sphears,
Once blest our humane ears,
(If ye have power to touch our senses so)
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time;
And let the Base of Heav'ns deep Organ blow,

And

And with your ninefold harmony
 Make up full consort to th' Angelick symphony.

XIV.

For if such holy Song
 Enwrap our fancy long,

Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold;
 And speckl'd vanity
 Will sicken soon and die,

And leprous sin will melt from earthly mould;
 And Hell it self will pass away,
 And leave her dolorous mansion to the peering day.

XV.

Yea, Truth and Justice then
 Will down return to men,

Orb'd in a Rainbow, and like glories wearing;
 Mercy will sit between,
 Thron'd in Celestial sheen,

With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering;
 And Heav'n, as at some Festival,
 Will open wide the Gates of her high Palace-hall.

XVI.

But wisest Fate says no,
 This must not yet be so,

The Babe lies yet in smiling Infancy,
That on the bitter cros
Must redeem our loss ;

So both himself and us to glorifie:
Yet first to those ychain'd in sleep,
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder thro' the
[deep.

XVII.

With such a horrid clang
As on mount *Sinai* rang,

While the red fire and smouldring clouds out brake :
The aged Earth agast,
With terrour of that blast,

Shall from the surface to the centre shake ;
When at the world's last session,
The dreadful judge in middle Air shall spread his throne.

XVIII.

And then at last our bliss
Full and perfect is,

But now begins ; for from this happy day
Th' old Dragon under ground
In straiter limits bound,
Not half so far casts his usurped sway;

And

And wroth to see his Kingdom fail,
Swindges to see the scaly Horror of his foulded tail.

XIX.

The Oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous humm
Runs thro' the arched roof in words deceiving.

Apollo from his shrine

Can no more divine,

With hollow shriek the steep of *Delphos* leaving.
No nightly trance, or breathed spell,
Inspires the pale-ey'd Priest from the prophetic cell.

XX.

The lonely mountains o're,
And the resounding shore,

A voice of weeping heard, and loud lament ;
From haunted spring, and dale,
Edg'd with poplar pale,

The parting Genius is with sighing sent ;
With flow'r-inwoven tresses torn,
The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets
[mourn.

XXI.

In consecrated Earth,
And on the holy Hearth,

The

The *Lars* and *Lemures* moan with midnight plaint;
In Urns, and Altars round,
A drear and dying found

Affrights the *Flamins* at their service quaint;
And the chill Marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar Power foregoes his wonted feat.

XXII.

Peor and *Baalim*

Forfake their Temples dim,

With that twice batter'd god of *Palestine*;
And mooned *Ashtaroth*,
Heav'n's Queen and mother both,

Now sits not girt with Tapers holy shine;
The *Lybic Hammon* shrinks his horn,
In vain the *Tyrian* Maids their wounded *Thamuz* mourn.

XXIII.

And fullen *Moloch* fled,

Hath left in shadows dred

His burning Idol all of blackest hue;
In vain, with Cymbals ring,
They call the grisly King,

In dismal dance about the furnace blue;

The brutish gods of *Nile* as fast,
Isis and *Orus*, and the Dog *Anubis*, haste.

XXIV.

Nor is *Osiris* seen
In *Memphian* Grove, or Green,
Trampling the unshower'd Grass with lowings loud;
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest,
Naught but profoundest Hell can be his shroud;
In vain with timbrel'd Anthems dark
The fable-stoed Sorcerers bear his worship'd Ark.

XXV.

He feels from *Juda's* Land
The dreaded Infant's hand,
The rays of *Bethlehem* blind his dusky eyn ;
Nor all the Gods beside,
Longer dare abide,
Nor *Typhon* huge ending in snaky twine :
Our Babe, to shew his Godhead true,
Can in his swadling bands controul the damned crew.

XXVI.

So when the Sun in bed,
Curtain'd with cloudy red,

Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale
Troop to th' Infernal Jail,
Each fetter'd Ghost slips to his several grave ;
And the yellow-skirted *Fayes*
Fly after the Night-steeds, leaving their Moon-lov'd
[maze.

XXVII.

But see the Virgin blest
Hath laid her Babe to rest,
Time is our tedious Song should here have ending :
Heav'n's youngest teemed Star
Hath fix'd her polish'd Car,
Her sleeping Lord with Handmaid Lamp attending :
And all about the Courtly Stable
Bright-harrest Angels sit in order serviceable.



Anno ætatis 17.

*On the Death of a fair Infant, a Nephew of his,
dying of a Cough.*

I.

O Fairest flower no sooner blown but blasted,
Soft filken Primrose fading timelesly,
Summer's chief Honour, if thou hadst out-lasted
Bleak winter's force that made thy blossom drie ;
For he being amorous on that lovely die
That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to kiss,
But kill'd, alas, and then bewail'd his fatal blifs.

II.

For since grim *Aquilo* his charioteer
By boisterous rape th' *Athenian* damsel got,
He thought it toucht his Deity full near,
If likewise he some fair one wedded not,
Thereby to wipe away th' infamous blot
Of long-uncoupled bed, and childless eld,
Which 'mongst the wanton Gods a foul reproach was
held.

III.

III.

So mounting up in ycie-pearled car,
Through middle empire of the freezing air,
He wander'd long, 'till thee he spy'd from far,
There ended was his quest, there ceast his care,
Down he descended from his Snow-soft chair,
But all unwares with his cold-kind embrace
Unhous'd thy Virgin Soul from her fair biding place.

IV.

Yet art thou not inglorious in thy fate ;
For so *Apollo*, with unweeting hand,
Whilom did slay his dearly-loved mate,
Young *Hyacinth* born on *Eurota's* strand,
Young *Hyacinth* the pride of *Spartan* land ;
But then transform'd him to a purple flower :
Alack that so to change thee Winter had no power.

V.

Yet can I not persuade me thou art dead,
Or that thy corse corrupts in earth's dark womb,
Or that thy beauties lie in wormie bed,
Hid from the World in a low delved tomb ;
Could Heav'n for pity thee so strictly doom ?

Oh no ! for something in thy face did shine
Above mortality, that shew'd thou wast divine.

VI.

Resolve me then, oh Soul most purely blest,
(If so it be that thou these plaints dost hear)
Tell me bright Spirit where-e'er thou hoverest,
Whether above that high first-moving Sphere,
Or in th' Elysian fields (if such there were)

O say me true, if thou wert mortal wight,
And why from us so quickly thou didst take thy flight.

VII.

Wert thou some Star which from the ruin'd roof
Of shak'd *Olympus* by mischance didst fall ;
Which careful *Jove* in Nature's true behoof
Took up, and in fit place did reinstal ?
Or did of late earth's Sons besiege the wall

Of sheenie Heav'n, and thou some goddess fled,
Amongst us here below to hide thy nectar'd head ?

VIII.

Or wert thou that just Maid who once before
Forsook the hated earth, O tell me sooth,
And cam'st again to visit us once more ?
Or wert thou that sweet smiling Youth ?

Or

Or that crown'd Matron sage white-robed Truth?

Or any other of that Heav'nly brood

Let down in cloudie throne to do the World some good?

IX.

Or wert thou of the golden-winged hoast,

Who having clad thy self in humane weed,

To earth from thy prefixed seat didst poast,

And after short abroad flie back with speed,

As if to shew what creatures Heav'n doth breed,

Thereby to set the hearts of men on fire

To scorn the fordid world, and unto Heav'n aspire?

X.

But oh why didst thou not stay here below

To bless us with thy Heav'n-lov'd innocence,

To slake his wrath whom sin hath made our foe,

To turn swift-rushing black perdition hence,

Or drive away the slaughtering pestilence,

To stand 'twixt us and our deserved smart?

But thou canst best perform that office where thou art.

XI.

Then thou the Mother of so sweet a Child

Her false imagin'd loss cease to lament,

And wisely learn to curb thy sorrows wild;

Think what a present thou to God hast sent,
And render him with patience what he lent:

This if thou do, he will an off-spring give,
That 'till the World's last end shall make thy name to
[live.

Anno Ætatis 19. *At a Vacation Exercise in the
College, part Latin, part English. The Latin
speeches ended, the English thus began.*

HA I L native Language, that by finews weak
Didst move my first endeavouring tongue to
speak,

And mad'st imperfect words with childish trips,
Half unpronounc'd, slide through my infant lips,
Driving dumb silence from the portal door,
Where he had mutely sat two years before :
Here I salute thee, and thy pardon ask,
That now I use thee in my latter task :
Small loss it is that thence can come unto thee,
I know my tongue but little grace can do thee :
Thou need'st not be ambitious to be first,
Believe me I have thither packt the worst :

And

And, if it happen as I did forecast,
The daintiest dishes shall be serv'd up last ;
I pray thee then deny me not thy aid
For this same small neglect that I have made :
But haste thee strait to do me once a Pleasure,
And from thy wardrobe bring thy chiefest treasure.
Not those new-fangled toys, and trimmings slight,
Which take our late Fantasticks with delight ;
But cull those richest Robes, and gay'st Attire,
Which deepest Spirits and choicest Wits desire :
I have some naked thoughts that rove about,
And loudly knock to have their passage out ;
And weary of their place do only stay
'Till thou hast deck'd them in thy best array ;
That so they may without suspect or fears
Fly swiftly to this fair Assembly's ears ;
Yet I had rather, if I were to chuse,
Thy service in some graver subject use,
Such as may make thee search thy coffers round,
Before thou cloath my fancy in fit sound :
Such where the deep transported mind may soar
Above the wheeling poles, and at Heav'n's door

Look

Look in, and see each blissful Deity
How he before the thunderous throne doth lie,
Listening to what unshorn *Apollo* sings
To th' touch of golden wires, while *Hebe* brings
Immortal Nectar to her Kingly Sire :
Then passing through the Spheres of watchful fire,
And mistie Regions of wide air next under,
And hills of Snow and lofts of piled Thunder,
May tell at length how green-ey'd *Neptune* raves,
In heav'n's defiance mustering all his waves;
Then sing of secret things that came to pass
When Beldam Nature in her cradle was ;
And last of Kings and Queens and Hero's old,
Such as the wise *Demodocus* once told
In solemn Songs at King *Alcinous'* feast,
While sad *Ulysses* foul and all the rest
Are held with this melodious harmony
In willing chains and sweet captivity.
But fie, my wandring Muse, how thou dost stray !
Expectance calls thee now another way,
Thou know'st it must be now thy only bent
To keep in compass of thy Predicament :
Then quick about thy purpos'd business come,
That to the next I may resign my Room.

Then Ens is represented as Father of the Prædicaments his ten sons, whereof the Eldest stood for Substance with his Canons; which Ens, thus speaking, explains.

GOOD luck befriend thee, Son; for at thy birth
The Fairy Ladies danc'd upon the hearth;
Thy drowsie Nurse hath sworn she did them spie
Come tripping to the Room where thou didst lie;
And sweetly singing round about thy Bed,
Strew all their blessings on thy sleeping Head.
She heard them give thee this, that thou should'st still
From eyes of mortals walk invisible:
Yet there is something that doth force my fear,
For once it was my dismal hap to hear
A Sibyl old, bow-bent with crooked Age,
That far Events full wisely could presage,
And in Time's long and dark Prospective Glass
Fore-saw what future days should bring to pass;
Your Son, said she, (nor can you it prevent)
Shall subject be to many an Accident.
O'er all his Brethren he shall reign as King,
Yet every one shall make him underling;

And

And those that cannot live from him afunder,
 Ungratefully shall strive to keep him under :
 In worth and excellence he shall out-go them,
 Yet being above them, he shall be below them :
 From others he shall stand in need of nothing,
 Yet on his Brothers shall depend for Clothing.
 To find a Foe it shall not be his hap,
 And Peace shall lull him in her flow'ry lap :
 Yet shall he live in strife, and at his door
 Devouring War shall never cease to roar :
 Yea, it shall be his natural property
 To harbour those that are at enmity.
 What pow'r, what force, what mighty spell, if not
 Your learned hands, can loose this Gordian knot?

*The next Quantity and Quality spake in Prose, then
 Relation was call'd by his name.*

Rivers arise; whether thou be the Son
 Of utmost *Tweed*, or *Oose*, or gulphie *Dun*,
 Or *Trent*, who like some earth-born Giant spreads
 His thirty Arms along th' indented Meads,
 Or fullen *Mole* that runneth underneath,
 Or *Severn* swift, guilty of Maidens death,

Or rockie *Avon*, or of fedge *Lee*,
Or coaly *Tine*, or ancient hallowed *Dee*,
Or *Humber* loud that keeps the *Scythians* Name,
Or *Medway* smooth, or royal tow'ed *Thame*.
The rest was Prose.

The P A S S I O N.

I.

ER E-while of Musick, and Ethereal mirth,
Wherewith the stage of Air and Earth did ring,
And joyous news of heav'nly Infant's birth,
My Muse with Angels did divide to sing ;
But headlong joy is ever on the wing,
In wintry solstice like the shorten'd light,
Soon swallow'd up in dark and long out-living night.

II.

For now to sorrow must I tune my song,
And set my Harp to notes of saddest wo,
Which on our dearest Lord did seize ere-long,
Dangers, and snares, and wrongs, and worse than so,
Which he for us did freely undergo.

Most

Most perfect Heroe, try'd in heaviest plight
Of labours huge and hard, too hard for human wight.

III.

He sov'raign Priest stooping his regal head
That dropt with odorous oil down his fair eyes,
Poor fleshly Tabernacle entered,
His starry front low-roof beneath the skies;
O what a mask was there, what a disguise !

Yet more ; the stroke of death he must abide,
Then lies him meekly down fast by his Brethrens side.

IV.

These latter scenes confine my roving verse,
To this Horizon is my *Plæbus* bound :
His Godlike acts, and his temptations fierce,
And former sufferings, elsewhere are found :
Loud o'er the rest *Cremona's* Trump doth sound ;
Me softer airs besit, and softer strings
Of Lute, or Viol still, more apt for mournful things.

V.

Befriend me Night, best Patroness of grief,
Over the Pole thy thickest mantle throw,
And work my flatter'd fancy to belief,
That Heav'n and Earth are colour'd with my wo ;
My sorrows are too dark for day to know :

The leaves should all be black whereon I write,
And letters where my tears have wash'd a wannish white.

VI.

See see the Chariot, and those rushing wheels,
That whirl'd the Prophet up at *Chebar* flood,
My spirit some transporting *Cherub* feels,
To bear me where the Towers of *Salem* stood,
Once glorious Towers, now sunk in guiltless blood;
There doth my Soul in holy vision sit
In pensive trance, and anguish, and ecstatic fit.

VII.

Mine eye hath found that sad Sepulchral rock
That was the Casket of Heav'n's richest store;
And here though grief my feeble hands up lock,
Yet on the softned Quarry would I score
My plaining verse as lively as before;
For sure so well instructed are my tears,
That they would fitly fall in order'd Characters.

VIII.

Or should I thence hurried on viewless wing,
Take up a weeping on the Mountains wild,
The gentle neighbourhood of grove and spring
Would soon unbosom all their Echoes mild,
And I (for grief is easily beguil'd)

Might think th' infection of my sorrows loud,
Had got a race of mourners on some pregnant cloud,

*This Subject the Author finding to be above the years
he had, when he wrote it, and nothing satisfy'd
with what was begun, left it unfinished.*

On T I M E.

FLY envious *Time*, 'till thou run out thy race,
Call on the lazy leaden-stepping hours,
Whose speed is but the heavy Plummets pace ;
And glut thy self with what thy womb devours,
Which is no more than what is false and vain,
And merely mortal dross ;
So little is our loss,
So little is thy gain.
For when as each thing bad thou hast entomb'd,
And last of all thy greedy self consum'd,
Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss
With an individual kiss ;
And Joy shall overtake us as a flood,
When every thing that is sincerely good,

And

And perfectly divine,
With Truth, and Peace, and Love shall ever shine
About the supreme Throne
Of him, t'whose happy-making fight alone,
When once our Heav'nly-guided Soul shall climb,
Then, all this Earthy grossness quit
Attir'd with Stars, we shall for ever fit,
Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and thee,
O Time.

Upon the CIRCUMCISION.

YE flaming Powers, and winged Warriors bright
That erst with Musick, and triumphant Song,
First heard by happy watchful Shepherds ear,
So sweetly sung your Joy the Clouds along
Through the soft silence of the list'ning night ;
Now mourn, and if sad share with us to bear
Your fiery essence can distil no tear,
Burn in your sighs, and borrow
Seas wept from our deep sorrow :
He who with all Heav'n's heraldry whilear
Enter'd the World, now bleeds to give us ease ;

X

Alas

Alas, how soon our sin

Sore doth begin

His Infancy to seize !

O more exceeding love or law more just ?

Just law indeed, but more exceeding love !

For we by rightful doom remediless

Were lost in death, 'till he that dwelt above

High thron'd in secret bliss, for us frail dust

Emptied his glory, ev'n to nakedness ;

And that great Cov'nant which we still transgress
Intirely satisfy'd,

And the full wrath beside

Of vengeful Justice bore for our excess,

And seals obedience first with wounding smart

This day ; but O ere long

Huge pangs and strong

Will pierce more near his heart.

At a solemn Musick.

BLeft pair of *Sirens*, pledges of Heav'ns joy,
Sphear-born harmonious Sisters, Voice and
Verse,

Wed

Wed your divine sounds, and mixt power employ
Dead things with inbreath'd sense able to pierce,
And to our high-rai'd phantasie present
That undisturbed Song of pure content,
Ay sung before the saphire-colour'd throne
To him that sits thereon
With Saintly shout, and solemn Jubilee,
Where the bright Seraphim in burning row
Their loud up-lifted Angel trumpets blow,
And the Cherubick host in thousand quires
Touch their immortal Harps of golden wires,
With those just Spirits that wear victorious Palms,
Hymns devote and holy Psalms
Singing everlastingly;
That we on Earth with undiscording voice
May rightly answer that melodious noise;
As once we did, 'till disproportion'd sin
Jarr'd against nature's chime, and with harsh din
Broke the fair Musick that all creatures made
To their great Lord, whose love their motion sway'd
In perfect Diapason, whilst they stood
In first obedience, and their state of good.

O may we soon again renew that Song,
 And keep in tune with Heav'n, 'till God ere long
 To his celestial comfort us unite,
 To live with him, and sing in endless morn of light.

A N

E P I T A P H

O N T H E

Marchioness of WINCHESTER.

THIS rich Marble doth enterr
 The honour'd Wife of *Winchester*,
 A Vicount's daughter, an Earl's heir,
 Besides what her Virtues fair
 Added to her noble Birth,
 More than she could own from Earth.
 Summers three times eight save one
 She had told ; alas too soon,
 After so short time of breath,
 To house with darkness, and with death.

Yet

Yet had the number of her days
Been as compleat as was her praise,
Nature and fate had had no strife
In giving limit to her life.
Her high birth, and her graces sweet,
Quickly found a lover meet;
The Virgin quire for her request
The God that sits at marriage-feast;
He at their invoking came,
But with a scarce well-lighted flame;
And in his Garland as he stood,
Ye might discern a Cypress bud.
Once had the early Matrons run
To greet her of a lovely Son,
And now with second hopes she goes,
And calls *Lucina* to her throws;
But whether by mischance or blame
Atropos for *Lucina* came;
And with remorseless cruelty
Spoil'd at once both fruit and tree:
The hapless Babe before his birth
Had burial, yet not laid in earth,

And the languisht Mother's Womb
Was not long a living Tomb.
So have I seen some tender slip
Sav'd with care from Winter's nip,
The pride of her carnation train,
Pluck'd up by some unheedy swain,
Who only thought to crop the flower
New shot up from vernal show'r;
But the fair blossom hangs the head
Side-ways, as on a dying bed;
And those Pearls of dew she wears,
Prove to be presaging tears,
Which the sad morn had let fall
On her hast'ning Funeral.
Gentle Lady, may thy grave
Peace and quiet ever have;
After this day's travel fore
Sweet rest seize thee evermore,
That to give the World encrease,
Shortned hast thy own life's lease:
Here, besides the sorrowing
That thy noble House doth bring,

Here

Here be tears of perfect moan
Wept for thee in *Helicon*,
And some Flowers, and some Bays,
For thy Herse, to strew the ways,
Sent thee from the banks of *Came*,
Devoted to thy virtuous name ;
Whilst thou, bright Saint, high sit'st in glory,
Next her much like to thee in story,
That fair *Syrian* Shepherdess,
Who after years of barrenness,
The highly favour'd *Joseph* bore
To him that serv'd for her before ;
And at her next birth, much like thee,
Through pangs fled to felicity,
Far within the bosom bright
Of blazing Majesty and Light.
There with thee, new welcome Saint,
Like fortunes may her soul acquaint ;
With thee there clad in radiant sheen,
No Marchioness, but now a Queen.

❧❧❧

X 4

SONG.

S O N G. *On May Morning.*

NOW the bright morning Star, Day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the East, and leads with
her

The Flow'ry *May*, who from her green lap throws
The yellow Cowslip, and the pale Primrose.

Hail bounteous *May*, that dost inspire
Mirth and Youth and warm Desire ;
Woods and Groves are of thy dressing ;
Hill and Dale doth boast thy blessing.

Thus we salute thee with our early Song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

On *S H A K E S P E A R*. 1630.

WHat needs my *Shakespear*, for his honour'd
Bones

The labour of an age in piled Stones,
Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
Under a Star-ypointing *Pyramid* ?

Dear Son of memory, great heir of Fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name ?

Thou

Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thy self a live-long Monument.
For whilst to th'shame of slow-endeavouring art
Thy easie numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalu'd Book,
Those Delphick lines with deep impression took,
Then thou our fancy of it self bereaving,
Dost make us Marble with too much conceiving;
And so Sepulcher'd in such pomp dost lie,
That Kings for such a Tomb would wish to die.

*On the University Carrier, who sicken'd in the time
of his vacancy, being forbid to go to London by
reason of the Plague.*

HEre lies old *Hobson*, Death hath broke his girt,
And here, alas ! hath laid him in the dirt :
Or else the ways being foul, twenty to one,
He's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown.
'Twas such a shifter, that if truth were known,
Death was half glad when he had got him down ;
For he had any time this ten years full,
Dodg'd with him, betwixt *Cambridge* and the Bull.

And

And surely Death could never have prevail'd,
Had not his weekly course of carriage fail'd;
But lately finding him so long at home,
And thinking now his journey's end was come,
And that he had ta'en up his latest Inn,
In the kind Office of a Chamberlin
Shew'd him his room where he must lodge that night,
Pull'd off his Boots, and took away the light.
If any ask for him, it shall be said,
Hobson has slept, and's newly gone to bed.

Another on the same.

HERE lieth one, who did most truly prove
That he could never die while he could move:
So hung his destiny, never to rot
While he might still jog on and keep his trot,
Made of sphear-metal, never to decay
Until his revolution was at stay.
Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime
'Gainst old truth) motion number'd out his time:
And like an Engine mov'd with wheel and weight,
His principles being ceast, he ended strait.

Rest,

Rest, that gives all men life, gave him his death,
And too much breathing put him out of breath;
Nor were it contradiction to affirm,
Too long vacation hasten'd on his term:
Meerly to drive the time away, he sicken'd,
Fainted, and died, nor would with Ale be quicken'd;
Nay, quoth he, on his swooning bed out-stretch'd,
If I mayn't carry, sure I'll ne'er be fetch'd,
But vow, though the cross Doctors all stood hearers,
For one Carrier put down to make six bearers.
Ease was his chief disease, and to judge right,
He dy'd for heaviness that his Cart went light:
His leisure told him that his time was come,
And lack of load made his life burdensome,
That even to his last breath (there be that say't)
As he were prest to death, he cry'd more weight;
But had his doings lasted as they were,
He had been an immortal Carrier.
Obedient to the Moon, he spent his date
In course reciprocal, and had his fate
Link'd to the mutual flowing of the Seas,
Yet (strange to think) his wain was his increase:
His Letters are deliver'd all and gon,
Only remains this Superscription.

Ad PYRRHAM. ODE V.

Horatius ex Pyrrhæ illecebris tanquam è naufragio
 enataverat, cujus amore irretitos, affirmat esse
 miseros.

QUIS multâ gracilis te puer in rosâ
 Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus,
 Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?
 Cui flavam religas comam
 Simplex munditiis? heu quoties fidem
 Mutatosque deos flebis, & aspera
 Nigris æquora ventis
 Emirabitur insolens,
 Qui nunc te fruitur credulus auræ:
 Qui semper vacuum, semper amabilem
 Sperat, nescius auræ
 Fallacis. Miseri, quibus
 Intentata nites. me tabulâ sacer
 Votivâ paries indicat uvida
 Suspendisse potenti
 Vestimenta maris Deo.



The Fifth ODE of HORACE, Lib. I.

Rendred almost word for word without Rhyme, according to the Latin Measure, as near as the Language will permit.

WHAT slender Youth bedew'd with liquid
odours

Courts thee on Roses in some pleasant Cave,

Pyrrha, for whom bind'st thou

In wreaths thy golden Hair,

Plain in thy neatness? O how oft shall he

On Faith and changed Gods complain; and Seas

Rough with black winds and storms

Unwonted shall admire :

Who now enjoys thee credulous, all Gold,

Who always vacant, always amiable

Hopes thee; of flattering gales

Unmindful. Hapless they

To whom thou untry'd seem'st fair. Me in my vow'd

Picture the sacred wall declares t' have hung

My dank and dropping weeds

To the stern God of Sea.

On

*On the new Forcers of Conscience under the Long
PARLIAMENT.*

BEcause you have thrown off your Prelate Lord,
 And with stiff Vows renounc'd his Liturgie,
 To feize the widow'd whore Pluralitie
 From them whose sin ye envi'd, not abhorr'd,
 Dare ye for this adjure the civil Sword
 To force our Consciences that Christ set free,
 And ride us with a classic Hierarchy
 Taught ye by meer *A. S.* and *Rotherford*?
 Men whose Life, Learning, Faith, and pure Intent
 Would have been held in high esteem with *Paul*,
 Must now be nam'd and printed Hereticks,
 By shallow *Edwards* and Scotch what-d'ye-call:
 But we do hope to find out all your tricks,
 Your plots and packing worse than those of *Trent*,
 That so the Parliament
 May with their wholsom and preventive shears
 Clip your Phylacteries, though bank your Ears,
 And succour our just Fears:
 When they shall read this clearly in your charge,
New Presbyter is but *Old Priest* writ Large.

S O N-

S O N N E T S.

S O N N E T I.

To the Nightingale.

O Nightingale, that on yon bloomy Spray,
 Warblest at eve, when all the Woods are still,
 Thou with fresh hope the Lover's heart dost fill,
 While the jolly hours lead on propitious *May*.
 Thy liquid notes that close the eye of Day,
 First heard before the shallow Cuckoo's bill,
 Portend success in Love; O, if *Jove's* will
 Have link'd that amorous pow'r to thy soft lay,
 Now timely sing, ere the rude Bird of Hate
 Foretel my hopeless doom in some Grove ny:
 As thou from year to year hast sung too late
 For my relief; yet hadst no reason why,
 Whether the Muse, or Love call thee his mate,
 Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

S O N-

S O N N E T II.

*Donna leggiadra il cui bel nome honora
L'herbosa val di Rbeno, e il nobil varco,
Bene è colui d'ogni valore scarco
Qual tuo spirto gentil non innamora,
Che dolcemente mostra sì di fuora
De sui atti soavi giamai parco,
E i don', che son d'amor saette ed arco,
La onde l' alta tua virtù s'infiora.
Quando tu vaga parli, o lieta canti
Che mover possa duro alpestre legno,
Guardi ciascun a gli occhi, ed a gli orecchi
L'entrata, chi di te si truova indegno ;
Gratia sola di su gli vaglia, inanti
Che'l disio amoroso al cuor s'invecchi.*

S O N N E T III.

*Qual in colle aspro, al imbrunir di sera
L'avezza giovinetta pastorella
Va bagnando l'herbetta strana e bella
Che mal si spande a disusata spera*

*Fuor di sua natia alma primavera,
 Così Amor meco insu la lingua snello
 Desta il fior novo di strania favella,
 Mentre io di te, vezzosamente altera,
 Canto dal mio buon popol non inteso
 E'l bel Tamigi cangio col bel Arno.
 Amor lo volse, ed io a l'altrui peso
 Seppi ch' Amor cosa mai volse indarno.
 Deb! foss' il mio cuor lento e'l duro seno
 A chi pianta dal ciel sì buon terreno.*

C A N Z O N E.

R *Idonfi donne e giovani amorosi
 M' accostandosi attorno, e perche scrivi,
 Perche tu scrivi in lingua ignota e strana
 Verseggiando d'amor, e come t'osi?
 Dinne, se la tua speme sia mai vana,
 E de pensieri lo miglior t'arrivi;
 Così mi van burlando, altri rivi
 Altri lidi t'aspettan, E altre onde
 Nelle cui verdi sponde
 Spuntati ad hor, ad hor a la tua chioma
 L'immortal guiderdon d'etern frondi*

Y

Perche

Perche alle spalle tue soverchia soma?

*Canzon dirotti, e tu per me rispondi
Dice mia Donna, e'l suo dir, e il mio cuore
Questa e lingua di cui si vanta Amore.*

S O N N E T IV.

*Diodati, e te'l dirò con maraviglia,
Quel ritrorso io ch'amor spreggiar solea
E de suoi lacci spesso mi ridea
Gia eaddi, ov'huom dabben talhor s'impiglia.
Ne treccie d'ore, ne guancia vermiglia
M'abbaglian sì, ma sotto nova idea,
Pellegrina bellezza che'l cuor bea,
Portamenti alti honesti, e nelle ciglia
Quel sereno fulgor d'amabil nero,
Parole adorne di lingua piu d'una,
E'l cantar che di mezzo l'hemisfero
Traviar ben puo la faticosa Luna,
E degli occhi suoi auventa sì gran fuoco
Che l'incerar gli orecchi mi fia poco.*

S O N N E T V.

*Per certo i bei vostr' occhi, Donna mia
Esser non puo che non fian lo mio sole
Si mi percuoton forte, come ei suole
Per l'arene di Libia chi s'invia,
Mentre un caldo vapor (ne senti pria)
Da quel lato si spinge ove mi duole,
Che forse amanti nelle lor parole
Chiaman sospir ; io non so che si sia :
Parte rinchiusa, e turbida si cela
Sosso mi il petto, e poi n'uscendo poco
Quivi d'attorno s'agghiaccia, o s'ingiela :
Ma quanto a gli occhi giunge e trovar loco
Tutte le notti a me suol far piovofo
Finche mia Alba rivien colma di rose.*

S O N N E T VI.

*Giovane piano, e semplicetto amante
Poi che fuggir me stesso in dubbio sono,
Madonna a voi del mio cuor l'humil dono
Faro divoto ; io certo a prove tante*

*L'ebbi fedele, intrepido, costante,
 De pensieri leggiadro, accorto, e buono ;
 Quando rugge il gran mondo, e scocca il tuono,
 S'arma di se, e d'intero diamante,
 Tanto del forse, e d'invidia sicuro,
 Di timori, e speranze al popol use
 Quanto d'ingegno, e d'alto valor vago,
 E di cetra sonora, e delle muse :
 Sol troverete in tal parte men duro
 Ove amor mise l'insanabil ago.*

S O N N E T VII.

On his being arriv'd to his 23d Year.

How soon hath Time, the futtle thief of youth,
 Stohn on his wing my three and twentieth year!
 My halting days flie on with full career,
 But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.
 Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
 That I to manhood am arriv'd so near,
 And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
 That some more timely happy spirits indu'th.
 Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
 It shall be still in strictest measure ev'n

To that same lot, however mean or high,
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heav'n.
All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great Task-master's eye.

S O N N E T VIII.

To the Soldier to spare his Dwelling-place.

Captain, or Colonel, or Knight in Arms,
Whose chance on these defenceless doors may cease,
If deed of honour did thee ever please,
Guard them, and him within protect from harms.
He can requite thee, for he knows the charms
That call Fame on such gentle acts as these;
And he can spread thy name o'er Lands and Seas,
Whatever clime the Sun's bright circle warms.
Lift not thy spear against the Muses Bowre.
The great *Emathian* Conqueror did spare
The house of *Pindarus*, when Temple and Towre
Went to the ground: And the repeated air
Of sad *Electra's* Poet had the power
To save th' *Athenian* Walls from ruin bare.

S O N N E T IX.

To a Lady.

Lady that in the prime of earliest youth,
 Wisely hast shun'd the broad way and the green,
 And with those few art eminently seen,
 That labour up the Hill of Heav'nly Truth,
 The better part with *Mary* and with *Ruth*
 Chosen thou hast ; and they that overween,
 And at thy growing virtues fret their spleen,
 No anger find in thee, but pity and ruth.
 Thy care is fixt, and zealously attends
 To fill thy odorous Lamp with deeds of light,
 And Hope that reaps not shame. Therefore be sure
 Thou, when the bridegroom with his feastful friends
 Passes to bliss at the mid hour of night,
 Hast gain'd thy entrance, Virgin wife and pure.

S O N N E T X.

*To the Lady Margaret Lee, Daughter to the
 Earl of Marlborough.*

Daughter to that good Earl, once President
 Of *England's* Council, and her Treasury,

Who

Who liv'd in both, unstain'd with gold or fee,
 And left them both, more in himself content,
 'Till the sad breaking of that Parliament
 Broke him; as that dishonest victory
 At *Chæroneæ*, fatal to Liberty,
 Kill'd with report that old man eloquent,
 Though later born, than to have known the days
 Wherein your Father flourish'd, yet by you,
 Madam, methinks I see him living yet:
 So well your words his noble virtues praise,
 That all both judge you to relate them true,
 And to possess them, Honour'd *Margaret*.

S O N N E T XI.

On the Reception his Book of Divorce met with.

A Book was writ of late call'd *Tetrachordon*,
 And woven close, both matter, form and stile;
 The Subject new: it walk'd the Town a while,
 Numb'ring good intellects; now seldom por'd on.
 Cries the stall-reader, Bless us! what a word on
 A title page is this! and some in file
 Stand spelling false, while one might walk to Mile-
 End Green. Why it is harder Sirs than Gordon,

Colkitto, or Macdonnel, or Galasp ?

Those rugged Names to our like mouths grow sleek,
 That would have made *Quintilian* stare and gasp.
 Thy age, like ours, O Soul of Sir *John Cheek*,
 Hated not Learning worse than Toad or Asp;
 When thou taught'st *Cambridge* and King *Edward*
[Greek.

S O N N E T XII.

On the same.

I did but prompt the Age to quit their clogs
 By the known rules of ancient Liberty,
 When strait a barbarous noise environs me
 Of Owls and Cuckoes, Affes, Apes and Dogs:
 As when those Hinds that were transform'd to Frogs
 Rail'd at *Latona's* twin-born Progenie,
 Which after held the Sun and Moon in fee.
 But this is got by casting Pearl to Hogs;
 That bawle for freedom in their senseless mood,
 And still revolt when truth would set them free.
 Licence they mean, when they cry Liberty;
 For who loves that, must first be wise and good,
 But from that mark how far they roave we see,
 For all this waste of wealth, and loss of blood.

S O N-

S O N N E T XIII.

To Mr. H. Lawes, on his Aires.

Harry, whose tuneful and well-measur'd Song
First taught our English Musick how to span
Words with just note and accent, not to scan
With *Midas*' Ears, committing short and long ;
Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng,
With praise enough for Envy to look wan :
To after-age thou shalt be writ the man, [tongue.
That with smooth aire could'st humour best our
Thou honour'st Verse ; and Verse must send her wing
To honour thee, the Priest of *Phæbus*' Quire,
That tun'st the happiest lines in Hymn or Story.
Dante shall give Fame leave to set thee higher
Than his *Casella*, whom he woo'd to sing,
Met in the milder shades of Purgatory.

S O N N E T XIV.

An Elegy.

When Faith and Love, which parted from thee never,
Had ripen'd thy just Soul to dwell with God,
Meekly thou didst resign this earthy load
Of Death, call'd Life, which us from life doth sever.

Thy

Thy Works and Alms and all thy good Endeavour
 Staid not behind, nor in the Grave were trod;
 But as Faith pointed with her golden rod,
 Follow'd thee up to joy and bliss for ever.
 Love led them on, and Faith who knew them best
 Thy hand-maids, clad 'em o'er with purple beams
 And azure wings, that up they flew so drest,
 And speak the truth of thee on glorious Theams
 Before the Judge, who thenceforth bid thee rest,
 And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams.

S O N N E T XV.

On General FAIRFAX.

Fairfax, whose Name in Arms thro' *Europe* rings,
 And fills all mouths with Envy or with Praise,
 And all her jealous Monarchs with amaze
 And rumours loud, which daunt remotest things;
 Thy firm unshaken Valour ever brings
 Victory home, while new Rebellions raise
 Their *Hydra* Heads, and the false North displays
 Her broken League to imp her Serpent wings.
 O yet a nobler Task awaits thy Hand!
 For what can War but acts of War still breed,
 'Till injur'd Truth from Violence be freed,

And

And publick faith be rescu'd from the brand
Of publick fraud. In vain does Valour bleed,
While Avarice and Rapine share the Land.

S O N N E T XVI.

On Sir Henry Vane the younger.

Vane, young in Years, but in sage Councils old,
Than whom a better Senator ne'er held
The Helm of *Rome* (when Gowns not Arms repel'd
The fierce *Epirot*, and the *African* hold)
Whether to settle Peace, or to unfold
The drift of hollow States, hard to be spel'd.
Then to advise how War may be best upheld,
Man'd by her two main Nerves, Iron and Gold,
In all her Equipage: Besides to know [done :
What serves each, thou hast learn'd, which few have
The bounds of either Sword to thee we owe;
Therefore on thy right hand Religion leans,
And reckons thee in chief her eldest Son.

S O N N E T XVII.

To O. CROMWELL.

Cromwell our chief of Men, that thro' a crowd
Not of War only, but Distractions rude,

(Guided

(Guided by Faith and matchless Fortitude)
 To Peace and Truth thy glorious way hast plow'd,
 And fought God's Battles, and his Works pursu'd,
 While *Darwent* Streams with blood of *Scots* imbru'd,
 And *Dunbar* field resound thy Praises loud,
 And *Worcester's* Laureat wreath. Yet much remains
 To conquer still; Peace has her Victories
 No less than those of War. New Foes arise,
 Threatning to bind our Souls in secular Chains:
 Help us to save free Conscience from the Paw
 Of hireling Wolves, whose Gospel is their Maw,

S O N N E T XVIII.

On the late Massacre in Piemont.

Avenge O Lord thy slaughter'd Saints, whose bones
 Lie scatter'd on the *Alpine* mountains cold;
 Ev'n them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
 When all our Fathers worship'd Stocks and Stones,
 Forget not: in thy book record their groans
 Who were thy Sheep, and in their ancient Fold
 Slain by the bloody *Piemontese* that roll'd
 Mother with Infant down the Rocks. Their moans
 The Vales redoubled to the Hills, and they
 To Heav'n. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow

O'er

O'er all th' *Italian* fields, where still doth sway
The tripple Tyrant : that from these may grow
A hundred fold, who having learnt thy way,
Early may fly the *Babylonian* wo.

S O N N E T XIX.

To Cyriac Skinner.

Cyriac, this three years day, these Eyes, tho' clear
To outward view of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of Sight, their seeing have forgot,
Nor to their idle Orbes does day appear,
Or Sun, or Moon, or Stars throughout the year;
Or Man, or Woman. Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's Hand, or Will; nor bate one jot
Of Heart or Hope; but still bear up, and steer
Right onwards. What supports me, dost thou ask?
The Conscience, friend, t'have lost them overply'd
In Liberty's defence, my noble task,
Whereof all *Europe* rings from side to side.
This Thought might lead me thro' this world's vain
mask,
Content, tho' blind, had I no other Guide.

S O N-

S O N N E T XX.

When I consider how my light is spent,
 Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
 And that one Talent which is death to hide,
 Lodg'd with me useless, tho' my Soul more bent
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present
 My true account, lest he returning chide;
 Doth God exact day-labour, light deny'd,
 I fondly ask: But patience, to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need
 Either man's work or his own gifts; who best
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best, his State
 Is Kingly. Thousands at his bidding speed,
 And post o'er Land and Ocean without rest,
 They also serve who only stand and wait.

S O N N E T XXI.

*To Mr. Lawrence, Son to the President of
 Cromwell's Council.*

Lawrence, of virtuous Father virtuous Son,
 Now that the Fields are dank, and ways are mire,
 Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire
 Help waste a fullen day? what may be won

From

From the hard Season gaining: time will run
 On smother, 'till *Favonius* re-inspire
 The frozen earth; and cloath in fresh attire
 The Lillie and Rose, that neither sow'd nor spun.
 What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
 Of *Attick* taste, with Wine, whence we may rise
 To hear the Lute well toucht, or artful voice
 Warble immortal Notes and *Tuscan* Air?
 He who of those delights can judge, and spare
 To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

S O N N E T XXII.

To Cyriac Skinner.

Cyriac, whose Grandfire on the Royal Bench
 Of British *Themis*, with no mean applause
 Pronounc'd, and in his Volumes taught our Laws,
 Which others at their Bar so often wrench;
 To day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench
 In mirth, that after no repenting draws;
 Let *Euclid* rest, and *Archimedes* pause,
 And what the *Swedes* intend, and what the *French*.
 To measure life, learn thou betimes, and know
 Toward solid good what leads the nearest way;
 For

For other things mild Heav'n a time ordains,
 And disapproves that care, tho' wife in show,
 That with superfluous burden loads the day,
 And when God sends a chearful hour, refrains.

S O N N E T XXIII.

On his deceased Wife.

Methought I saw my late espoused Saint
 Brought to me like *Alcestis* from the Grave,
 Whom *Jove's* great Son to her glad Husband gave,
 Rescu'd from death by force, tho' pale and faint.
 Mine as whom washt from spot of child-bed taint,
 Purification in th' old Law did save,
 And such, as yet once more I trust to have
 Full sight of her in Heav'n without restraint,
 Came vested all in white, pure as her mind :
 Her face was vail'd, yet to my fancied sight,
 Love, Sweetness, Goodness, in her Person shin'd
 So clear, as in no face with more delight.
 But O as to embrace me she inclin'd,
 I wak'd, she fled, and day brought back my night.

*Galli ex concubitu gravidam te, Pontia, Mori,
Quis bene moratam, morigeramque neget ?*

*Gaudete Scombri, & quicquid est piscium Salo,
Qui frigidâ Hyeme incolitis argentes freta,
Vestrûm misertus ille Salmasius eques
Bonus amicire nuditatem cogitat ;
Chartæque largus apparat papyrinos
Vobis cucullos præferentes Claudii
Insignia, nomènque & Decus Salmasii,
Gestetis ut per omne cetarium forum
Equitis clientes, scriniis mungentium
Cubito virorum, & capsulis gratissimos.*

*Brutus taking with him Geryon the Diviner in
the inward Shrine of the Temple of the God-
dess Diana, utters his Request thus :*

Divâ potens nemorum, &c.

GOddeſs of Shades, and Huntreſs, who at will
Walk'ſt on the lowring Sphears, and thro' the
dêep,

On thy third Reign the Earth look now, and tell

Z

What

What Land, what seat of rest thou bid'st me seek,
 What certain Seat, where I may worship thee
 For aye, with Temples vow'd and Virgin Quires.

*To whom sleeping before the Altar, Diana in a
 Vision that Night, thus answered;*

Brute, *sub occasum solis*, &c.

Brutus, far to the West in th' Ocean wide
 Beyond the Realm of *Gaul*, a Land there lies,
 Sea-girt it lies, where Gyants dwelt of old,
 Now void, it fits thy people; thither bend
 Thy course, there shalt thou find a lasting Seat,
 There to thy Sons another *Troy* shall rise,
 And Kings be born of thee, whose dreadful might
 Shall awe the World, and conquer Nations bold.

Dante in the 19th Canto of Inferno.

Ah *Constantine*, of how much ill was cause
 Not thy Conversion, but those rich Domains
 That the first wealthy Pope receiv'd of thee.

In the 20th Canto of Paradise.

Founded in chaste and humble Poverty,
 'Gainst them that rais'd thee dost thou lift thy Horn,

Im-

Impudent Whore, where hast thou plac'd thy hope?
In thy Adulterers, or thy ill-got Wealth?
Another *Constantine* comes not in haste.

Ariosto, Cant. 34.

And to be short, at last his guide him brings
Into a goodly Valley, where he sees
A mighty mass of things strangely confus'd,
Things that on Earth were lost, or were abus'd.

Then past he to a flow'ry Mountain green,
Which once smelt sweet, now stinks as odiously:
This was that gift (if you the truth will have)
That *Constantine* to good *Silvester* gave.

HORACE to QUINTIUS.

Whom do we count a good Man? whom but he
Who keeps the Laws and Statutes of the Senate,
Who judges in great Suits and Controversies,
Whose Witness and Opinion wins the Cause?
But his own House, and the whole neighbourhood
Sees his foul inside through his whited Skin.

Four Greek Lines out of Euripides.

This is true Liberty, when free-born Men
 Having t' advise the Publick may speak free,
 Which he who can, and will, deserves his Praise;
 Who either can, or will, may hold his peace:
 What can be juster in a State than this?

Euripid.

H O R A C E.

----- Valet ima summis

*Mutare, & insignem attenuat Deus,
 Obscura promens, &c.*

The Power that did create, can change the scene
 Of things; make mean of great, and great of mean:
 The brightest Glory can eclipse with night;
 And place the most obscure in dazling light.

H O R A C E.

*Te Dacus asper, te profugi Scythæ,
 Regumque matres barbarorum, &
 Purpurei metuunt Tyranni.*

In-

*Injurioso ne pede proruias
Stantem Columnam, neu populus frequens
Ad arma cessantes, ad arma
Concitet, imperiumque frangat.*

All barbarous People, and their Princes too,
All Purple Tyrants honour you ;
The very wandring *Scythians* do
Support the Pillar of the *Roman* State.
Let all men be involv'd in one man's fate.
Continue us in Wealth and Peace ;
Let Wars and Tumults ever cease.

C A T U L L U S.

*Tantò pessimus omnium Poeta,
Quantò tu optimus omnium Patronus.*

The worst of Poets I my self declare,
By how much you the best of Patrons are.

On S A L M A S I U S.

*Quis expedit Salmasio suam Hundredam ?
Picamque docuit, verba nostra conari ?*

*Magister artis venter, & Jacobei
 Centum, exulantis viscera marsupii regis.
 Quod si dolosi spes refulserit nummi,
 Ipse, Antichristi modo qui primatum Papæ
 Minatus uno est dissipare sufflatu,
 Cantabit ultro Cardinalitium Melos.*

English'd.

Who taught *Salmasius*, that *French* chattering *Pye*,
 To aim at *English*, and *Hundreda* cry?
 The starving *Rascal*, flusht with just a hundred
English Jacobus's, *Hundreda* blundred.
 An Out-law'd King's last Stock -- a hundred more
 Wou'd make him pimp for th' *Antichristian Whore*;
 And in *Rome's* Praise imploy his poison'd Breath,
 Who threatned once to stink the *Pope* to Death.



P S A L M I.

Done into V E R S E, 1653.

Bless'd is the man who hath not walk'd astray
In counsel of the Wicked, and i' th' way
Of finners hath not stood, and in the seat
Of scorers hath not fate. But in the great
Jehovah's Law is ever his delight,
And in his Law he studies day and night.
He shall be as a tree which planted grows
By watry streams, and in his season knows
To yield his fruit, and his leaf shall not fall,
And what he takes in hand shall prosper all.
Not so the wicked, but as chaff which fann'd
The Wind drives, so the wicked shall not stand
In judgment, or abide their tryal then,
Nor finners in th' assembly of just men.
For the Lord knows th' upright way of the just,
And the way of bad men to ruin must.

PSAL. II. *done* Aug. 8. 1653. *Terzette.*

WHY do the Gentiles tumult, and the Nations
Mise a vain thing, the Kings of th' Earth
upstand

With power, and Princes in their Congregations
Lay deep their Plots together through each Land
Against the Lord and his Messiah dear ?

Let us break off, say they, by strength of hand
Their bonds, and cast from us, no more to wear,
Their twisted cords : he who in Heav'n doth
dwell

Shall laugh, the Lord shall scoff them, then severe
Speak to them in his wrath, and in his fell

And fierce ire trouble them ; but I, saith he,
Anointed have my King (though ye rebell)
On Sion my holy hill. A firm decree

I will declare ; The Lord to me hath said,
Thou art my Son, I have begotten thee
This day ; ask of me, and the grant is made ;
As thy possession I on thee bestow

Th' Heathen, and as thy conquest to be sway'd

Earth's

Earth's utmost bounds : them shalt thou bring full low
With Iron Scepter bruise'd, and them disperse
Like to a potter's vessel shiver'd so.
And now be wise at length ye Kings averse,
Be taught ye judges of the Earth ; with fear
Jehovah serve, and let your joy converse
With trembling ; kiss the Son lest he appear
In anger, and ye perish in the way,
If once his wrath take fire like fuel sere,
Happy all those who have in him their stay.

PSAL. III. *Aug.* 9. 1653.

When he fled from ABSALOM.

LOrd, how many are my foes !
How many those
That in arms against me rise !
Many are they
That of my life distrustfully thus say,
No help for him in God there lies.
But thou Lord art my shield, my glory,
Thee through my story
Th' exalter of my head I count ;

Aloud

Aloud I cry'd
 Unto Jehovah, he full soon reply'd,
 And heard me from his holy mount.
 I lay and slept, I wak'd again,
 For my sustain
 Was the Lord. Of many millions
 The populous rout
 I fear not, though incamping round about
 They pitch against me their Pavilions.
 Rise, Lord, save me my God, for thou
 Hast smote ere now
 On the cheek-bone all my foes,
 Of men abhorr'd
 Hast broke the teeth. This help was from the Lord,
 Thy blessing on thy people flows.

PSAL. IV. *Aug. 10, 1653.*

ANswer me when I call,
 God of my righteousness,
 In straits and in distress
 Thou didst me disenthral

And

And fet at large; now spare,

Now pity me, and hear my earnest pray'r.

Great ones, how long will ye

My glory have in scorn,

How long be thus forborn

Still to love vanity,

To love, to seek, to prize

Things false and vain, and nothing else but lyes?

Yet know the Lord hath chose,

Chose to himself apart,

The good and meek of heart

(For whom to choose he knows)

Jehovah from on high

Will hear my voice what time to him I cry.

Be aw'd, and do not sin,

Speak to your hearts alone,

Upon your beds, each one,

And be at peace within.

Offer the offerings just

Of righteousness, and in Jehovah trust.

Many there be that say,

Who yet will shew us good?

Talking like this world's brood;

But, Lord, thus let me pray,

On

On us lift up the light,

Lift up the favour of thy countenance bright;
 Into my heart more joy
 And gladness thou hast put,
 Than when a year of glut
 Their stores doth over-cloy,
 And from their plenteous grounds

With vast increase their corn and wine abounds.
 In peace at once will I
 Both lay me down and sleep,
 For thou alone dost keep
 Me safe where-e'er I lie;
 As in a rocky Cell,
 Thou Lord alone in safety mak'st me dwell.

P S A L. V. - *Aug.* 12. 1653.

JEhovah to my words give ear,
 My meditation weigh,
 The voice of my complaining hear
 My King and God; for unto thee I pray.
 Jehovah thou my early voice
 Shalt in the morning hear,

I'th'

I'th' morning I to thee with choice
Will rank my Prayers, and watch 'till thou appear.
For thou art not a God that takes
In wickedness delight,
Evil with thee no bidding makes,
Fools or mad-men stand not within thy fight.
All workers of iniquity
Thou hat'st; and them unblest
Thou wilt destroy that speak a lye;
The bloody and guileful man God doth detest.
But I will in thy mercies dear,
Thy numerous mercies, go,
Into thy House; I in thy fear
Will towards thy Holy Temple worship low.
Lord lead me in thy righteousness,
Lead me because of those
That do observe if I transgress;
Set thy ways right before, where my step goes.
For in his faultring mouth unstable
No word is firm or sooth;
Their inside, troubles miserable;
An open grave their throat, their tongue they smooth.
God, find them guilty, let them fall

By

By their own counsels quell'd ;
 Push them in their rebellions all
 Still on ; for against thee they have rebell'd.
 Then all who trust in thee shall bring
 Their joy, while thou from blame
 Defend'st them, they shall ever sing,
 And shall triumph in thee, who love thy name.
 For thou Jehovah wilt be found
 To bless the just man still,
 As with a shield thou wilt surround
 Him with thy lasting favour and good-will.

P S A L. VI. *Aug. 13. 1653.*

Lord in thine anger do not reprehend me,
 Nor in thy hot displeasure me correct ;
 Pity me, Lord, for I am much deject,
 Am very weak and faint ; heal and amend me :
 For all my Bones, that even with anguish ake,
 Are troubled, yea my soul is troubled sore,
 And thou, O Lord, how long ? turn Lord, restore
 My soul, O save me for thy goodness sake :
 For in death no remembrance is of thee ;

Who

Who in the grave can celebrate thy praise ?
Wearied I am with fighting out my days,
Nightly my Couch I make a kind of Sea ;
My Bed I water with my tears ; mine Eye
Through grief consumes, is waxen old and dark
I'th' midst of all mine enemies that mark.
Depart all ye that work iniquity,
Depart from me, for the voice of my weeping
The Lord hath heard, the Lord hath heard my
pray'r,
My supplication with acceptance fair
The Lord will own, and have me in his keeping.
Mine Enemies shall all be blank and dash'd
With much confusion ; then grown red with shame,
They shall return in haste the way they came,
And in a moment shall be quite abash'd.

P S A L. VII. Aug. 14. 1653.

Upon the Words of Chush the Benjamite against him.

Lord my God to thee I flie,
Save and secure me under

Thy

Thy protection, while I cry,
Left as a Lion (and no wonder)
He haste to tear my soul afunder,
Tearing, and no rescue nigh.

Lord my God, if I have thought
Or done this, if wickedness
Be in my hands, if I have wrought
Ill to him that meant me peace,
Or to him have render'd less,
And not freed my foe for nought;

Let th' enemy pursue my soul
And overtake it, let him tread
My Life down to the earth, and roul
In the dust my glory dead,
In the dust, and there outspread
Lodge it with dishonour foul.

Rise Jehovah in thine ire,
Rouze thy self amidst the rage
Of my foes that urge like fire,

And

And wake for me, their fury assuage :
Judgment here thou didst engage
And command which I desire.

So th' assemblies of each Nation
Will surround thee, seeking right.
Thence to thy glorious habitation
Return on high, and in their fight,
Jehovah judgeth most upright
All people from the world's foundation.

Judge me Lord, be judge in this
According to my righteousness,
And the innocence which is
Upon me : cause at length to cease
Of evil men the wickedness,
And their power that do amiss.

But the just establish fast,
Since thou art the just God that tries
Hearts and reins. On God is cast,
My defence, and in him lies,

A a

In

In him who both just and wise
Saves th' upright of heart at last.

God is a just Judge and severe,
And God is every day offended;
If th' unjust will not forbear,
His sword he whets, his bow hath bended
Already, and for him intended
The tools of death, that waits him near.

(His arrows purposely made he
For them that persecute.) Behold
He travels big with vanity,
Trouble he hath conceiv'd of old
As in a womb, and from that mould
Hath at length brought forth a Lye.

He dig'd a pit, and delv'd it deep,
And fell into the pit he made;
His mischief that due course doth keep,
Turns on his head, and his ill trade
Of violence will undelay'd
Fall on his crown with ruin steep.

Then

Then will I Jehovah's praise
According to his justice raise,
And sing the Name and Deity
Of Jehovah the most high.

PSAL. VIII. *Aug.* 14. 1653.

O Jehovah our Lord! how wondrous great
And glorious is thy name thro' all the earth?
So as above the Heav'ns thy praise to set
Out of the tender mouths of latest breath.

Out of the mouths of Babes and Sucklings thou
Hast founded strength because of all thy foes,
To stint th' enemy, and slack th' avenger's brow
That bends his rage thy providence t' oppose.

When I behold thy Heav'ns, thy Fingers art,
The Moon and Stars which thou so bright hast set
In the pure firmament, then faith my heart,
O what is man that thou remembrest yet

And think'st upon him; or of man begot,
That him thou visit'st, and of him art found!

Scarce to be less than Gods, thou mad'st his lot,
 With honour and with state thou hast him crown'd,

O'er the works of thy hand thou mad'st him Lord,
 Thou hast put all under his Lordly feet,
 All flocks and herds, by thy commanding word,
 All beasts that in the field or forest meet;

Fowl of the Heav'ns, and Fish that thro' the wet
 Sea-paths in shoals do slide, and know no dearth.
 O Jehovah our Lord, how wondrous great
 And glorious is thy name thro' all the Earth!

April 1648. J. M.

*Nine of the Psalms done into Metre, wherein all, but
 what is in a different Character, are the very words
 of the Text, translated from the Original.*

P S A L. LXXX.

I **T**HOU Shepherd that dost Israel keep
 Give ear *in time of need*,
 Who leadest like a flock of Sheep
Thy loved Joseph's seed,

That

That fit'st between the Cherubs bright

Between their wings out-spread,

Shine forth, *and from thy cloud give light,*

And on our foes thy dread.

2 In Ephraim's view and Benjamin's,

And in Manasse's fight,

Awake * thy strength, come, and *be seen* * *Gnorera.*

To save us by thy might.

3 Turn us again, *thy grace divine*

To us O God vouchsafe ;

Cause thou thy face on us to shine,

And then we shall be safe.

4 Lord God of Hosts, how long wilt thou,

How long wilt thou declare

Thy * smoking wrath, *and angry vow* * *Gnashanta.*

Against thy peoples prayer !

5 Tho feedst them with the bread of tears,

Their bread with tears they eat,

And mak'st them * largely drink the tears * *Sbalish.*

Wherewith their cheeks are wet.

6 A strife thou mak'st us, *and a prey*

To every neighbour foe,

Among themselves they * laugh, they * play,
 And * flouts at us they throw. * *Jilgnagu.*

7 Return us, *and thy grace divine*

O God of Hosts *vouchsafe,*

Cause thou thy face on us to shine,

And then we shall be safe.

8 A Vine from *Ægypt* thou hast brought,

Thy free love made it thine,

And drov'st out Nations *proud and haut,*

To plant this *lovely* Vine.

9 Thou didst prepare for it a place,

And root it deep and fast,

That it *began to grow apace,*

And fill'd the Land at last.

10 With her *green* shade that cover'd all,

The hills were *overspread,*

Her Bows as *high as* Cedars tall

Advance their lofty head,

11 Her branches *on the western side*

Down to the Sea she sent,

And *upward* to that River wide

Her other branches *went.*

- 12 Why hast thou laid her Hedges low,
And broken down her Fence,
That all may pluck her, as they go,
With rudest violence?
- 13 The *tusked* Boar out of the Wood
Up turns it by the roots,
Wild beasts there brouze, and make their food
Her grapes and tender shoots.
- 14 Return now, God of Hosts, look down
From Heav'n, thy Seat divine;
Behold us, *but without a frown,*
And visit this *thy* Vine.
- 15 Visit this Vine, which thy right hand
Hath set, and planted *long*
And the young branch, that for thy self
Thou hast made firm and strong.
- 16 But now it is consum'd with fire,
And cut *with axes* down,
They perish at thy dreadful ire,
At thy rebuke and frown.
- 17 Upon the Man of thy right hand
Let thy *good* hand be *laid,*

Upon the Son of Man, whom thou
Strong for thy self hast made.

So shall we not go back from thee
To ways of sin and shame :

Quicken us thou, then *gladly* we
Shall call upon thy Name.

19 Return us, *and thy grace divine*
Lord God of Hosts *vouchsafe ;*
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
And then we shall be safe.

PSAL. LXXXI.

TO God our strength sing loud, *and clear,*
Sing loud to God *our King,*
To Jacob's God, *that all may hear,*
Loud acclamations ring.

2 Prepare a Hymn, prepare a Song,
The Timbrel hither bring ;
The chearful Psaltry bring along,
And Harp *with pleasant string.*

3 Blow, *as is wont* in the new Moon,
With Trumpets *lofty sound,*

Th' ap-

Th' appointed time, the day whereon
Our solemn Feast comes round.

4 This was a Statute giv'n of old
For Israel to observe,

A Law of Jacob's God, to hold,
From whence they might not swerve.

5 This he a Testimony ordain'd
In Joseph, not to change,

When as he pass'd through Ægypt Land,
The Tongue I heard was strange.

6 From burden, and from slavish toyle
I set his shoulder free :

His hands from pots, and mirie soyle,
Deliver'd were by me.

7 When trouble did thee fore assail,
On me then didst thou call,

And I to free thee did not fail,

And led thee out of thrall. * Be Sether ragnam.

I answer'd thee in * Thunder deep

With clouds encompass'd round ;

I try'd thee at the water steep

Of Meriba renown'd.

8 Hear, O my People, hearken well,

I testify to thee,

Thou

Thou ancient stock of Israel,

If thou wilt list to me,

9 Throughout the Land of thy abode

No alien God shall be,

Nor shalt thou to a foreign God

In Honour bend thy knee.

10 I am the Lord thy God which brought

Thee out of Ægypt Land,

Ask large enough, and I, *besought*,

Will grant thy full demand.

11 And yet my people would not *hear*,

Nor hearken to my voice ;

And Israel, *whom I lov'd so dear*,

Mislik'd me for his choice.

12 Then did I leave them to their will,

And to their wandring mind ;

Their own conceits they follow'd still,

Their own devices blind.

13 O that my People would be *wise*,

To serve me *all their days*,

And O that Israel would *advise*

To walk my *righteous ways* !

14 Then would I soon bring down their foes,

That now so proudly rise,

And

And turn my hand against *all those*

That are their enemies.

15 Who hate the Lord *should then be fain*

To bow to him and bend :

But *they, his People, should remain,*

Their time should have no end.

16 And he would feed them *from the shock*

With Flow'r of finest wheat,

And *satisfie them from the rock*

With honey for their meat.

PSAL. LXXXII.

* *Bagnadath-el.*

1 **G**OD in the * great * assembly stands

Of Kings and Lordly States,

† Among the Gods, † on both his hands † *Bekerev.*

He judges and debates.

2 How long will ye * pervert the right * *Tisbphetu*

With * judgment false and wrong, *gnavel.*

Favouring the wicked *by your might,*

Who thence grow bold and strong ?

3 * Regard the * weak and fatherless, * *Shiphtu-dal.*

* Dispatch the * poor man's cause,

And

And † raise the man in deep distress

By † just and equal Laws,

† *Hatzdiku.*

4 Defend the poor and desolate,

And rescue from the hands

Of wicked men the low estate

Of him *that help demands.*

5 They know not, nor will understand,

In darkness they walk on,

The earth's foundations all are * mov'd,

And * out of order gon.

* *Jimmotu.*

6 I said that ye were Gods, yea all

The Sons of God most high ;

7 But ye shall die like men, and fall

As other Princes *die.*

8 Rise God, * judge thou the earth *in might,*

This *wicked* earth *redress,

* *Shiphtha,*

For thou art he who shalt by right

The nations all possess,

P S A L. LXXXIII.

I **B**E not thou silent *now at length,*

O God hold not thy peace,

Sit not thou still O God of *strength*,

We cry, and do not cease.

2 For lo thy *furious* foes now * swell,

And * storm outrageously, * *Jebemajun.*

And they that hate thee *proud and fell*

Exalt their heads full high.

3 Against thy People they † contrive † *Jagnarimu.*

† Their Plots and Counsels deep, † *Sod.*

* Them to insnare they chiefly strive,

* *Jithjagnatsfu gnal.*

* Whom thou dost hide and keep. * *Tsephuneca.*

4 Come let us cut them off, say they,

'Till they no Nation be,

That Israel's name for ever may

Be lost in memory.

5 For they consult † with all their might,

And all as one in mind † *Levjachdan.*

Themselves against thee they unite,

And in firm union bind.

6 The tents of Edom, and the brood

Of *scornful* Ishmael,

Moab, with them of Hagar's blood

That in the Desert dwell,

- 7 Gebal and Ammon *there conspire,*
And *hateful* Amalec,
The Philistims, and they of Tyre,
Whose bounds the Sea doth check.
- 8 With them *great* Ashur also bands,
And doth confirm the knot :
All these have lent their armed hands
To aid the Sons of Lot.
- 9 Do to them as to Midian *bold,*
That wasted all the coast,
To Sifera, and as *is told*
Thou didst to Jabin's host,
When at the brook of Kishon old
They were repuls'd and slain,
- 10 At Endor quite cut off, and rowl'd
As dung upon the Plain.
- 11 As Zeb and Oreb evil sped
So let their Princes speed;
As Zeba and Zalmunna *bled,*
So let their Princes *bleed.*
- 12 For they *amidst their pride* have said,
By right now shall we seize

God's Houses, and *will now invade*

† Their stately Palaces. † *Neoth Elobim bears both.*

13 My God, oh make them as a Wheel,

No quiet let them find;

Giddy and *restless* let them reel

Like stubble from the wind.

14 As *when* an aged wood takes fire,

Which on a sudden straiies,

The *greedy* Flame runs higher and higher

'Till all the Mountains blaze,

15 So with thy whirl-wind them pursue,

And with thy tempest chase:

16 * And 'till they * yield thee honour due,

** They seek thy Name. Heb.*

Lord fill with shame their face.

17 Asham'd and troubl'd let them be,

Troubl'd, and sham'd for ever,

Ever confounded, and so die

With shame, *and scape it never.*

18 Then shall they know that thou whose name

Jehovah is alone,

Art the most high, *and thou the same,*

O'er all the earth *art one.*

P S A L. LXXXIV.

- 1 **H**OW lovely are thy dwellings fair !
O Lord of Hosts, how dear
The *pleasant* Tabernacles are,
Where thou dost dwell so near !
- 2 My Soul doth long and almost die
Thy Courts O Lord to see,
My heart and flesh aloud do cry,
O living God, for thee.
- 3 There ev'n the Sparrow, *freed from wrong,*
Hath found a house of *rest,*
The Swallow there, to lay her young,
Hath built her *brooding* nest ;
Ev'n by thy Altars, Lord of Hosts,
They find their safe abode,
And home they fly from round the Coasts
Toward thee, my King, my God.
- 4 Happy, who in thy house reside,
Where thee they ever praise ;
- 5 Happy, whose strength in thee doth bide,
And in their hearts thy ways.

- 6 They pass thro' Baca's *thirstie* Vale,
 That dry and barren ground,
As through a fruitful watry Dale
 Where Springs and Show'rs abound.
- 7 They journey on from strength to strength
 With joy and gladsome cheer,
'Till all before our God at length
 In Sion do appear :
- 8 Lord God of Hosts hear *now* my prayer,
 O Jacob's God give ear;
- 9 Thou God our shield look on the face
 Of thy anointed *dear,*
- 10 For one day in thy Courts *to be*
 Is better, *and more blest,*
Than in the joys of *vanity*
 A thousand days *at best.*
- I in the Temple of my God
 Had rather keep a door,
Than dwell in Tents, *and rich abode,*
 With Sin *for evermore.*
- 11 For God the Lord both Sun and Shield
 Gives grace and glory *bright,*

No good from them shall be with-held
 Whose ways are just and right.
 12 Lord God of Hosts *that reign'st on high,*
 That man is *truly* blest,
 Who *only* on thee doth relie,
 And in thee only rest.

P S A L. LXXXV.

1 **T**HY Land to favour graciously.
 Thou hast not Lord been slack,
 Thou hast from *hard* Captivity
 Returned Jacob back.
 2 Th' iniquity thou didst forgive
That wrought thy People woe,
 And all their Sin, *that did thee grieve,*
 Hast hid *where none should know.*
 3 Thine anger all thou hadst remov'd,
 And *calmly* didst return
 From thy † fierce wrath which we had prov'd
 † Heb. *The burning heat of thy wrath.*
 Far worse than fire to burn.

- 4 God of our saving health and peace,
Turn us, and us restore,
Thine indignation cause to cease
Tow'rd us, *and chide no more.*
- 5 Wilt thou be angry without end,
For ever angry thus?
Wilt thou thy frowning ire extend
From age to age on us?
- 6 Wilt thou not * turn, and *bear our voice,*
And us again * revive, * *Heb. turn to quicken us.*
That so thy People may rejoice
By thee preserv'd alive?
- 7 Cause us to see thy goodness, Lord,
To us thy mercy shew,
Thy saving health to us afford,
And life in us renew.
- 8 *And now* what God the Lord will speak
I will go *strait* and hear;
For to his People he speaks peace,
And to his Saints *full dear.*
To his dear Saints he will speak peace,
But let them never more

Return to folly, *but surcease*

To trespass as before.

9 Surely to such as do him fear

Salvation is at hand,

And glory shall *ere long appear*

To dwell within our Land.

10 Mercy and Truth *that long were miss'd*

Now joyfully are met,

Sweet Peace and Righteousness have kiss'd,

And hand in hand are set.

11 Truth from the Earth, *like to a Flow'r,*

Shall bud and blossom then,

And Justice from her Heav'nly bow'r

Look down on mortal men.

12 The Lord will also then bestow

Whatever thing is good,

Our Land shall forth in plenty throw

Her fruits to be our food.

13 Before him Righteousness shall go

His Royal Harbinger,

Then * will he come, and not be slow,

His footsteps cannot err.

* Heb. *He will set his steps to the way.*

PSAL.

P S A L. LXXXVI.

1 **T**HY gracious ear, O Lord, incline,
O hear me *I thee pray,*

For I am poor, and almost pine
With need, *and sad decay.*

2 Preserve my Soul, for † I have trod
† Heb. *I am good, loving a doer of good and holy things.*
Thy ways, and love the just;

Save thou thy Servant, O my God
Who *still* in thee doth trust.

3 Pity me, Lord, for daily thee
I call: 4. O make rejoice
Thy Servant's Soul; for Lord to thee
I lift my Soul *and voice.*

5 For thou art good, thou Lord art prone
To pardon, thou to all
Art full of mercy, thou *alone*
To them that on thee call.

6 Unto my supplication, Lord,
Give ear; and to the cry
Of my *incessant* Prayers afford
Thy hearing graciously.

B b 3

7 I in

- 7 I in the day of my distress
Will call on thee *for aid*;
For thou wilt *grant* me *free access*,
And answer what I pray'd.
- 8 Like thee among the Gods is none,
O Lord, nor any works
Of all that other Gods have done
Like to thy *glorious* works.
- 9 The Nations all whom thou hast made
Shall come, *and all shall frame*
To bow them low before thee, Lord,
And glorifie thy name.
- 10 For great thou art, and wonders great
By thy strong hand are done;
Thou *in thy everlasting Seat*
Remainest God alone.
- 11 Teach me, O Lord, thy way *most right*,
I in the truth will bide;
To fear thy name my heart unite,
So shall it never slide.
- 12 Thee will I praise, O Lord my God,
Thee honour and adore

With my whole heart, and blaze abroad
Thy name for evermore.

13 For great thy mercy is tow'rd me,
And thou hast freed my Soul,
Ev'n from the lowest Hell set free
From deepest darkness foul.

14 O God, the proud against me rise,
And violent men are met
To seek my life, and in their eyes
No fear of thee have set.

15 But thou, Lord, art the God most mild,
Readiest thy grace to shew,
Slow to be angry, and *art stil'd*
Most merciful, most true.

16 O turn to me *thy face at length*,
And me have mercy on,
Unto thy servant give thy strength,
And save thy handmaid's Son.

17 Some sign of good to me afford,
And let my foes *then* see,
And be asham'd, because thou Lord
Dost help and comfort me.

P S A L. LXXXVII.

- 1 **A**mong the holy Mountains *high*
Is his foundation fast,
There seated in his Sanctuary,
His Temple there is plac'd.
- 2 Sion's *fair* Gates the Lord loves more
Than all the dwellings *fair*
Of Jacob's *Land*, though there be store,
And all within his care.
- 3 City of God, most glorious things
Of thee *abroad* are spoke ;
- 4 I mention *Ægypt*, where proud Kings
Did our Forefathers yoke.
- I mention Babel to my friends,
Philistia full of scorn,
And Tyre with Ethiops *utmost ends*,
Lo this man there was born.
- 5 But *twice that praise shall in our ear*
Be said of Sion *last*,
This and this man was born in her,
High God shall fix her fast.

- 6 The Lord shall write it in a Scrowle
That ne'er shall be out-worn,
When he the Nations doth enrowle,
That this man there was born.
- 7 Both they who sing, and they who dance,
With sacred Songs are there;
In thee *fresh brooks, and soft streams glance,*
And all my fountains clear.
-

PSAL. LXXXVIII.

- 1 **L**ord God thou dost me save and keep,
All day to thee I cry:
And all night long before thee *weep,*
Before thee *prostrate lie.*
- 2 Into thy prefence let my pray'r
With sighs devout ascend,
And to my cries, that *ceaseless are,*
Thine ear with favour bend.
- 3 For cloy'd with woes and trouble sore
Surcharg'd my Soul doth lie,
My life *at death's uncheerful door*
Unto the grave draws nigh.

4 Reck-

4 Reckon'd I am with them that pass
Down to the *dismal pit*

I am a * man, but weak alas,
And for that name unfit :

* Heb. *A man without manly strength.*

5 From life discharg'd, and parted quite
Among the dead to *sleep*,
And like the slain *in bloody fight*
That in the Grave lie *deep*.

Whom thou rememberest no more,
Dost never more regard,
Them from thy hand deliver'd o'er
Death's hideous house hath barr'd.

6 Thou in the lowest Pit *profound*
Hast set me *all forlorn*,
Where thickest darkness *hovers round*,
In horrid deeps *to mourn*.

7 Thy wrath, *from which no shelter saves*,
Full sore doth press on me ;

* Thou break'st upon me all thy waves, * *The Hebr.*
* And all thy waves break me. *bears both.*

8 Thou dost my friends from me *estrangle*,
And mak'st me odious ;

Me to them odious, *for they change,*

And I here pent up thus.

9 Through sorrow, and affliction great,

Mine Eye grows dim and dead:

Lord, all the day I thee intreat,

My hands to thee I spread.

10 Wilt thou do wonders on the dead?

Shall the deceas'd arise,

And praise thee *from their loathsom bed,*

With pale and hollow eyes?

11 Shall they thy loving-kindness tell,

On whom the Grave *bath bold;*

Or they *who* in perdition dwell,

Thy faithfulness *unfold?*

12 In darkness can thy mighty hand

Or wondrous acts be known,

Thy justice in the gloomy land

Of *dark* oblivion?

13 But I to thee, O Lord, do cry,

Ere yet my life be spent,

And *up to thee* my prayer doth hie

Each morn, and thee prevent.

14 Why

14 Why wilt thou, Lord, my Soul forsake,
And hide thy face from me,

15 That am already bruis'd, and † shake † Heb. *Præ*
With terror sent from thee? *concussione.*

Bruis'd, and afflicted, and *so low*

As ready to expire,

While I thy terrors undergo

Astonish'd with thine ire.

16 Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow,

Thy threatnings cut me through;

17 All day they round about me go,

Like waves they me pursue,

18 Lover and friend thou hast remov'd,

And sever'd from me far.

They *fly me now* whom I have lov'd,

And as in darkness are.

A Paraphrase on PSALM. CXIV.

*This and the following Psalm were done by the Author
at fifteen years old.*

WHEN the blest Seed of *Terab's* faithful Son,
After long toil their liberty had won,

And

And past from *Pharian* Fields to *Canaan* Land,
 Led by the strength of the Almighty's hand,
Jehovah's wonders were in *Israel* shown,
 His praise and glory was in *Israel* known.
 That saw the troubled Sea, and shivering fled,
 And fought to hide his froth-becurled head
 Low in the earth; *Jordan's* clear streams recoil,
 As a faint Host that hath receiv'd the foil.
 The high, huge-bellied Mountains skipt like Rams
 Amongst their Ews, the little Hills like Lambs.
 Why fled the Ocean? And why skipt the Mountains?
 Why turned *Jordan* toward his Chrystal Fountains?
 Shake earth, and at the presence be agast
 Of Him that ever was, and ay shall last,
 That glassy flouds from rugged rocks can crush,
 And make soft rills from fiery flint-stones gush.

P S A L. CXXXVI.

LET us with a gladfom mind
 Praise the Lord, for he is kind:
 For his mercies ay endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let

Let us blaze his Name abroad,
For of gods he is the God;
For his, &c.

O let us his praises tell,
Who doth the wrathful tyrants quell.
For his, &c.

Who with his miracles doth make
Amazed Heav'n and Earth to shake.
For his, &c.

Who by his wisdom did create
The painted Heav'ns so full of state.
For his, &c.

Who did the solid Earth ordain
To rise above the watry plain.
For his, &c.

Who by his all-commanding might,
Did fill the new-made world with light.
For his, &c.

And

And caus'd the golden-tress'd Sun
All the day long his course to run.
For his, &c.

The horned Moon to shine by night,
Amongst her spangled sisters bright.
For his, &c.

He with his thunder-clasping hand
Smote the first-born of *Ægypt* Land.
For his, &c.

And in despight of *Pharao* fell,
He brought from thence his *Israel*.
For his, &c.

The ruddy waves he cleft in twain
Of the *Erythæan* main.
For his, &c.

The flouds stood still like walls of *Glast*,
While the Hebrew Bands did pass.
For his, &c.

But

But full soon they did devour
The Tawny King with all his power.
For his, &c.

His chosen people he did bless
In the wastful Wilderness.
For his, &c.

In bloody battel he brought down
Kings of prowess and renown.
For his, &c.

He foil'd bold *Seon* and his host,
That rul'd the *Amorrean* coast.
For his, &c.

And large-lim'd *Og* he did subdue,
With all his over-hardy crew.
For his, &c.

And to his servant *Israel*
He gave their Land therein to dwell.
For his, &c.

He

He hath with a piteous eye
Beheld us in our misery.

For his, &c.

And freed us from the slavery
Of the invading enemy.

For his, &c.

All living creatures he doth feed,
And with full hand supplies their need.

For his, &c.

Let us therefore warble forth
His mighty majesty and worth.

For his, &c.

That his mansion hath on high
Above the reach of mortal eye.

For his mercies ay endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.



JOANNIS MILTONI

LONDINENSIS

POEMAT A.

Quorum pleraque intra Annum Ætatis
Vigefimum conſcripfit.



HÆC quæ sequuntur de Authore testimonia, tametsi ipse intelligebat non tam de se quàm supra se esse dicta, eò quod præclaro ingenio viri, nec non amici ita fere solent laudare, ut omnia suis potius virtutibus, quàm veritati congruentia nimis cupidè affingant; noluit tamen horum egregiam in se voluntatem non esse notam; cum alii præsertim ut id faceret magnopere suaderent. Dum enim nimix laudis invidiam totis ab se viribus amolitur, sibi quod plus æquo est non attributum esse mavult, iudicium interim hominum cordatorum atque illustrium quin summo sibi honori ducat, negare non potest.

*Joannes Baptista Mansus, Marchio Villensis,
Neapolitanus, ad Joannem Miltonium Anglum.*

UT mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, si pietas sic,
Non Anglus, verùm herclè Angelus ipse fores.



*Ad Joannem Miltonem Anglum, triplici Poeseos
laureâ coronandum, Græcâ nimirum, Latinâ,
atque Hetruscâ, Epigramma Johannis Salsilli
Romani.*

CEde Meles, cedat depressâ Mincius urnâ;
Sebetus Tassum definat usque loqui;
At Thamefis victor cunctis ferat altior undas,
Nam per te Milto par tribus unus erit.

Ad Joannem Miltonum.

GRæcia Mæonidem, jactet sibi Roma Maronem,
Anglia Miltonum jactat utrique parem.

Selvaggi.

Al Signor Gio. Miltoni Nobile Inglese.

O D E.

ERgimi all' Etra ò Clio
Perche di stelle intreccierò corona
Non più del Biondo Dio
La Fronde eterna in Pindo, e in Elicona,

Dienfi

*Dienfi a merto maggior, maggiori i fregi,
A' celeste virtù celesti pregi.*

*Non puo del tempo edace
Rimaner preda, eterno alto valore,
Non può l'oblio rapace
Furar dalle memorie eccelsò onore,
Su l' arco di mia cetra un dardo forte
Virtù m' adatti, e ferirò la morte.*

*Del Ocean profondo
Cinta dagli ampi gorgbi Anglia risiede
Separata dal mondo,
Però che il suo valor l' umano eccede :
Questa feconda sà produrre Eroi,
Cb' hanno a ragion del sovruman tra noi.*

*Alla virtù sbandita
Danno ne i petti lor fido ricetta,
Quella gli è sol gradita,
Perche in lei san trovar gioia, e diletto ;
Ridillo, tu Giovanni, e mostra in tanto
Con tua vera virtù, vero il mio Canto.*

*Lungi dal Patrio lido
Spinse Zeusi l'industrie ardente brama ;
Cb' udio d' Helena il grido
Con aurea tromba rimbombar la fama,
E per poterla effigiare al paro
Dalle più belle Idee trasse il più raro.*

*Così l' Ape Ingegnosa
Trae con industria il suo liquor pregiato,
Dal giglio e dalla rosa,
E quanti vaghi fiori ornano il prato ;
Formano un dolce suon diverse Chorde,
Fan varie voci melodia concorde.*

*Di bella gloria amante
Milton dal Ciel natio per varie parti
Le peregrine piante
Volgesti a ricercar scienze, ed arti ;
Dell Gallo regnator vedesti i Regni,
E dell' Italia ancor gl' Eroi più degni,*

*Fabro quasi divino
Sol virtù rintracciando il tuo pensiero
Vide in ogni confino,*

*Chi di nobil valor calca il sentiero ;
L' ottimo dal miglior dopo scegliea ;
Per fabbricar d' ogni virtu l' Idea.*

*Quanti nacquero in Flora
O in lei del parlar Tosco appreser l' arte,
La cui memoria onora
Il mondo fatta eterna in dotte carte,
Volesti ricercar per tuo tesoro,
E parlasti con lor nell' opre loro.*

*Nell' altera Babelle
Per te il parlar confuse Giove in vano,
Che per varie favelle
Di se stessa trofeo cadde su' l piano :
Ch' Ode oltr' all' Anglia ill suo piu degno Idioma
Spagna, Francia, Toscana, e Grecia e Roma.*

*I piu profondi arcani
Ch' occulta la natura e in cielo e in terra
Ch' à Ingegni sovrumani
Tropo avara tal' hor gli chiude, e ferra,
Chiaramente conosci, e giungi al fine
Della moral virtude al gran confine.*

Non

*Non batta il Tempo l' ale,
Fermisi immoto, e in un fermin si gl' anni,
Che di virtù immortale
Scorron di troppo ingiuriosi a i danni;
Che s' opre degne di Poema o storia
Furon già, l' hai presenti alla memoria.*

*Dammi tua dolce Cetra
Se vuoi ch'io dica del tuo dolce cante :
Cb' inalzandoti all' Etra
Di farti huomo celeste ottiene il vanto,
Il Tamigi il dirà che gl' è concesso
Per te suo cigno pareggiar Permessò.*

*I o che in riva del Arno
Tento spiegar tuo merto alto, e preclaro
So che fatico indarno,
E ad ammirar, non a lodarlo imparo ;
Freno dunque la lingua, e ascolto il core
Che ti prende a lodar con lo stupore.*

Del. Sig. Antonio Francini gentilhuomo
Fiorentino.

JOANNI

JOANNI MILTONI
LONDINENSI,

Juveni Patriâ, virtutibus eximio,

Viro qui multa peregrinatione, studio cuncta
orbis terrarum loca perspexit, ut novus
Ulysses omnia ubique ab omnibus apprehenderet :

Polyglotto, in cujus ore linguæ jam deperditæ
sic reviviscunt, ut idiomata omnia sint in ejus
laudibus infacunda; Et jure ea percallet, ut ad-
mirationes & plausus populorum ab propriâ sapi-
entiâ excitatos intelligat :

Illi, cujus animi dotes corporisque sensus ad
admirationem commovent, & per ipsam motum
cuique auferunt; cujus opera ad plausus hortan-
tur, sed vastitate vocem laudatoribus adimunt :

Cui in Memoria totus Orbis; In intellectu
Sapientia; in voluntate ardor gloriæ; in ore Elo-
quentia;

*quentia; Harmonicos cœlestium Sphærarum sonitus
Astronomiâ Duce audienti, Characteres mirabilium
naturæ per quos Dei magnitudo describitur, ma-
gistrâ Philosophiâ legenti; Antiquitatum latebras,
vetustatis excidia, eruditionis ambages comite as-
siduâ autorum Lectione :*

*Exquirenti, restauranti, percurrenti.
At cur nitor in arduum?*

*Illi in cujus virtutibus evulgandis ora Fame
non sufficiant, nec hominum stupor in laudandis
satis est: Reverentiæ & amoris ergo hoc ejus
meritis debitum admirationis tributum offert Ca-
rolus Datus Patricius Florentinus.*

Tanto homini servus, tantæ virtutis amator.



ELEGIARUM

LIBER PRIMUS.

ELEGIA PRIMA.

Ad CAROLUM DIODATUM.

TAndem, chare, tuæ mihi pervenere tabellæ,
 Pertulit & voces nuntia charta tuas;
 Pertulit occiduâ Devæ Cestrensis ab orâ
 Vergivium prono quâ petit amne salum.
 Multùm crede juvat terras aluisse remotas
 Pectus amans nostri, tamque fidele caput :
 Quódque mihi lepidum tellus longinqua sodalem
 Debet, at unde brevi reddere iussa velit.
 Me tenet urbs refluâ quam Thamesis alluit undâ,
 Meque nec invitum patria dulcis habet.
 Jam nec arundiferum mihi cura revifere Camum,
 Nec dudum vetiti me laris angit amor.

Nuda

Nuda nec arva placent, umbrasque negantia molles,
Quàm malè Phœbicolis convenit ille locus!
Nec duri libet usque minas perferre magistri,
Cæteraque ingenio non subeunda meo.
Si sit hoc exilium patrios adiisse penates,
Et vacuum curis otia grata sequi,
Non ego vel profugi nomen, fortemve recuso,
Lætus & exilii conditione fruor.
O utinam vates nunquam graviora tulisset
Ille Tomitano flebilis exul agro;
Non tunc Ionio quicquam cessisset Homero,
Neve foret victo laus tibi prima Maro.
Tempora nam licet hîc placidis dare libera Musis,
Et totum rapiunt me mea vita libri.
Excipit hinc fessum sinuosi pompa theatri,
Et vocat ad plausus garrula scena suos.
Seu catus auditur senior, seu prodigus hæres,
Seu procus, aut positâ casside miles adest,
Sive decennali fœcundus lite patronus
Detonat inculto barbara verba foro.
Sæpe vafer gnato succurrit servus amanti,
Et nasum rigidi fallit ubique Patris;

Sæpe

Sæpe novos illic virgo mirata calores,
Quid sit amor nescit, dum quoque nescit, amat.
Sive cruentatum furiosa Tragoedia sceptrum
Quassat, & effusis crinibus ora rotat.
Et dolet, & specto, juvat & spectasse dolendo,
Interdum & lachrymis dulcis amaror inest :
Seu puer infelix indelibata reliquit
Gaudia, & abrupto flendus amore cadit :
Seu ferus è tenebris iterat Styga criminis ultor,
Conscia funereo pectora torre movens :
Seu mæret Pelopeia domus, seu nobilis Ili,
Aut luit incestos aula Creontis avos.
Sed neque sub tecto semper nec in urbe latemus,
Irrita nec nobis tempora veris eunt.
Nos quoque lucus habet vicinâ confitus ulmo,
Atque suburbani nobilis umbra loci.
Sæpius hic blandas spirantia sydera flammæ
Virgineos videas præteriisse choros.
Ah quoties dignæ stupui miracula formæ,
Quæ posset senium vel reparare Jovis !
Ah quoties vidi superantia lumina gemmas,
Atque faces quotquot volvit uterque polus !

Colla-

Collaque bis vivi Pelopis quæ brachia vincant,
Quæque fluit puro nectare tincta via !
Et decus eximium frontis, tremulosque capillos,
Aurea quæ fallax retia tendit Amor !
Pellacesque genas, ad quas hyacinthina fordet
Purpura, & ipse tui floris, Adoni, rubor.
Cedite laudatæ toties Heroides olim,
Et quæcunque vagum cepit amica Jovem.
Cedite Achæmeniaë turritâ fronte puellæ,
Et quot Susa colunt, Memnoniamque Ninon.
Vos etiam Danaæ fasces submittite Nymphæ,
Et vos Iliacæ, Romuleæque nurus.
Nec Pompeianas Tarpëia Musa columnas
Jactet, & Aufoniis plena theatra stolis.
Gloria Virginibus debetur prima Britannis,
Extera sat tibi sit fœmina posse sequi.
Tuque urbs Dardaniis Londinum structa colonis
Turrigerum latè conspicienda caput,
Tu nimium felix intra tua mœnia claudis
Quicquid formosi pendulus orbis habet.
Non tibi tot cœlo scintillant astra sereno
Endymioneæ turba ministra deæ,

Quot tibi conspicuæ formæque auróque puellæ
Per medias radiant turba videnda vias.
Creditur huc geminis venisse invecta columbis
Alma pharetrigero milite cincta Venus;
Huic Cnidon, & riguas Simoentis flumine valles,
Huic Paphon, & roseam posthabitura Cypron.
Ast ego, dum pueri finit indulgentia cæci,
Mœnia quàm subitò relinquere fausta paro;
Et vitare procul malefidæ infamia Circes
Atria, divini Molyos usus ope.
Stat quoque juncosq; Cami remeare paludes,
Atque iterum raucæ murmur adire Scholæ.
Interea fidi parvum cape munus amici,
Paucaque in alternos verba coacta modos.

Elegia secunda, Anno Ætat. 17.

In obitum Præconis Academici Cantabrigiensis.

TE, qui conspicuus baculo fulgente solebas
Palladium toties ore ciere gregem,

D d

Ultima

Ultima præconum præconem te quoque sæva
Mors rapit, officio nec favet ipsa suo.
Candidiora licet fuerint tibi tempora plumis,
Sub quibus accipimus delituisse Jovem,
O dignus tamen Hæmonio juvenescere succo,
Dignus in Æsonios vivere posse dies,
Dignus quem Stygiis medicâ revocaret ab undis
Arte Coronides, sæpe rogante deâ.
Tu si jussus eras acies accire togatas,
Et celer à Phœbo nuntius ire tuo,
Talis in Iliacâ stabat Cyllenius aulâ
Alipes, æthereâ missus ab arce Patris.
Talis & Eurybates ante ora furentis Achillei
Rettulit Atridæ jussâ severa ducis.
Magna sepulchrorum regina, fatelles Averni
Sæva nimis Musis, Palladi sæva nimis,
Quin illos rapias qui pondus inutile terræ!
Turba quidem est telis ista petenda tuis.
Vestibus hunc igitur pullis Academia luge,
Et madeant lachrymis nigra feretra tuis.
Fundat & ipsa modos querebunda Elegeia tristes,
Personet & totis nœnia mœsta Scholis.

Elegia tertia, Anno Ætatis 17.

In obitum Præfulis Wintoniensis.

MOestus eram, & tacitus nullo comitante sedebam,
Hærebantque animo tristia plura meo :
Protinus en subiit funestæ cladis imago
Fecit in Angliaco quam Libitina solo ;
Dum procerum ingressa est splendentes marmore tures
Dira sepulchrali mors metuenda face ;
Pulsavitque auro gravidos & jaspide muros,
Nec metuit satrapum sternere falce greges.
Tunc memini clarique ducis, fratrisque verendi
Intempestivis ossa cremata rogis.
Et memini Heroum quos vidit ad æthera raptos,
Flevit & amissos Belgia tota duces.
At te præcipuè luxi dignissime Præful,
Wintoniæque olim gloria magna tuæ ;
Delicui fletu, & tristi sic ore querebar :
Mers fera Tartareo diva secunda Jovi ;
Nonne fatis quod sylva tuas persentiat iras,
Et quod in herbosos jus tibi detur agros :

Quodque afflata tuo marcescant lilia tabo,
Et crocus, & pulchræ Cypridi sacra rosa;
Nec finis ut semper fluvio contermina quercus
Miretur lapsus prætereuntis aquæ?
Et tibi succumbit liquido quæ plurima cœlo
Evehitur pennis quamlibet augur avis.
Et quæ mille nigris errant animalia sylvis,
Et quod alunt mutum Proteos antra pecus?
Invida, tanta tibi cum sit concessa potestas;
Quid juvat humanâ tingere cæde manus?
Nobileque in pectus certas acuisse sagittas,
Semideamque animam sede fugâsse suâ?
Talia dum lacrymans alto sub pectore volvo,
Roscidus occiduis Hesperus exit aquis,
Et Tarteſſiaco submerſerat æquore currum
Phœbus ab eöo littore menſus iter.
Nec mora, membra cavo poſui refovenda cubili,
Condiderant oculos noxque ſoporque meos.
Cum mihi viſus eram lato ſpatiarier agro,
Heu nequit ingenium viſa referre meum.
Illic puniceâ radiabant omnia luce,
Ut matutina cum juga ſole rubent.

Ac veluti cum pandit opes Thaumantia proles,
Vestitu nituit multicolore solum.
Non dea tam variis ornavit floribus hortos
Alcinoi, Zephyro Chloris amata levi.
Flumina vernantes lambunt argentea campos,
Ditior Hesperio flavet arena Tago.
Serpit odoriferas per opes levis aura Favoni,
Aura sub innumeris humida nata rosis.
Talis in extremis terræ Gangetidis oris
Luciferi regis fingitur esse domus.
Ipse racemiferis dum densas vitibus umbras
Et pelluentes miror ubique locos,
Ecce mihi subitò præsul Wintonius astat,
Sydereum nitido fulsit in ore jubar;
Vestis ad auratos defluxit candida talos,
Infula divinum cinxerat alba caput.
Dumque senex tali incedit venerandus amictu,
Intremuit læto florea terra sono.
Agmina gemmatis plaudunt cœlestia pennis,
Pura triumphali personat æthra tubâ.
Quisque novum amplexu comitem cantuque salutat,
Hosque aliquis placido misit ab ore sonos :

Nate veni, & patrii felix cape gaudia regni,
 Semper abhinc duro, nate, labore vaca.
 Dixit, & aligeræ tetigerunt nablia turmæ,
 At mihi cum tenebris aurea pulsa quies.
 Flebam turbatos Cephaleiâ pellice somnos,
 Talia contingant somnia sæpe mihi!

Elegia quarta, Anno Ætatis 18.

Ad Thomam Junium Præceptorem suum, apud Mercatores Anglicos Hamburgæ agentes, Pastoris munere fungentem.

CURRE per immensum subitò mea littera pontum,
 I, pecte Teutonicos læve per æquor agros.
 Segnes rumpe moras, & nil, precor, obstat eunti,
 Et festinantis nil remoretur iter.
 Ipse ego Sicano frænantem carcere ventos
 Æolon, & virides sollicitabo Deos;
 Cæruleamque suis comitatam Dorida Nymphis,
 Ut tibi dent placidam per sua regna viam.
 At tu, si poteris, celeres tibi fume jugales,
 Vesta quibus Colchis fugit ab ore viri.

Aut queis Triptolemus Scythicas devenit in oras
Gratus Eleusinâ missus ab urbe puer.
Atque ubi Germanas flavere videbis arenas,
Ditis ad Hamburgæ mœnia flecte gradum,
Dicitur occiso quæ ducere nomen ab Hamâ,
Cimbrica quem fertur clava dedisse neci.
Vivit ibi antiquæ clarus pietatis honore
Præsul Christicolas pascere doctus oves;
Ille quidem est animæ plusquam pars altera nostræ,
Dimidio vitæ vivere cogor ego.
Hei mihi quot pelagi, quot montes interjecti
Me faciunt aliâ parte carere mei!
Charior ille mihi, quàm tu doctissime Graium
Cliniadi, pronepos qui Telamonis erat,
Quàmque Stagirites generoso magnus alumno,
Quem peperit Libyco Chaonis alma Jovi.
Qualis Amyntorides, qualis Philyræius Heros
Myrmidonum regi, talis & ille mihi.
Primus ego Aonios illo præeunte recessus
Lustrabam, & bifidi sacra vireta jugi,
Pieriosque hausi latices, Clioque favente,
Castalio sparsi læta ter ora mero.

Flammeus at ſignum ter vidit arietis Æthon,
Induxitque auro lanca terga novo,
Biſque novo terram ſparſiſti Chlorigenilem
Gramine, biſque tuas abſtulit Auſter opes:
Necdum ejus licuit mihi lumina paſcere vultu,
Aut linguæ dulces aure bibiſſe ſonos.
Vade igitur, curſuque Eurum præverte ſonorum,
Quàm fit opus monitis res docet, ipſa vides,
Invenies dulci cum conjuge fortè ſedentem,
Mulcentem gremio pignora chara ſuo,
Forſitan aut veterum prælargata volumina patrum
Verſantem, aut veri biblia ſacra Dei.
Cœleſtine animas ſaturantem rore tenellas,
Grande ſalutiferæ religionis opus.
Utque ſolet, multam fit dicere cura ſalutem,
Dicere quam decuit, ſi modò adeſſet, herum.
Hæc quoque paulùm oculos in humum defixa modeſtos,
Verba verecundo ſis memor ore loqui:
Hæc tibi, ſi teneris vacat inter prælia Muſis,
Mittit ab Angliaco littore fida manus.
Accipe ſinceram, quamvis fit ſera, ſalutem,
Fiat & hoc ipſo gratior illa tibi.

Sera quidem, sed vera fuit, quam casta recepit
Icaris à lento Penelopeia viro.
Ast ego quid volui manifestum tollere crimen,
Ipse quod ex omni parte levare nequit ?
Arguitur tardus meritò, noxamque fatetur,
Et pudet officium deseruisse suum.
Tu modo da veniam fasso, veniamque roganti,
Crimina diminui, quæ patuere, solent.
Non ferus in pavidos rictus diducit hiantes,
Vulnifico pronos nec rapit ungue leo.
Sæpe farissiferi crudelia pectora Thracis
Supplicis ad mœstas deliquere preces.
Extensæque manus avertunt fulminis ictus,
Placat & iratos hostia parva Deos,
Jamque diu scripsisse tibi fuit impetus illi,
Neve moras ultrà ducere passus Amor.
Nam vaga Fama refert, heu nuntia vera malorum !
In tibi finitimis bella tumere locis,
Teque tuamque urbem truculento milite cingi,
Et jam Saxonicos arma parâsse duces.
Te circum latè campos populatur Enyo,
Et fata carne virûm jam cruor arva rigat.

Ger-

Germanifque fuum conceffit Thracia Martem,
 Illuc Odryfios Mars pater egit equos.
Perpetuóque comans jam deflorefcit oliva,
 Fugit & ærifonam Diva perofa tubam,
Fugit io terris, & jam non ultima virgo
 Creditur ad fuperas iufta volâffe domos.
Te tamen interea belli circumfonat horror,
 Vivis & ignoto folus inópſque ſolo;
Et, tibi quam patrii non exhibuere penates,
 Sede peregrinâ quæris egenus opem.
Patria dura parens, & faxis fævior albis
 Spumea quæ pulſat littoris unda tui,
Siccine te decet innocuos exponere fœtus,
 Siccine in externam ferrea cogis humum,
Et finis ut terris quærant alimenta remotis
 Quos tibi proſpiciens miſerat ipſe Deus,
Et qui læta ferunt de cælo nuntia, quique
 Quæ via poſt cineres ducat ad aſtra, docent?
Digna quidem Stygiis quæ vivas clauſa tenebris,
 Æternâque animæ digna perire fame!
Haud aliter vates terræ Theſbitidis olim
 Preſſit inaffueto devia teſqua pede,

Desertasque Arabum falebras, dum regis Achabi
Effugit atque tuas, Sidoni dira, manus.
Talis & horrifono laceratus membra flagello,
Paulus ab Æmathiâ pellitur urbe Cilix.
Piscesæque ipsum Gergessæ civis Iësum
Finibus ingratus iussit abire suis.
At tu fume animos, nec spes cadat anxia curis,
Nec tua concutiat decolor ossa metus.
Sis etenim quamvis fulgentibus obsitus armis,
Intententque tibi millia tela necem,
At nullis vel inerme latus violabitur armis,
Deque tuo cuspis nulla cruore bibet.
Namque eris ipse Dei radiante sub ægide tutus,
Ille tibi custos, & pugil ille tibi;
Ille Sionææ qui tot sub mœnibus arcis
Assyrios fudit nocte silente viros;
Inque fugam vertit quos in Samaritidas oras
Misit ab antiquis prisca Damascus agris,
Terruit & densas pavido cum rege cohortes,
Aëre dum vacuo buccina clara sonat,
Cornea pulvereum dum verberat ungula campum,
Currus arenosam dum quatit actus humum,

Au-

Auditurque hinnitus equorum ad bella ruentum,
Et strepitus ferri, murmuráque alta virûm.
Et tu (quod superest miseris) sperare memento,
Et tua magnanimo pectore vince mala.
Nec dubites quandoque frui melioribus annis,
Atque iterum patrios posse videre lares.

Elegia quinta, Anno Ætatis 20.

In adventum Veris.

IN se perpetuo Tempus revolubile gyro
Jam revocat Zephyros vere tepente novos.
Induiturque brevem Tellus reparata juventam,
Jamque soluta gelu dulce virefcit humus.
Fallor? an & nobis redeunt in carmina vires,
Ingeniumque mihi munere veris adest?
Munere veris adest, iterumque vigescit ab illo
(Quis putet?) atque aliquod jam sibi poscit opus.
Castalis ante oculos, bifidumque cacumen oberrat,
Et mihi Pyrenen somnia nocte ferunt.
Concitaque arcano fervent mihi pectora motu,
Et furor, & sonitus me facer intus agit.

Delius

Delius ipse venit, video Penëide lauro
Implicitos crines, Delius ipse venit.
Jam mihi mens liquidi raptatur in ardua cœli,
Perque vagas nubes corpore liber eo.
Perque umbras, perque antra feror penetralia vatum,
Et mihi fana patent interiora Deûm.
Intuiturque animus toto quid agatur Olympo,
Nec fugiunt oculos Tartara cæca meos.
Quid tam grande sonat distento spiritus ore?
Quid parit hæc rabies, quid sacer iste furor?
Ver mihi, quod dedit ingenium, cantabitur illo;
Profuerint isto reddita dona modo.
Jam Philomela tuos foliis adoperta novellis
Instituis modulos, dum filet omne nemus.
Urbe ego, tu sylvâ, simul incipiamus utrique,
Et simul adventum veris uterque canat.
Veris io rediere vices, celebremus honores
Veris, & hoc fubeat Musa quotannis opus.
Jam sol Æthiopas fugiens Tithoniaque arva,
Flectit ad Arctöas aurea lora plagas.
Est breve noctis iter, brevis est mora noctis opacæ,
Horrida cum tenebris exulat illa suis.

Jam-

Jamque Lycaonius plaustrum cœleste Boötes
Non longâ sequitur fessus ut ante viâ,
Nunc etiam solitas circum Jovis atria toto
Excubias agitant sydera rara polo.
Nam dolus, & cædes, & vis cum nocte recessit,
Neve Giganteum Dî timuere scelus.
Fortè aliquis scopuli recubans in vertice pastor,
Roscida cùm primo sole rubescit humus,
Hac, ait, hac certè caruisti nocte puellâ
Phœbe tua, celeres quæ retineret equos.
Læta suas repetit sylvas, pharetramque resumit
Cynthia, Luciferas ut videt alta rotas,
Et tennes ponens radios gaudere videtur
Officium fieri tam breve fratris ope.
Desere, Phœbus ait, thalamos Aurora seniles,
Quid juvat effæto procubuisse toro?
Te manet Æolides viridi venator in herbâ,
Surge, tuos ignes altus Hymettus habet.
Flava verecundo dea crimen in ore fatetur,
Et matutinos ocyus urget equos.
Exuit invisam Tellus rediviva senectam,
Et cupit amplexus Phœbe subire tuos;

Et cupit, & digna est, quid enim formosius illâ,
Pandit ut omniferos luxuriosa sinus,
Atque Arabum spirat menses, & ab ore venusto
Mitia cum Paphiis fundit amoma rosis!
Ecce coronatur sacro frons ardua luco,
Cingit ut Idæam pinea turris Opim;
Et vario madidos intexit flore capillos,
Floribus & visa est posse placere suis.
Floribus effusos ut erat redimita capillos
Tænario placuit diva Sicana Deo.
Aspice Phœbe, tibi faciles hortantur amores,
Mellitasque movent flamina verna preces.
Cinnameâ Zephyrus leve plaudit odorifer alâ,
Blanditiasque tibi ferre videntur aves.
Nec sine dote tuos temeraria quærit amores
Terra, nec optatos poscit egena toros,
Alma salutiferum medicos tibi gramen in usus
Præbet, & hinc titulos adjuvat ipsa tuos.
Quod si te pretium, si te fulgentia tangunt
Munera, (muneribus sæpe coemptus Amor)
Illa tibi, ostentat quascunque sub æquore vasto,
Et superinjectis montibus abdit opes.

Ah

Ah quoties cùm tu clivoſo feſſus Olympo
In vespertinas præcipitaris aquas,
Cur te, inquit, curſu languentem Phœbe diurno
Hesperiiſ recipit Cærula mater aquis?
Quid tibi cum Tethy? Quid cum Tarteffide lymphâ,
Dia quid immundo perluiſ ora ſalo?
Frigora Phœbe meâ melius captabis in umbrâ,
Huc ades, ardentes imbue rore comas.
Mollior egeliâ veniet tibi ſomnus in herbâ,
Huc ades, & gremio lumina pone meo.
Quaque jaces circùm mulcebit lenè fuſurrans
Aura per humentes corpora fuſa roſas.
Nec me (crede mihi) terrent Semelëia fata,
Nec Phætonteo fumidus axis equo;
Cùm tu Phœbe tuo ſapientiùs uteris igni,
Huc ades, & gremio lumina pone meo.
Sic Tellus laſciva ſuos fuſpirat amores;
Matris in exemplum cætera turba ruunt.
Nunc etenim toto currit vagus orbe Cupido,
Languenteſque fovet ſolis ab igne faces.
Inſonuere novis lethalia cornua nerviſ,
Trifte micant ferro tela coruſca novo.

Jamque vel invictam tentat superâsse Dianam,
Quæque sedet sacro Vesta pudica foco.
Ipsa senescentem reparat Venus annua formam,
Atque iterum tepido creditur orta mari.
Marmoreas juvenes clamant Hymenæe per urbes,
Littus io Hymen, & cava saxa sonant.
Cultior ille venit tunicâque decentior aptâ,
Puniceum redolet vestis odora crocum.
Egrediturque frequens ad amœni gaudia veris
Virgineos auro cincta puella finus.
Votum est cuique suum, votum est tamen omnibus
Ut sibi quem cupiat, det Cytherea virum. [unum.
Nunc quoque septenâ modulatur arundine pastor,
Et sua quæ jungat carmina Phyllis habet.
Navita nocturno placat sua sydera cantu,
Delphinasque leves ad vada summa vocat.
Jupiter ipse alto cum conjuge ludit Olympo,
Convocat & famulos ad sua festa Deos.
Nunc etiam Satyri, cùm fera crepuscula surgunt,
Pervolitant celeri florea rura choro,
Sylvanusque suâ Cyparissi fronde revinctus,
Semicaperque Deus, semideusque caper.

E e

Quæ-

Quæque sub arboribus Dryades latuere vetustis,
Per juga, per solos expatiantur agros.
Per fata luxuriat fruticetaque Mænalius Pan,
Vix Cybele mater, vix sibi tuta Ceres,
Atque aliquam cupidus prædatur Oreada Faunus,
Consultit in trepidos dum sibi Nympha pedes,
Jamque latet, latitanſque cupit malè tecta videri,
Et fugit, & fugiens pervelit ipsa capi.
Dii quoque non dubitant cœlo præponere ſylvas,
Et ſua quiſque ſibi numina lucus habet.
Et ſua quiſque diu ſibi numina lucus habeto,
Nec vos arboreâ dii precor ite domo.
Te referant miſeris te Jupiter aurea terris
Sæcla, quid ad nimbos aſpera tela redis?
Tu ſaltem lentè rapidos age Phœbe jugales;
Qua potes, & ſenſim tempora veris eant.
Brumaque productas tardè ferat hiſpida noctes,
Ingruat & noſtro ſerior umbra polo.



E L E G I A S E X T A.

Ad Carolum Diodatum ruri commorantem.

Qui cùm Idibus Decemb. scripssisset, & sua carmina excusari postulasset, si solito minus essent bona, quòd inter lautitias quibus erat ab amicis exceptus, haud satis felicem operam Musis dare se posse affirmabat, hoc habuit responsum.

MITTO tibi sanam non pleno ventre salutem,
Quâ tu distento fortè carere potes.

At tua quid nostram proleſtat Musa camœnam,

Nec finat optatas posse sequi tenebras?

Carmine scire velis quàm te redamémque colámque,

Crede mihi vix hoc carmine scire queas.

Nam neque noster amor modulis includitur arctis,

Nec venit ad claudos integer ipse pedes.

Quàm bene solennes epulas, hilaremque Decembrim

Festaque cœlifugam quæ coluere Deum,

Deliciasque refers, hyberni gaudia ruris,

Haustraque per lepidos Gallica musta focos!

Quid quereris refugam vino dapibusque poesin?

Carmen amat Bacchum, Carmina Bacchus amat.

Nec puduit Phœbum virides gestâsse corymbos,
Atque hederam lauro præposuisse suæ.
Sæpius Aoniis clamavit collibus Euœ
Mista Thyonœo turba novena choro.
Naso Corallæis mala carmina misit ab agris:
Non illic epulæ, non fata vitis erat.
Quid nisi vina, rosasque racemiferumque Lyæum,
Cantavit brevibus Tëia Musa modis?
Pindaricosque inflat numeros Teumefius Euan,
Et redolet sumptum pagina quæque merum.
Dum gravis everso currus crepat axe supinus,
Et volat Elœo pulvere fuscus eques.
Quadrismoque madens Lyricen Romanus Iaccho
Dulcè canit Glyceran, flavicomamque Chloen.
Jam quoque lauta tibi generoso mensa paratu,
Mentis alit vires, ingeniumque fovet.
Massica fœcundam despumant pocula venam,
Fundis & ex ipso condita metra cado.
Addimus his artes, fusumque per intima Phœbum
Corda, favent uni Bacchus, Apollo, Ceres.
Scilicet haud mirum tam dulcia carmina per te
Numine composito tres peperisse Deos.

Nunc

Nunc quoque Threſſa tibi cæſato barbitos auro

Infonat argutâ molliter iſta manu ;

Auditurque chelys ſuſpenſa tapetia circum,

Virgineos tremulâ quæ regat arte pedes.

Illa tuas ſaltem teneant ſpectacula Muſas,

Et revocent, quantum crapula pellit iners.

Crede mihi dum pſallit ebur, comitataque plectrum,

Implet odoratos feſta chorea tholos,

Percipies tacitum per pectora ſerpere Phœbum,

Quale repentinus permeat offa calor,

Perque puellares oculos digitumque ſonantem

Irruet in totos lapſa Thalia ſinus.

Namque Elegia levis multorum cura deorum eſt,

Et vocat ad numeros quemlibet illa ſuos ;

Liber adeſt elegis, Eratoque, Cereſque, Venusque,

Et cum purpureâ matre tenellus Amor.

Talibus indè licent convivia larga poetis,

Sæpius & veteri commaduiſſe mero.

At qui bella refert, & adulto ſub Jove cælum,

Heroasque pios, ſemideosque duces,

Et nunc ſancta canit ſuperûm conſulta deorum,

Nunc latrata fero regna profunda cane,

Ille quidem parcè Samii pro more magistri
Vivat, & innocuos præbeat herba cibos;
Stet prope fagineo pellucida lympha catillo,
Sobriaque è puro pocula fonte bibat.
Additur huic scelerisque vacans, & casta juvenus,
Et rigidi mores, & sine labe manus.
Qualis veste nitens sacrâ, & lustralibus undis
Surgis ad infensos augur iture Deos.
Hoc ritu vixisse ferunt post rapta sagacem
Lumina Tiresian, Ogygiumque Linon,
Et lare devoto profugum Calchanta, senemque
Orpheon edomitis sola per antra feris;
Sic dapis exiguus, sic rivi potor Homerus
Dulichium vexit per freta longa virum,
Et per monstrificam Perseïæ Phœbados aulam,
Et vada scemineis infidiosa fonis.
Perque tuas rex ime domos, ubi sanguine nigro
Dicitur umbrarum detinuisse greges,
Diis etenim sacer est vates, divûmque sacerdos,
Spirat & occultum pectus, & ora Jovem.
At tu, si quid agam, scitabere (si modò saltem
Esse putas tanti noscere siquid agam)

Paciferum canimus cœlesti femine regem,
Fauſtaque ſacratis ſæcula pacta libris,
Vagitumque Dei, & ſtabulantem paupere teſto
Qui ſuprema ſuo cum patre regna colit.
Stelliparumque polum, modulanteſque æthere turmas,
Et ſubitò elifos ad ſua fana Deos.
Dona quidem dedimus Chriſti natalibus illa,
Illa ſub auroram lux mihi prima tulit.
Te quoque preſſa manent patriis meditata cicutis,
Tu mihi, cui recitem, judicis inſtar eris.

Elegia ſeptima. Anno Ætatis 19.

Nondum blanda tuas leges Amathuſia norâm,
Et Paphio vacuum pectus ab igne fuit.
Sæpe cupidineas, puerilia tela, ſagittas,
Atque tuum ſprevi maxime, numen, Amor.
Tu puer imbelles dixi tranſfige columbas,
Conveniunt tenero mollia bella duci.
Aut de paſſeribus timidos age, parve, triumphos,
Hæc ſunt militiæ digna trophæa tuæ.

In genus humanum quid inania dirigis arma?
Non valet in fortes ista pharetra viros.
Non tulit hoc Cyprius, (neque enim Deus ullas ad iras
Promptior) & duplici jam ferus igne calet.
Ver erat, & summæ radians per culmina villæ
Attulerat primam lux tibi Maie diem:
At mihi adhuc refugam quærebant lumina noctem,
Nec matutinum sustinere jubar.
Astat Amor lecto, pictis Amor impiger alis,
Prodidit astantem mota pharetra Deum:
Prodidit & facies, & dulcè minantis ocelli,
Et quicquid puero dignum & Amore fuit.
Talis in æterno juvenis Sigæus Olympo
Miscet amatori pocula plena Jovi;
Aut qui formosas pellexit ad oscula nymphas
Thiodamantæus Naiade raptus Hylas;
Addideratque iras, sed & has decuisse putares,
Addideratque truces, nec sine felle, minas.
Et, miser exemplo sapuisses tutiùs, inquit,
Nunc mea quid possit dextera testis eris.
Inter & expertos vires numerabere nostras
Et faciam vero per tua damna fidem.

Ipse

Ipse ego, si nescis, strato Pythone superbum
Edomui Phœbum, cessit & ille mihi;
Et quoties meminit Peneidos, ipse fatetur
Certiùs & graviùs tela nocere mea.
Me nequit adductum curvare peritiùs arcum,
Qui post terga solet vincere Parthus eques.
Cydoniusque mihi cedit venator, & ille
Inscius uxori qui necis author erat.
Est etiam nobis ingens quoque victus Orion,
Herculeæque manus, Herculeusque comes.
Jupiter ipse licet sua fulmina torqueat in me,
Hærebunt lateri spicula nostra Jovis.
Cætera quæ dubitas meliùs mea tela docebunt,
Et tua non leviter corda petenda mihi.
Nec te stulte tuæ poterunt defendere Musæ,
Nec tibi Phœbæus porriget anguis opem.
Dixit, & aurato quatiens mucrone sagittam,
Evolat in tepidos Cypridos ille sinus.
At mihi risuro tonuit ferus ore minaci,
Et mihi de puero non metus ullus erat.
Et modò quà nostri spatiantur in urbe Quirites,
Et modò villarum proxima rura placent.

Turba

Turba frequens, facièque fimillima turba dearum
Splendida per medias itque reditque vias.
Auctaque luce dies gemino fulgore coruscat,
Fallor? an & radios hinc quoque Phœbus habet,
Hæc ego non fugi spectacula grata severus,
Impetus & quò me fert juvenilis, agor.
Lumina luminibus malè providus obvia misi,
Neve oculos potui continuisse meos.
Unam fortè aliis supereminuisse notabam,
Principium nostri lux erat illa mali.
Sic Venus optaret mortalibus ipsa videri,
Sic regina Deûm conspicienda fuit.
Hanc memor objecit nobis malus ille Cupido,
Solutus & hos nobis texuit antè dolos.
Nec procul ipse vafer latuit, multæque sagittæ,
Et facis à tergo grande pependit onus.
Nec mora, nunc ciliis hæsit, nunc virginis ori,
Infilit hinc labiis, infidet inde genis :
Et quascunque agilis partes jaculator oberrat,
Hei mihi, mille locis pectus inerme ferit.
Protinus insoliti subierunt corda furores,
Uror amans intùs, flammaque totus eram.

Interea misero quæ jam mihi sola placebat,
Ablata est oculis non reditura meis.
Ast ego progredior tacitè querebundus, & excors,
Et dubius volui sæpe referre pedem.
Findor, & hæc remanet, sequitur pars altera votum,
Raptaque tam subitò gaudia flere juvat.
Sic dolet amissum proles Junonia cœlum,
Inter Lemniacos præcipitata focos.
Talis & abreptum solem respexit, ad Orcum
Vectus ab attonitis Amphiaraus equis.
Quid faciam infelix, & luctu victus? amores
Nec licet inceptos ponere, neve sequi.
O utinam spectare semel mihi detur amatos
Vultus, & coràm tristia verba loqui;
Forfitan & duro non est adamante creata,
Fortè nec ad nostras surdeat illa preces.
Crede mihi nullus sic infelicitè arsit,
Ponar in exemplo primus & unus ego.
Parce precor teneri cum sis Deus ales amoris,
Pugnent officio nec tua facta tuo.
Jam tuus O certè est mihi formidabilis arcus,
Nate deâ, jaculis nec minus igne potens :

Et

Et tua fumabunt nostris altaria donis,
 Solus & in superis tu mihi fummus eris.
 Deme meos tandem, verùm nec deme furores,
 Nescio cur, miser est suaviter omnis amans :
 Tu modò da facilis, posthæc mea siqua futura est,
 Cuspis amatuos figat ut una duos.

HÆC ego mente olim lævâ, studioque supino
 Nequitia posui vana trophæa meæ.
 Scilicet abreptum sic me malus impulit error,
 Indocilisque ætas prava magistra fuit,
 Donec Socraticos umbrosa Academia rivos
 Præbuit, admissum dedocuitque jugum.
 Protinus extinctis ex illo tempore flammis,
 Cincta rigent multo pectora nostra gelu.
 Unde fuis frigus metuit puer ipse Sagittis,
 Et Diomedeam vim timet ipsa Venus.

In prodicionem Bombardicam.

CUM simul in regem nuper satrapasque Britannos
 Ausus es infandum perfide Fauxe nefas,

Fallor?

Fallor ? an & mitis voluisti ex parte videri,
Et pensare malâ cum pietate scelus ?
Scilicet hos alti missurus ad atria cœli,
Sulphureo curru flammivolisque rotis.
Qualiter ille feris caput inviolabile Parcis
Liquit Iordanios turbine raptus agros.

In eandem.

Siccine tentâsti cœlo donâsse Jacobum
Quæ septemgemino Bellua monte lates ?
Nî meliora tuum poterit dare munera numen,
Parce precor donis infidiosa tuis.
Ille quidem sine te consortia ferus adivit
Astra, nec inferni pulveris usus ope.
Sic potiùs fœdos in cœlum pelle cucullos,
Et quot habet brutos Roma profana Deos.
Namque hac aut aliâ nisi quemque adjuveris arte,
Crede mihi cœli vix bene scandet iter.

In eandem.

Purgatorem animæ derisit Iacobus ignem,
Et sine quo superûm non adeunda domus.
Frenduit

Frenduit hoc trinâ monſtrum Latiale coronâ;
 Movit & horrificum cornua dena minax.
 Et nec inultus ait temnes mea ſacra Britanne,
 Supplicium ſpretâ religione dabis.
 Et ſi ſtelligeras unquam penetraveris arces,
 Non niſi per flammâs triſte patebit iter.
 O quàm funeſto cecinîſti proxima vero,
 Verbaque ponderibus vix caritura ſuis !
 Nam prope Tartareo ſublime rotatus ab igni
 Ibat ad æthereas umbra peruſta plagas.

In eandem.

Q Uem modò Roma ſuis devoverat impia diris
 Et Styge damnârat Tænarioque ſinu,
 Hunc vice mutatâ jam tollere geſtit ad aſtra,
 Et cupit ad ſuperos evehere uſque Deos.

In inventorem Bombardæ.

I Apetionidem laudavit cæca vetuſtas,
 Qui tulit ætheream ſolis ab axe facem;
 At mihi major erit, qui lurida creditur arma,
 Et trifidum fulmen ſurripuiſſe Jovi.

Ad Leonoram Romæ canentem,

Angelus unicuique suus (sic credite gentes)
Obtigit æthereis ales ab ordinibus.
Quid mirum, Lenora, tibi si gloria major ?
Nam tua præsentem vox sonat ipsa Deum.
Aut Deus, aut vacui certè mens tertia cœli
Per tua secretò guttura serpit agens ;
Serpit agens, facilisque docet mortalia corda
Sensim immortalis affuescere posse sono.
Quòd si cuncta quidem Deus est, per cunctaque fusus,
In te unâ loquitur, cætera mutus habet.

Ad eandem.

Altera Torquatum cepit Leonora Poëtam,
Cujus ab insano cessit amore furens.
Ah miser ille tuo quantò feliciùs ævo
Perditus & propter te Leonora foret !
Et te Pieriâ sensisset voce canentem
Aurea maternæ fila movere lyræ,
Quamvis Dirceò torfisset lumina Pentheo
Sævior, aut totus desipuisset iners,

Tu

Tu tamen errantes cæcâ vertigine fensus
 Voce eadem poteras composuisse tuâ ;
 Et poteras ægro spirans sub corde quietem
 Flexanimo cantu restituïsse sibi.

Ad eandem.

CRedula quid liquidam Sirena Neapoli jactas,
 Claraque Parthenopes fana Achelöiados,
 Littoreamque tuâ defunctam Naida ripâ
 Corpora Chalcidico sacra dedisse rogo?
 Illa quidem vivitque, & amœnâ Tibridis undâ
 Mutavit rauci murmura Pausilipi.
 Illic Romulidum studiis ornata secundis,
 Atque homines cantu detinet atque Deos.

Apologus de Rustico & Hero.

Rusticus ex Malo sapidissima poma quotannis
 Legit, & urbano lecta dedit Domino :
 Hinc incredibili fructûs dulcedine captus
 Malum ipsam in proprias transtulit areolas.
 Hactenus illa ferax, sed longo debilis ævo,
 Mota solo assueto, protenûs aret iners.

Quod

Quod tandem ut patuit Domino, spe lusus inani,
 Damnavit celeres in sua damna manus.
Atque ait, heu quantò fatius fuit illa Coloni
 (Parva licet) grato dona tulisse animo !
Possem ego avaritiam frænare, gulamque voracem :
 Nunc periire mihi & foetus & ipsa parens.

Elegiarum Finis.



SYLVARUM LIBER.

Anno Ætatis 16.

In Obitum Procancellarii medici.

PArere fati discite legibus,
 Manusque Parcæ jam date supplices,
 Qui pendulum telluris orbem
 Iâpeti colitis nepotes.
 Vos si relicto mors vaga Tænaro
 Semel vocarit flebilis, heu moræ
 Tentantur incassum dolique ;
 Per tenebras Stygis ire certum est.
 Si destinatam pellere dextera
 Mortem valeret, non ferus Hercules
 Nessi venenatus cruore
 Æmathiâ jacuisset Oetâ.
 Nec fraude turpi Palladis invidæ
 Vidisset occisum Ilion Hectora, aut


 Quem

Quem larva Pelidis peremit
Ense Locro, Jove lacrymante.
Si triste fatum verba Hecatæia
Fugare possint, Telegoni parens
Vixisset infamis, potentique
Ægiali soror usa virgâ.
Numenque trinum fallere si queant
Artes medentum, ignotaque gramina,
Non gnarus herbarum Machaon
Eurypyli cecidisset hastâ,
Læfisset & nec te Philyreie
Sagitta echidnæ perlita sanguine,
Nec tela te fulmenque avitum
Cæse puer genitricis alvo.
Tuque O alumno major Apolline,
Gentis togatæ cui regimen datum,
Frondosâ quem nunc Cirrha luget,
Et mediis Helicon in undis,
Jam præfuißes Palladio gregi
Lætus, superstes, nec sine gloriâ,
Nec puppe lustrâßes Charontis
Horribiles barathri recessus.

At fila rupit Persephone tua
 Irata, cum te viderit artibus
 Succoque pollenti tot atris
 Faucibus eripuisse mortis.
 Colende Præses, membra precor tua
 Molli quiescant cespitem, & ex tuo
 Crescant rosæ, calthæque busto,
 Pupureoque hyacinthus ore.
 Sit mite de te iudicium Æaci,
 Subrideatque Ætnæa Proserpina,
 Interque felices perennis
 Elysio spatium campo.

In quintum Novembris, Anno Ætatis 17.

JA M pius extremâ veniens Jacobus ab arcto
 Teucrigenas populos, latèque patentia regna
 Albionum tenuit, jamque inviolabile fœdus
 Sceptra Caledoniis conjunxerat Anglica Scotis :
 Pacificusque novo felix divesque sedebat
 In folio, occultique doli securus & hostis :
 Cum ferus ignifluo regnans Acheronte tyrannus,
 Eumenidum pater, æthereo vagus exul Olympo,

Forte

Forte per immensum terrarum erraverat orbem,
Dinumerans sceleris focios, vernasque fideles,
Participes regni post funera mœsta futuros;
Hic tempestates medio ciet aëre diras,
Illic unanimes odium struit inter amicos,
Armat & invictas in mutua viscera gentes;
Regnaque oliviferâ vertit florentia pace,
Et quoscunque videt puræ virtutis amantes,
Hos cupit adjicere imperio, fraudumque magister
Tentat inaccessum sceleri corrumpere pectus,
Insidiasque locat tacitas, cassesque latentes
Tendit, ut incautos rapiat, seu Caspia Tigris
Insequitur trepidam deserta per avia prædam
Nocte sub illuni, & somno nictantibus astris.
Talibus infestat populos Summanus & urbes
Cinctus cæruleæ fumanti turbine flammæ.
Jamque fluentifonis albentia rupibus arva
Apparent, & terra Deo dilecta marino,
Cui nomen dederat quondam Neptunia proles,
Amphitryoniaden qui non dubitavit atrocem
Æquore tranato furiali poscere bello,
Ante expugnataæ crudelia sæcula Trojæ.

At simul hanc opibusque & festâ pace beatam
Aspicit, & pingues donis Cerealibus agros,
Quodque magis doluit, venerantem numina veri
Sancta Dei populum, tandem suspiria rupit
Tartareos ignes & luridum olentia sulphur;
Qualia Trinacriâ trux ab Jove clausus in Ætnâ
Efflat tabifico monstrosus ab ore Typhœus.
Ignescunt oculi, stridetque adamantinus ordo
Dentis, ut armorum fragor, ictaque cuspide cuspis.
Atque pererrato solum hoc lachrymabile mundo
Inveni, dixit, gens hæc mihi sola rebellis,
Contemtrixque jugi, nostrâque potentior arte.
Illa tamen, mea si quicquam tentamina possunt,
Non feret hoc impune diu, non ibit inulta.
Hactenus; & piceis liquido natat aëre pennis;
Quâ volat, adversi præcurfant agmine venti,
Densantur nubes, & crebra tonitrua fulgent.

Jamque pruinosas velox superaverat Alpes,
Et tenet Aufoniæ fines, à parte sinistrâ
Nimbifer Appenninus erat, priscique Sabini,
Dextra beneficiis infamis Hetruria, nec non
Te furtiva Tiberis Thetidi videt oscula dantem;

Hinc

Hinc Mavortigenæ consistit in arce Quirini.
Reddiderant dubiam jam fera crepuscula lucem,
Cum circumgreditur totam Tricoronifer urbem,
Panificosque Deos portat, scapulisque virorum
Evehitur, præeunt summissò poplite reges,
Et mendicantium series longissima fratrum ;
Cereaque in manibus gestant funalia cæci,
Cimmeriis nati in tenebris, vitamque trahentes.
Templa dein multis subeunt lucentia tædis
(Vesper erat sacer iste Petro) fremitúsque canentum
Sæpe tholos implet vacuos, & inane locorum.
Qualiter exululat Bromius, Bromiique caterva,
Orgia cantantes in Echionio Aracyntho,
Dum tremit attonitus vitreis Afopus in undis,
Et procul ipse cavâ responsat rupe Cithæron.

His igitur tandem solenni more peractis,
Nox senis amplexus Erebi taciturna reliquit,
Præcipitesque impellit equos stimulante flagello,
Captum oculis Typhlonta, Melanchætémq; ferocem,
Atque Acherontæo prognatam patre Siopen
Torpidam, & hirsutis horrentem Phrica capillis.
Interea regum domitor, Phlegetontius hæres
Ingreditur thalamos (neque enim secretus adulter

Producit steriles molli sine pellice noctes)
At vix compositos somnus claudebat ocellos,
Cum niger umbrarum dominus, rectorque silentum,
Prædatorque hominum falsâ sub imagine tectus
Assitit, assumptis micuerunt tempora canis,
Barba sinus promissa tegit, cineracea longo
Syrmate verrit humum vestis, pendetque cucullus
Vertice de raso, & ne quicquam desit ad artes,
Cannabeo lumbos constrinxit fune falaces,
Tarda fenestratis ligens vestigia calceis,
Talis, uti fama est, vultu Franciscus eremo
Tetra vagabatur solus per lutra ferarum,
Sylvestrique tulit genti pia verba salutis
Impius, atque lupos domuit, Libycosque leones.

Subdolus at tali Serpens velatus amictu
Solvit in has fallax ora execrantia voces ;
Dormis nate? Etiamne tuos sopor opprimit artus?
Immemor O fidei, pecorumque oblite tuorum,
Dum cathedram venerande tuam, diademaque triplex
Ridet Hyperboreo gens barbara nata sub axe,
Dumque pharetrati spernunt tua jura Britanni ;
Surge, age, surge piger, Latius quem Cæsar adorat,
Cui referata patet convexi janua cœli,

Turgentes

Turgentes animos, & fastus frange procaces,
Sacrilegique sciant, tua quid maledictio possit,
Et quid Apostolicæ possit custodia clavis;
Et memor Hesperiae disjectam ulciscere classẽ,
Merfaque Iberorum lato vexilla profundo,
Sanctorumque cruci tot corpora fixa probrosæ,
Thermodontea nuper regnante puellâ.
At tu si tenero mavis torpescere lecto,
Crescentesque negas hosti contundere vires,
Tyrrhenum implebit numerofo milite Pontum,
Signaque Aventino ponet fulgentia colle:
Reliquias veterum franget, flammisque cremabit,
Sacræque calcabit pedibus tua colla profanis,
Cujus gaudebant soleis dare basia reges.
Nec tamen hunc bellis & aperto Marte lacesces,
Irritus ille labor, tu callidus utere fraude,
Quælibet hæreticis disponere retia fas est:
Jamque ad concilium extremis rex magnus ab oris
Patricios vocat, & procerum de stirpe creatos,
Grandævosque patres trabeâ, canisque verendos;
Hos tu membratim poteris conspergere in auras,
Atque dare in cineres, nitrati pulveris igne
Ædibus injecto, quâ convenere, sub imis.

Pro-

Protinus ipse igitur quoscumque habet Anglia fidos
Propositi, factique mone, quisquámne tuorum
Audebit summi non iussa faceßere Papæ,
Perculsoſque metu subito, caſúque ſtupentes
Invadat vel Gallus atrox, vel ſævus Iberus.
Sæcula ſic illic tandem Mariana redibunt,
Tuque in belligeros iterum dominaberis Anglos.
Et nequid timeas, divos divaſque ſecundas
Accipe, quotque tuis celebrantur numina faſtis.
Dixit, & adſcitos ponens malefidus amiçtus
Fugit ad infandam, regnum illætabile, Lethen.

Jam roſea Eoas pandens Tithonia portas
Veſtit inauratas redeunti lumine terras;
Mœſtaque adhuc nigri deplorans funera nati
Irrigat ambroſiis montana cacumina guttis;
Cum ſomnos pepulit ſtellatæ janitor aulæ
Nocturnos viſus, & ſomnia grata revolvens.

Eſt locus æternâ ſeptus caligine noctis
Vaſta ruinoſi quondam fundamina teçti,
Nunc torvi ſpelunca Phoni, Prodotæque bilinguis,
Efferæ quos uno peperit Diſcordia partu.
Hic inter cæmenta jacent præruptaque ſaxa,
Oſſa inhumata virûm, & trajecta cadavera ferro;

Hic

Hic Dolus intortis semper sedet ater ocellis,
Jurgiaque, & stimulis armata Calumnia fatices.
Et Furor, atque viæ moriendi mille videntur,
Et Timor, exanguisque locum circumvolat Horror,
Perpetuoque leves per muta silentia Manes,
Exululant, tellus & sanguine conscia stagnat.
Ipsi etiam pavidī latitant penetralibus antri
Et Phonos, & Prodotes, nulloq; sequente per antrum,
Antrum horrent, scopulosum, atrum feralibus umbris
Diffugiunt fontes, & retrò lumina vertunt,
Hos pugiles Romæ per sæcula longa fideles
Evocat antistes Babylonius, atque ita fatur.
Finibus occiduis circumfusus incolit æquor
Gens exotica mihi, prudens natura negavit
Indignam penitus nostro conjungere mundo;
Illuc, sic jubeo, celeri contendite gressu,
Tartareoque leves diffrentur pulvere in auras
Et rex & pariter satrapæ, scelerata propago,
Et quotquot fidei caluere cupidine veræ:
Consilii socios adhibete, operisque ministros.
Finierat, rigidi cupidè paruere gemelli.

Interea longo flectens curvamine cœlos
Despicit æthereâ dominus qui fulgurat arce,

Vana-

Vanaque perversæ ridet conanima turbæ,
Atque sui causam populi volet ipse tueri.

Esse ferunt spatium, quâ distat ab Afide terrâ
Fertilis Europe, & spectat Mareotidas undas ;
Hic turris posita est Titanidos ardua Famæ
Ærea, lata, sonans, rutilus vicinior astris
Quàm super impositum vel Athos vel Pelion Ossæ.
Mille fores aditusque patent, totidemque fenestræ,
Amplaque per tenues translucent atria muros :
Excitat hinc varios plebs agglomerata susurros ;
Qualiter instrepitant circum mulctralia bombis
Agmina muscarum, aut texto per ovilia junco,
Dum Canis æstivum cœli petit ardua culmen.
Ipsa quidem summâ sedet ultrix matris in arce,
Auribus innumeris cinctum caput eminet olli,
Queis sonitum exiguum trahit, atque levissima captat
Murmura, ab extremis patuli confinibus orbis.
Nec tot Aristoride servator inique juvencæ
Isidos, immiti volvebas lumina vultu,
Lumina non unquam tacito nutantia somno,
Lumina subjectas latè spectantia terras.
Istis illa solet loca luce carentia sæpe
Perlustrare, etiam radianti impervia soli.

Millenisque loquax auditaque visaque linguis
Cuilibet effundit temeraria, veraque mendax
Nunc minuit, modò confictis sermonibus auget.
Sed tamen à nostro meruisti carmine laudes
Fama, bonum quo non aliud veracius ullum,
Nobis digna cani, nec te memorâsse pigebit
Carmine tam longo, servati scilicet Angli
Officiis vaga diva tuis, tibi reddimus æqua.
Te Deus æternos motu qui temperat ignes,
Fulmine præmissò alloquitur, terrâque tremante :
Fama files? an te latet impia Papistarum
Conjurata cohors in meque meosque Britannos,
Et nova sceptrigero cædes meditata Jacobo ?
Nec plura, illa statim sensit mandata Tonantis,
Et satis antè fugax stridentes induit alas,
Induit & variis exilia corpora plumis ;
Dextra tubam gestat Temesæo ex ære sonoram.
Nec mora, jam pennis cedentes remigat auras,
Atque parum est cursu celeres prævertere nubes,
Jam ventos, jam solis equos post terga reliquit :
Et primò Angliacas solito de more per urbes
Ambiguas voces, incertaque murmura spargit,
Mox arguta dolos, & detestabile vulgat

Pro-

Proditionis opus, nec non facta horrida dictu,
 Authoresque addit sceleris, nec garrula cæcis
 Infidiis loca structa filet; stupuere relatis,
 Et pariter juvenes, pariter tremuere puellæ,
 Effætiq; senes pariter, tantæque ruinæ
 Sensus ad ætatem subito penetraverat omnem.
 Attamen interea populi miserefcit ab alto
 Æthereus pater, & crudelibus obstitit ausis
 Papicolûm; capti pœnas raptantur ad acres;
 At pia thura Deo, & grati solvuntur honores;
 Compita læta focis genialibus omnia fumant;
 Turba choros juvenilis agit: Quintoq; Novembris
 Nulla dies toto occurrit celebratior anno.

Anno ætatis 17. In obitum Præfulis Eliensis.

ADhuc madentes rore squalebant genæ,
 Et ficca nondum lumina
 Adhuc liquentis imbre turgebant falis,
 Quem nuper effudi pius,
 Dum mœsta charo justa persolvi rogo
 Wintoniensis præfulis.

Cum

Cum centilinguis Fama (proh semper mali
Cladisque vera nuncia !)

Spargit per urbes divitis Britanniae,
Populosque Neptuno fatos,

Cessisse morti, & ferreis sororibus
Te generis humani decus,

Qui rex sacrorum illâ fuisti in insulâ
Quæ nomen Anguillæ tenet.

Tunc inquietum pectus irâ protinus
Ebulliebat fervidâ,

Tumulis potentem sæpe devovens deam :
Nec vota Naso in Ibida

Concepit alto diriora pectore,
Graiufque vates parciùs

Turpem Lycambis execratus est dolum,
Sponsamque Neobulen suam.

At ecce diras ipse dum fundo graves,
Et imprecor neci necem,

Audisse tales videor attonitus sonos
Leni, sub aurâ, flamine :

Cæcos furores pone, pone vitream
Bilemque & irritas minas :

Quid

Quid temerè violas non nocenda numina,
Subitoque ad iras percita ?
Non est, ut arbitraris elusus miser,
Mors atra Noctis filia,
Erebóve patre creta, sive Erinnye,
Vastóve nata sub Chao :
Ast illa cælo missa stellato, Dei
Messēs ubique colligit ;
Animasque mole carneâ reconditas
In lucem & auras evocat :
Ut cum fugaces excitant Horæ diem
Themidos Jovisque filiæ ;
Et sempiterni ducit ad vultus patris ;
At justa raptat impios
Sub regna furvi luctuosa Tartari,
Sedesque subterraneas.
Hanc ut vocantem lætus audivi, citò
Fœdum reliqui carcerem,
Volatilesque faustus inter milites
Ad astra sublimis feror :
Vates ut olim raptus ad cœlum senex
Auriga currus ignei,

Non

Non me Boötis terruere lucidi
Sarraca tarda frigore, aut
Formidolosi Scorpionis brachia,
Non ensis Orion tuus.
Prætervolavi fulgidi solis globum,
Longéque sub pedibus deam
Vidi triformem, dum coërcebat suos
Frænis dracones aureis.
Erraticorum fyderum per ordines,
Per lacteas vehor plagas,
Velocitatem sæpe miratus novam,
Donec nitentes ad fores
Ventum est Olympi, & reigam Cryftallinam, &
Stratum smaragdis Atrium.
Sed hic tacebo, nam quis effari queat
Oriundus humano patre
Amœnitates illius loci? mihi
Sat est in æternum frui.



Naturam non pati senium.

HE U quàm perpetuis erroribus acta fatiscit
 Avia mens hominum, tenebrisque immersa pro-
 Oedipodioniam volvit sub pectore noctem! [fundis
 Quæ vesana suis metiri facta deorum
 Audet, & incisas leges adamante perenni
 Affimilare suis, nulloque solubile sæclo
 Consilium fati perituris alligat horis.

Ergone marcescet fulcantibus obsita rugis
 Naturæ facies, & rerum publica mater
 Omniparum contracta uterum sterilescet ab ævo?
 Et se fassa senem malè certis passibus ibit
 Sidereum tremebunda caput? num tetra vetustas
 Annorumque æterna fames, squaolorque situsque
 Sidera vexabunt? an & insatiabile Tempus
 Esuriet cælum, rapietque in viscera patrem?
 Heu, potuitne suas imprudens Jupiter arces
 Hoc contra munisse nefas, & Temporis isto
 Exemisse malo, gyroque dedisse perennes?
 Ergo erit ut quandoque sono dilapsa tremendo
 Convexi tabulata ruant, atque obviu*s* ictu
 Stridat uterque polus, superâque ut Olympius aulâ

Deci-

Decidat, horribilisque reiecta Gorgone Pallas :
Qualis in Ægeam proles Junonia Lemnon
Deturbata sacro cecidit de limine cœli.
Tu quoque Phœbe tui casus imitabere nati
Præcipiti curru, subitâque ferere ruinâ
Pronus, & extinctâ fumabit lampade Nereus,
Et dabit attonito feralia sibila ponto.
Tunc etiam aërei divulgis sedibus Hæmi
Diffultabit apex, imoque allisa barathro
Terrebunt Stygium dejecta Ceraunia Ditem
In superos quibus usus erat, fraternaue bella.

At Pater omnipotens fundatis forcius astris
Consultuit rerum summæ, certoque peregit
Pondere fatorum lances, atque ordine summo
Singula perpetuum iussit servare tenorem.
Volvitur hinc lapsu mundi rota prima diurno ;
Raptat & ambitos fociâ vertigine cœlos.
Tardior haud solito Saturnus, & acer ut olim
Fulmineum rutilat cristatâ casside Mavors.
Floridus æternùm Phœdus juvenile coruscat,
Nec fovet effœtas loca per declivia terras
Devexo temone Deus; sed semper amicâ
Luce potens eadem currit per signa rotarum,

Surgit odoratis pariter formosus ab Indis
Æthereum pecus albenti qui cogit Olympo
Manè vocans, & ferus agens in pascua cœli,
Temporis & gemino dispertit regna colore.
Fulget, obitque vices alterno Delia cornu,
Cæruleumque ignem paribus complectitur ulnis.
Nec variant elementa fidem, solitòque fragore
Lurida perculsas jaculantur fulmina rupes.
Nec per inane furit leviori murmure Corus,
Stringit & armiferos æquali horrore Gelonos
Trux aquilo, spiratq; hyemem, nimbosq; volutat.
Utque solet, Siculi diverberat ima Pelori
Rex maris, & raucâ circumstrepit æquora conchâ
Oceani Tubicen, nec vastâ mole minorem
Ægeona ferunt dorso Balearica cete.
Sed neque Terra tibi sæcli vigor ille vetusti
Priscus abest, servatque suum Narcissus odorem,
Et puer ille suum tenet, & puer ille decorem
Phœbe tuusque & Cypri tuus, nec ditior olim
Terra datum sceleri celavit montibus aurum
Conscia, vel sub aquis gemmas. Sic deniq; in ævum
Ibit cunctarum series justissima rerum,
Donec flamma orbem populabitur ultima cœli;

Circum-

Circumplexa polos, & vasti culmina cœli ;
Ingentique rogo flagrabit machina mundi.

*De Ideâ Platonica, quemadmodum Aristoteles
intellexit.*

DIcite sacrorum præfides nemorum deæ,
Tuque O noveni perbeata numinis
Memoria mater, quæque in immenso procul
Antro recumbis otiosa Æternitas,
Monumenta servans, & ratas leges Jovis,
Cœlique fastos atque ephemeridas Deûm,
Quis ille primus cujus ex imagine
Natura follers finxit humanum genus,
Æternus, incorruptus, æquævus polo,
Unusque & universus, exemplar Dei?
Haud ille Palladis gemellus innubæ
Interna proles infidet menti Jovis;
Sed quamlibet natura fit communior,
Tamen seorsùs extat ad morem unius,
Et, mira, certo stringitur spatio loci;
Seu sempiternus ille syderum comes
Cœli pererrat ordines decemplicis,

Citimúmve terris incolit Lunæ globum :
Sive inter animas corpus adituras sedens
Oblivioſas torpet ad Lethes aquas :
Sive in remotâ fortè terrarum plagâ
Incedit ingens hominis archetypus gigas,
Et diis tremendus erigit celſum caput
Atlante major portitore ſyderum.
Non cui profundum cæcitas lumen dedit
Dircæus augur vidit hunc alto ſinu ;
Non hunc ſilenti nocte Plëiones nepos
Vatum ſagaci præpes oſtendit choro ;
Non hunc ſacerdos novit Affyrius, licet
Longos vetuſti commemoret atavos Nini,
Priſcumque Belon, inclytumque Ofiridem.
Non ille trino glorioſus nomine
Ter magnus Hermes (ut ſit arcani ſciens)
Talem reliquit Ifidis cultoribus.
At tu perenne ruris Acâdemi decus
(Hæc monſtra ſi tu primus inducti ſcholis)
Jam jam poëtas urbis exules tuæ
Revocabis, ipſe fabulator maximus,
Aut inſtitutor ipſe migrabis foras.

Ad Patrem.

NUnc mea Pierios cupiam per pectora fontes
Irriguas torquere vias, totumque per ora
Volvere laxatum gemino de vertice rivum ;
Ut tenues oblita sonos audacibus alis
Surgat in officium venerandi Musa parentis.
Hoc utcunque tibi gratum, pater optime, carmen
Exiguum meditatur opus, nec novimus ipsi
Aptius à nobis quæ possunt munera donis
Respondisse tuis, quamvis nec maxima possint
Respondere tuis, nedum ut par gratia donis
Esse queat, vacuis quæ redditur arida verbis.
Sed tamen hæc nostros ostendit pagina census,
Et quod habemus opum chartâ numeravimus istâ
Quæ mihi sunt nullæ, nisi quas dedit aurea Clio,
Quas mihi semoto somni peperere sub antro,
Et nemoris laureta sacri Parnassides umbræ.

Nec tu vatis opus divinum despice carmen,
Quo nihil æthereos ortus, & semina cœli,
Nil magis humanam commendat origine mentem,
Sicuta Prometheæ retinens vestigia flammæ.
Carmen amant superi, tremebundaque Tartara carmen

Ima ciere valet, divosque ligare profundos,
Et triplici duros Manes adamante coercet.
Carmines sepositi retegunt arcana futuri
Phœbades, & tremulæ pallentes ora Sibyllæ;
Carmina sacrificus solennes pangit ad aras,
Aurea seu sternit motantem cornua taurum;
Seu cùm fata sagax fumantibus abdita fibris
Consultit, & tepidis Parcam scrutatur in extis.
Nos etiam patrium tunc cum repetemus Olympum,
Æternæque moræ stabunt immobilis ævi,
Ibimus auratis per cœli templa coronis,
Dulcia suaviloquo fociantes carmina plectro,
Astra quibus, geminique poli convexa sonabunt.
Spiritus & rapidos qui circumdat igneus orbes,
Nunc quoque sydereis intercinit ipse choreis
Immortale melos, & inenarrabile carmen;
Torrida dum rutilus compescit sibilas serpens,
Demissoque ferox gladio mansuescit Orion;
Stellarum nec sentit onus Maurusius Atlas.
Carmina regales epulas ornare solebant,
Cum nondum luxus, vastæque immensa vorago
Nota gulæ, & modico spumabat cœna Lyæo.
Tum de more sedens festa ad convivia vates

Æsculeâ intonfus redimitus ab arbore crines,
Heroumque actus, imitandaque gesta canebat,
Et chaos, & positi latè fundamina mundi,
Reptantesque Deos, & alentes numina glandes,
Et nondum Ætneo quæsitum fulmen ab antro.
Denique quid vocis modulamen inane juvabit,
Verborum sensusque vacans, numerique loquacis?
Silvestres decet iste choros, non Orphea cantus,
Qui tenuit fluvios & quercubus addidit aures
Carmine, non citharâ, simulachraque functa canendo
Compulit in lacrymas; habet has à carmine laudes.

Nec tu perge precor sacras contemnere Musas,
Nec vanas inopesque puta, quarum ipse peritus
Munere, mille sonos numeros componis ad aptos,
Millibus & vocem modulis variare canoram
Doctus, Arionii meritò sis nominis hæres.
Nunc tibi quid mirum, si me genuisse poëtam
Contigerit, charo tam propè sanguine juncti
Cognatas artes, studiumque affine sequamur?
Ipse volens Phœbus se dispertire duobus,
Altera dona mihi, dedit altera dona parenti,
Dividuumque Deum genitorque puerque tenemus.

Tu

Tu tamen ut fimules teneras odiffe camœnas,
Non odiffe reor, neque enim, pater, ire jubebas
Quà via lata patet, quà pronior area lucri,
Certaque condendi fulget spes aurea nummi :
Nec rapis ad leges, malè custoditaque gentis
Jura, nec infulsis damnas clamoribus aures.
Sed magis excultam cupiens ditescere mentem,
Me procul urbano strepitu, secessibus aliis
Abductum Aoniæ jucunda per otia ripæ
Phœbæo lateri comitem finis ire beatum.
Officium chari taceo commune parentis,
Me poscunt majora, tuo, pater optime, sumptu
Cum mihi Romuleæ patuit facundia linguæ,
Et Latii Veneres, & quæ Jovis ora decebant
Grandia magniloquis elata vocabula Graiis,
Addere suafisti quos jactat Gallia flores,
Et quam degeneri novus Italus ore loquelam
Fundit, Barbaricos testatus voce tumultus,
Quæque Palæstinus loquitur mysteria vates.
Denique quicquid habet cœlum subjectaque cœlo
Terra parens, terræque & cœlo interfluus aer,
Quicquid & unda tegit, pontique agitabile marmor,
Per te nôsse licet, per te, si nôsse libebit.

Dimotâque

Dimotâque venit spectanda scientia nube,
Nudâque conspicuos inclinat ad oscula vultus,
Ni fugisse velim, ni sit libâsse molestum.

I nunc, confer opes quisquis malefânus avitas
Austriaci gazas, Peruanaque regna præoptas.
Quæ potuit majora pater tribuisse, vel ipse
Jupiter, excepto, donâssêt ut omnia, cœlo?
Non potiora dedit, quamvis & tuta fuissent,
Publica qui juveni commisit lumina nato
Atque Hyperionios currus, & fræna diei,
Et circum undantem radiatâ luce tiaram.
Ergo ego jam doctæ pars quamlibet ima catervæ
Victrices hederas inter, laurosque sedebo,
Jamque nec obscurus populo miscebor inertî,
Vitabuntque oculos vestigia nostra profanos.
Este procul vigiles curæ, procul este querelæ,
Invidiæque acies transverso tortilis hirquo,
Sæva nec anguiferos extende Calumnia rictus;
In me triste nihil fœdissima turba potestis,
Nec vestri sum juris ego; securaque tutus
Pectora, vipereo gradiar sublimis ab ictu.

At tibi, chare pater, postquam non æqua merenti
Posse referre datur, nec dona rependere factis,

Sit

Sit memorâsse satis, repetitaque munera grato
 Percensere animo, fidæque reponere menti.

Et vos, O nostri, juvenilia carmina, lusus,
 Si modo perpetuos sperare audebitis annos,
 Et domini supereffe rogo, lucemque tueri,
 Nec spisso rapient oblivia nigra sub Orco,
 Forsitán has laudes, decantatumque parentis
 Nomen, ad exemplum, fero servabitis ævo.

PSAL. CXIV.

ΙΣραήλ ὅτε παῖδες, ὅτ' ἀγλαὰ φυλ' Ἰακώβ
 Αἰγύπτῳ λίπε δῆμον, ἀπεχθέα, βαρβαρόφωνον,
 Δὴ τότε μένον ἔβω ὅσιον γένος ἦες Ἰῶδα.
 Ἐν ᾧ θεὸς λαοῖσι μέγα κρείων βασιλῆυσιν.
 Εἶθε καὶ ἐνθεσπάζων φύγαδ' ἐρρώησε θάλασσα
 Κύματι εἰλυμένη ῥοδίῳ, ὅδ' ἄρ' ἐτυφελίχθη
 Ἰεὺς Ἰορδάνης ποτὶ ἀργυροειδέα πηγῶν.
 Ἐκ δ' ὄρεα σκαρδμοῖσιν ἀπερέσια κλονέοντο,
 Ὡς κριοὶ σφειγόντες εὐτραφεῶς ἐν ἁλῶν.
 Βαϊότεραι δ' ἅμα πάσαι ἀνασχίρτησαν ἐρίπναι,
 Οἷα ὥραι σύριγγι φίλη ὑπὸ μητέρῃ ἄρνες.
 Τίπτε σὺν αἰνὰ θάλασσα πέλῳρ φύγαδ' ἐρρώησας

Κύματι

Κύματι εἰλυμένη ῥοαίῳ; τί δ' ἄρ' ἐτυφελίχθης
 Ἰεὺς Ἰορδάνη ποτὶ ἀργυρεῖδ' ἀπηγλώ;
 Τίπ' ὄρεα σκαρθμοῖσιν ἀπειρέσια κλονέεσθε
 Ως κροὶ σφαιρόωντες εὐτραφερῶ ἐν ἀλῶν;
 Βαιότεραι τί δ' ἄρ' ὕμμες ἀνασκιρτήσατ' ἐρίπναι,
 Οἷα παρὰ σύλγῃ φίλῃ ὑπὸ μητέρι ἄρνες;
 Σέο γαῖα τρέψα θεὸν μεγάλ' ἐκτυπέοντα
 Γαῖα θεὸν τρεῖς ὕπατον σέβας Ἰσακίδαο
 Ὅς τε καὶ ἐκ παλάδων ποταμὸς χέε μορμύροντας,
 Κρήνῳτ' ἀέναον πέτρης ἀπὸ δακρυόεσσης.

PHILOSOPHUS ad regem quendam, qui eum ignotum
 & infontem inter reos forte captum infcius damnave-
 rat, ἢ ἐπὶ θανάτῳ ποροδόμῳ. hæc subito misit.

Ω ἄνα εἰ ὀλέσῃς με ἢ ἔννομον, εἰδέ τιν' ἀνδρῶν
 Δεινὸν ὅλως δράσαντα, σοφώτατον ἴδι κάρῳ
 Ῥηιδίως ἀφέλοις, τὸ δ' ὕψερν αὖτις νοήσεις,
 Μαψιδίως δ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα τεὸν πρὸς θυμὸν ὀδύρη,
 Τοιὸν δ' ἐκ πόλις πεινύμον ἄλκαρ ὀλέσας.

In Effigiei ejus Sculptorem.

Ἄμαθ' ἔγεγράφθαι χερὶ τλώδε μὲν εἰκόνα
 Φαῖης τάχ' ἄν, πρὸς εἶδος αὐτοφυὲς βλέπων.
 Τὸν δ' ἐκτυπωτὸν ἐκ ἐπιδρόντες φίλοι
 Γελάτῃ φαύλῳ δυσμίμημα ζωγράφῃ.

Ad

Ad Salsillum Poetam Romanum ægrotantem.

S C A Z O N T E S.

O Musa gressum quæ volens trahis claudum,
 Vulcanioque tarda gaudes incessu,
 Nec sentis illud in loco minus gratum,
 Quàm cum decentes flava Dæiope furas
 Alternat aureum ante Junonis lectum:
 Adestum & hæc s'is verba pauca Salsillo
 Refer, camœna nostra cui tantum est cordi,
 Quamque ille magnis prætulit immeritò divis.
 Hæc ergo alumnus ille Londini Mīlto,
 Diebus hisce qui suum linquens nidum
 Polique tractum, (pessimus ubi ventorum,
 Infanientis impotensque pulmonis
 Pernix anhela sub Jove exercet flabra)
 Venit feraces Itali soli ad glebas,
 Visum superbâ cognitas urbes famâ,
 Virosque doctæque indolem juventutis,
 Tibi optat idem hic fausta multa, Salsille,
 Habitumque fessio corpori penitus sanum;
 Cui nunc profunda bilis infestat renes,

Præcor-

Præcordiisque fixa damnosum spirat.
Nec id pepercit impia quòd tu Romano
Tam cultus ore Lesbium condis melos,
O dulce divûm munus, O falus Hebes
Germana ! Tuque Phœbe morborum terror
Pythone cæso, five tu magis Pæan
Libenter audis, hic tuus sacerdos est.
Querceta Fauni, vosque rore vinoso
Colles benigni, mitis Evandri sedes,
Siquid salubre vallibus frondet vestris,
Levamen ægro ferte certatim vati.
Sic ille charis redditus rursùm Musis
Vicina dulci prata mulcebit cantu.
Ipse inter atros emirabitur lucos
Numa, ubi beatum degit otium æternum,
Suam reclivis semper Ægeriam spectans.
Tumidusque & ipse Tiberis hinc delinitus
Spei favebit annuæ colonorum :
Nec in sepulchris ibit obsessum reges,
Nimiùm sinistro laxis irruens loro :
Sed fræna melius temperabit undarum,
Adusque curvi falsa regna Portumni.

M A N S U S.

M A N S U S.

Joannes Baptista Mansus Marchio Villensis, vir ingenii laude, tum literarum studio, nec non & bellicâ virtute apud Italos clarus in primis est. Ad quem Torquati Tassi dialogus extat de Amicitia scriptus; erat enim Tassi amicissimus; ab quo etiam inter Campaniæ principes celebratur, in illo poemate cui titulus, Gerusalemme conquistata, lib. 20.

Fra cavalier magnanimi, è cortesi
Risplende il Manfo -----

Is authorem Neapoli commorantem summâ benevolentia prosecutus est, multaque ei detulit humanitatis officia. Ad hunc itaque hospes ille antequam ab eâ urbe discederet, ut ne ingratum se ostenderet, hoc carmen misit.

HÆC quoque Manse tuæ meditantur carmina laudi
Pierides, tibi Manse choro notissime Phœbi,
Quandoquidem ille alium haud æquo est dignatus honore,
Post Galli cineres, & Mecænatis Hetrusci.
Tu quoque, si nostræ tantum valet aura Camœnæ,
Victrices hederas inter, laurosque fedebis.
Te pridem magno felix concordia Tasso
Junxit, & æternis inscripsit nomina chartis.
Mox tibi dulciloquum non infcia Musa Marinum

Tradidit,

Tradidit, ille tuum dici se guadet alumnum,
Dum canit Affyrios divûm proluxus amores ;
Mollis & Ausonias stupefecit carmine nymphas.
Ille itidem moriens tibi foli debita vates
Offa tibi foli, supremaque vota reliquit.
Nec manes pietas tua chara fefellit amici,
Vidimus arridentem opperose ex ære poetam.
Nec fatis hoc visum est in utrumq; & nec pia cessant
Officia in tumulto : cupis integos rapere Orco,
Quà potes, atque avidas Parcarum eludere leges :
Amborum genus, & variâ sub sorte peractam
Describis vitam, moresque, & dona Minervæ;
Æmulus illius Mycalen qui natus ad altam
Rettulit Æolii vitam facundus Homeri.
Ergo ego te Cliûs & magni nomine Phœbi
Manse pater, jubeo longum salvere per ævum
Missus Hyperboreo juvenis peregrinus ab axe.
Nec tu longinquam bonus aspernabere Musam,
Quæ nuper gelidâ vix enutrita sub Arcto
Imprudens Italas ausa est volitare per urbes.
Nos etiam in nostro modulantes flumine cygnos
Credimus obscuras noctis sensisse per umbras,
Quà Thamefis latè puris argenteus urnis

Oceani glaucos perfundit gurgite crines.
Quin & in has quondam pervenit Tityrus oras.
Sed neque nos genus incultum, nec inutile Phœbo,
Quà plaga septeno mundi fulcata Trione
Brumalem patitur longâ sub nocte Boöten.
Nos etiam colimus Phœbum, nos munera Phœbo
Flaventes spicas, & lutea mala canistris,
Halantemque crocum (perhibet nisi vana vetustas)
Mifimus, & lectas Druidum de gente choreas.
(Gens Druides antiqua sacris operata deorum
Heroum laudes imitandaque gesta canebant)
Hinc quoties festo cingunt altaria cantu
Delo in herbosâ Graiæ de more puellæ
Carminibus lætis memorant Corinœida Loxo,
Fatidicamque Upin, cum flavicomâ Hecaërge
Nuda Caledonio variatas pectora fuco.
Fortunate senex, ergo quacunque per orbem
Torquati decus, & nomen celebrabitur ingens,
Claraque perpetui succrescet fama Marini,
Tu quoq; in ora frequens venies plausumq; virorum,
Et parili carpes iter immortale volatu.
Dicetur tum sponte tuos habitâsse penates
Cynthius, & famulas venisse ad limina Musas:

At non sponte domum tamen idem, & regis advit
Rura Pheretiadæ cœlo fugitivus Apollo ;
Ille licet magnum Alciden susceperat hospes ;
Tantum ubi clamoros placuit vitare bubulcos,
Nobile mansueti cessit Chironis in antrum,
Iniguos inter saltus frondosæque tecta
Peneium prope rivum : ibi sæpe sub ilice nigrâ
Ad citharæ strepitum blandâ prece victus amici
Exilii duros lenibat voce labores.

Tum neque ripa suo, barathro nec fixa sub imo
Saxa stetero loco, nutat Trachinia rupes,
Nec sentit solitas, immania pondera, sylvas,
Emotæque suis properant de collibus orni,
Mulcenturque novo maculosi carmine lynces.
Diis dilecte senex, te Jupiter æquus oportet
Nascentem, & miti lustrârit lumine Phœbus,
Atlantisque nepos ; neque enim nisi charus ab ortu
Diis superis poterit magno favisse poëtæ.
Hinc longæva tibi lento sub flore senectus
Vernat, & Æsonios lucratur vivida fusos,
Nondum deciduos servans tibi frontis honores,
Ingeniumque vigens, & adoleum mentis acumen.
O mihi si mea fors talem concedat amicum

Phœbæos decorâsse viros qui tam bene nôrit,
Si quando indigenas revocabo in carmina reges,
Arcturumque etiam sub terris bella moventem;
Aut dicam invictæ sociali fœdere mensæ,
Magnanimos Heroas, & (O modo spiritus adfit)
Frangam Saxonicas Britonum sub Marte phalanges.
Tandem ubi non tacitæ permenfus tempora vitæ,
Annorumque fatur cineri sua jura relinquam,
Ille mihi lecto madidis astartet ocellis,
Astanti fat erit si dicam, fim tibi curæ;
Ille meos artus liventi morte solutos
Curaret parvâ componi molliter urnâ.
Forfitan & nostros ducat de marmore vultus,
Nectens aut Paphiâ myrti aut Parnasside lauri
Fronde comas, at ego secura pace quiescam.
Tum quoque, si qua fides, si præmia certa bonorum,
Ipse ego cœlicolûm semotus in æthera divûm,
Quo labor & mens pura vehunt, atque ignea virtus
Secreti hæc aliquâ mundi de parte videbo
(Quantum fata finunt) & totâ mente serenûm
Ridens purpureo suffundar lumine vultus,
Et simul æthereo plaudam mihi lætus Olympo.

EPITAPHIUM DAMONIS.

ARGUMENTUM.

Thyrsis & Damon ejusdem viciniae Pastores, eadem studia sequuti à pueritiâ, amici erant ut qui plurimum. Thyrsis animi causâ profectus peregrè de obitu Damonis nuncium accepit. Domum postea reversus, & rem ita esse comperiens, se, suamque solitudinem, hoc carmine deplorat. Damonis autem sub personâ hic intelligitur Carolus Deodatus, ex urbe Hetruriæ Luca Paterno genere oriundus, cætera Anglus; ingenio, doctrinâ, clarissimisque cæteris virtutibus, dum viveret, juvenis egregius.

Himerides nymphæ (nam vos & Daphnin & Hylan,
Et plorata diu meministis fata Bionis)

Dicite Sicelicum Thamefina per oppida carmen :

Quas miser effudit voces, quæ murmura Thyrsis,

Et quibus assiduis exercuit antra querelis,
Fluminaque, fontesque vagos, nemorumque recessus,
Dum sibi præreptum queritur Damona, neque altam
Luctibus exemit noctem loca sola pererrans.
Et jam bis viridi surgebat culmus aristâ,
Et totidem flavas numerabant horrea messes,
Ex quo summa dies tulerat Damona sub umbras,
Nec dum aderat Thyrsis; pastorem scilicet illum
Dulcis amor Musæ Thuscâ retinebat in urbe.
Ast ubi mens expleta domum, pecorisque relictæ
Cura vocat, simul assuetâ seditque sub ulmo,
Tum vero amissum tum denique sentit amicum,
Cœpit & immensum sic exonerare dolorem.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hei mihi! quæ terris, quæ dicam numina cœlo,
Postquam te immiti rapuerunt funere Damon;
Siccine nos linquis, tua sic sine nomine virtus
Ibit, & obscuris numero sociabitur umbris?
At non ille, animas virgâ qui dividit aureâ,
Ista velit, dignumque tui te ducat in agmen,
Ignavumque procul pecus arceat omne silentium.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Quicquid erit, certè nisi me lupo antè videbit,

Indeplorato non comminuere sepulchro,
Constabitque tuus tibi honos, longúmque vigebit
Inter pastores : Illi tibi vota secundo
Solvere post Daphnin, post Daphnin dicere laudes
Gaudebunt, dum rura Pales, dum Faunus amabit :
Si quid id est, priscamque fidem coluisse, piúmque,
Palladiásque artes, fociúmque habuisse canorum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc tibi certa manent, tibi erunt hæc præmia Damon ;
At mihi quid tandem fiet modo ? quis mihi fidus
Hærebit lateri comes, ut tu sæpe solebas
Frigoribus duris, & per loca fœta pruinis,
Aut rapido sub sole, fiti morientibus herbis ?
Sive opus in magnos fuit eminùs ire leones,
Aut avidos terrere lupos præsepibus altis ;
Quis fando sopire diem, cantuque solebit ?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Pectora cui credam ? quis me lenire docebit
Mordaces curas ? quis longam fallere noctem
Dulcibus alloquiis, grato cùm fibilat igni
Molle pyrum, & nucibus strepitat focus ? at malus aufer
Miscet cuncta foris, & desuper intonat ulmo.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Aut æstate, dies medio dum vertitur axe,
 Cum Pan æsculeâ somnum capit abditus umbrâ,
 Et repetunt sub aquis sibi nota sedilia nymphæ.
 Pastoresque latent, stertit sub sepe colonus,
 Quis mihi blanditiâsque tuas, quis tum mihi risus,
 Cecropiosque sales referet, cultosque lepores ?

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 At jam solus agros, jam pascua solus oberro,
 Sicubi ramosæ densantur vallibus umbræ,
 Hic serum expecto, supra caput imber & Eurus
 Triste sonant, fractæque agitata crepuscula silvæ.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Heu quam culta mihi prius arva procacibus herbis
 Involvuntur, & ipsa situ seges alta fatiscit !
 Innuba neglecto marcescit & uva racemo,
 Nec myrteta juvant ; ovium quoque tædet, at illæ
 Mærent, inque suum convertunt ora magistrum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
 Tityrus ad corylos vocat, Alphefibœus ad ornos,
 Ad salices Aegon, ad flumina pulcher Amyntas :
 Hic gelidi fontes, hinc illita gramina musco,

Hic

Hîc Zephyri, hîc placidas interſtrepit arbutus undas ;
Iſta canunt furdo, frutices ego naſtus abibam.

Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Mopſus ad hæc, nam me redeuntem forte notarat,
(Et callebat avium linguas, & ſydera Mopſus)
Thyrſi quid hoc ? dixit, quæ te coquit improba bilis ?
Aut te perdit amor, aut te malè fascinat aſtrum,
Saturni grave sæpe fuit paſtoribus aſtrum,
Intimaque obliquo figit præcordia plumbo.

Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Mirantur nymphæ, & quid te Thyrſi futurum eſt ?
Quid tibi vis ? aiunt ; non hæc ſolet eſſe juventæ
Nubila frons, oculique truces, vultuſque ſeveri :
Illa choros, luſuſque leves, & ſemper amorem
Jure petit : bis ille miſer qui ſerus amavit.

Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Venit Hyas, Dryopéque, & filia Baucidis Aegle
Docta modos, citharæque ſciens, ſed perdita faſtu,
Venit Idumanii Chloris vicina fluenti ;
Nil me blanditiæ, nil me ſolantia verba,
Nil me, ſi quid adeſt, movet, aut ſpes ulla futuri.

Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hei mihi quam ſimiles ludunt per prata juvenci,

Omnes

Omnes unanimi secum sibi lege sodales,
Nec magis hunc alio quisquam secernit amicum
De grege, sic densi veniunt ad pabula thoes,
Inque vicem hirsuti paribus junguntur onagri;
Lex eadem pelagi, deserto in littore Proteus
Agmina Phocarum numerat, vilisque volucrum
Passer habet semper quicum sit, & omnia circum
Farra libens volitet, serò sua tecta revisens,
Quem si fors letho objecit, seu milvus adunco
Fata tulit rostro, seu stravit arundine fossor,
Protinus ille alium socio petit inde volatu.
Nos durum genus, & diris exercita fati
Gens homines aliena animis, & pectore discors,
Vix sibi quisque parem de millibus invenit unum,
Aut si fors dederit tandem non aspera votis,
Illum inopina dies quâ non speraveris horâ
Surripit, æternum linquens in sæcula damnum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Heu quis me ignotas traxit vagus error in oras
Ire per aëreas rupes, Alpemque nivofam!
Ecquid erat tanti Romam vidisse sepultam,
(Quamvis illa foret, qualem dum viferet olim,
Tityrus ipse suas & oves & rura reliquit;)

Ut

Ut te tam dulci possem caruisse sodale !
Possem tot maria alta, tot interponere montes,
Tot sylvas, tot faxa tibi, fluviosque sonantes !
Ah certè extremùm licuisset tangere dextram,
Et bene compositos placidè morientis ocellos,
Et dixisse vale, nostri memor ibis ad astra.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Quamquam etiam vestri nunquam meminisse pigebit,
Pastores Thusci, Musis operata juvenus,
Hic Charis atque lepos, & Thuscus tu quoque Damon,
Antiquâ genus unde petis Lucumonis ab urbe.
O ego quantus eram, gelidi cum stratus ad Arni
Murmura, populeumque nemus, quâ mollior herba,
Carpere nunc violas, nunc summas carpere myrtos,
Et potui Lycidæ certantem audire Menalcam !
Ipse etiam tentare ausus sum, nec puto multùm
Displicui, nam sunt & apud me munera vestra
Fiscellæ, calathique, & cerea vincla cicutæ,
Quin & nostra suas docuerunt nomina fagos
Et Datis, & Francinus, erant & vocibus ambo
Et studiis noti, Lydorum sanguinis ambo.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc mihi tum læto dictabat roscida luna,

Dum

Dum solus teneros claudebam cratibus hœdos,
Ah quoties dixi, cùm te cinis ater habebat,
Nunc canit, aut lepori nunc tendit retia Damon,
Vimina nunc texit, varios sibi quod sit in usus !
Et quæ tum facili sperabam mente futura,
Arripui voto levis, & præsentia finxi,
Heus bone numquid agis? nisi te quid fortè retardat,
Imus? & argutâ paulùm recubamus in umbrâ,
Aut ad aquas Colni, aut ubi jugera Cassibelauni?
Tu mihi percurres medicos, tua gramina, succos,
Helleborúmque, humilésque, crocos, foliúmque, hyacinthi,
Quasque habet ista palus herbas, artesque medentùm,
Ah pereant herbæ, pereant artesque medentùm,
Gramina, postquam ipsi nil profecere magistro.
Ipse etiam, nam nescio quid mihi grande sonabat
Fistula, ab undecimâ jam lux est altera nocte,
Et tum fortè novis admôram labra cicutis,
Diffiluere tamen ruptâ compage, nec ultra
Ferra graves potuere sonos: dubito quoque ne sim
Turgidulus, tamen & referam, vos cedite silvæ.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Ipse ego Dardanias Rutupina per æquora puppes
Dicam, & Pandrasidos regnum vetus Inogeniæ,

Bren-

Brennùmq; Arviragùmq; duces, priscùmq; Belinum,
Et tandem Armoricos Britonum sub lege colonos,
Tum gravidam Arturo fatali fraude Jogernen,
Mendaces vultus, assumptâque Gorlôis arma,
Merlini dolus. O mihi tum si vita superfit,
Tu procul annosâ pendebis fistula pinu
Multùm oblita mihi, aut patriis mutata camœnis
Brittonicum strides. quid enim? omnia non licet uni,
Non sperâsse uni licet omnia. mî satis ampla
Merces, & mihi grande decus (sim ignotus in ævum
Tum licet, externo penitûsque inglorius orbi)
Si me flava comas legat Ufa, & potor Alauni,
Vorticibusq; frequens Abra, & nemus omne Treantæ,
Et Thamesis meus ante omnes, & fusca metallis
Tamara, & extremis me discant Orcades undis.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vocat, agni.
Hæc tibi servabam lentâ sub cortice lauri,
Hæc, & plura simul, tum quæ mihi pocula Manus,
Manus Chalcidicæ non ultima gloria ripæ
Bina dedit, mirum artis opus, mirandus & ipse,
Et circùm gemino cælaverat argumento :
In medio rubri maris unda, & odoriferum ver,
Littora longa Arabum, & sudantes balsama silvæ,

Has

Has inter Phœnix divina avis, unica terris
Ceruleum fulgens diversicoloribus alis
Auroram vitreis furgentem respicit undis.
Parte aliâ polus omnipotens, & magnus Olympus,
Quis putet? hic quoq; Amor, pictæq; in nube pharetræ,
Arma corusca faces, & spicula tincta pyropo;
Nec tenues animas, pectusque ignobile vulgi
Hinc ferit, at circum flammantia lumina torquens
Semper in erectum spargit sua tela per orbem
Impiger, & pronos nunquam collimat ad ictus,
Hinc mentes ardere sacræ, formæque deorum.

Tu quoq; in his, nec me fallit spes lubrica, Damon,
Tu quoque in his certè es, nam quò tua dulcis abiret
Sanctæque simplicitas, nam quò tua candida virtus?
Nec te Lethæo fas quæsisse sub orco,
Nec tibi conveniunt lacrymæ, nec flebimus ultrà:
Ite procul lacrymæ, purum colit æthera Damon,
Æthera purus habet, pluvium pede reppulit arcum;
Heroumque animas inter, divosque perennes,
Æthereos haurit latices, & gaudia potat
Ore sacro. Quin tu cœli post jura recepta
Dexter ades, placidusque fave quicumque vocaris,
Seu tu noster eris Damon, five æquior audis

Diodotus,

Diodotus, quo te divino nomine cuncti
 Cœlicolæ nôrint, fylvisque vocabere Damon.
 Quòd tibi purpureus pudor, & sine labe juvenus
 Grata fuit, quòd nulla tori libata voluptas,
 En etiam tibi virginei servantur honores ;
 Ipse caput nitidum cinctus rutilante coronâ,
 Lætâque frondentis gestans umbracula palmæ
 Æternùm perages immortales hymenæos ;
 Cantus ubi, choreisq; furit lyra mista beatis,
 Festa Sionæo bacchantur & Orgia Thyrsô.

Jan. 23. 1646.

Ad *Johannem Rousium*, Oxoniensis Academiæ
 Bibliothecarium.

*De libro Poematum amisso, quem ille sibi denuo mitti
 postulabat, ut cum aliis nostris in Bibliothecâ pub-
 licâ reponeret, Ode.*

Strophe 1.

GEmelle cultu simplici gaudens liber,
 Fronde licet geminâ
 Munditiéque nitens non operosâ,
 Quam manus attulit

Juvenilis

Juvenilis olim,
Sedula tamen haud nimii poëtæ;
Dum vagus Ausonias nunc per umbras,
Nunc Britannica per vireta lufit
Infons populi, barbitoque devius
Indulfit patrio, mox itidem pectine Daunio
Longinquum intonuit melos
Vicinis, & humum vix tetigit pede.

Antistrophe.

Quis te parve liber, quis te fratribus
Subduxit reliquis dolo?
Cum tu missus ab urbe,
Docto jugiter obsecrante amico,
Illustre tendebas iter
Thamesis ad incunabula
Cærulei patris,
Fontes ubi limpidi
Aonidum, Thyasusque sacer
Orbi notus per immensos
Temporum lapsus redeunte cœlo,
Celeberque futurus in ævum.

Strophe

Strophe 2.

Modò quis deus, aut editus deo
Pristinam gentis miseratus indolem
(Si fatis noxas luimus priores,
Mollique luxu degener otium)
Tollat nefandos civium tumultus,
Almaque revocet studia sanctus,
Et relegatas sine sede Mufas
Jam penè totis finibus Angligenûm :
Immundasque volucres
Unguibus imminentes
Figat Apollineâ pharetrâ,
Phineâmque abigat pestem procul amne Pegaseo.

Antistrophe.

Quin tu, libelle, nuntii licet malâ
Fide, vel oscitantiâ
Semel erraveris agmine fratrum,
Seu quis te teneat specus,
Seu qua te latebra, forsan unde vili
Callo tereris institoris insulsi,
Lætare felix, en iterum tibi

I i

Spes

Spes nova fulget posse profundam
 Fugere Lethen, vehique Superam
 In Jovis aulam remige pennâ :

Strophe 3.

Nam te Roüsius fui
 Optat peculi, numeróque iusto
 Sibi pollicitum queritur abesse,
 Rogatque venias ille cuius inclyta
 Sunt data virûm monumenta curæ :
 Téque adytis etiam sacris
 Voluit reponi, quibus & ipse præfidet
 Æternorum operum custos fidelis,
 Quæstorque gazæ nobilioris,
 Quàm cui præfuit Iön
 Clarus Erechtheides
 Opulenta dei per templa parentis
 Fulvosque tripodas, donaque Delphica,
 Iön Actæâ genitus Creusâ.

Antistrophe.

Ergo tu visere lucos
 Musarum ibis amcenos,

Diamque

Diamque Phœbi rursus ibis in domum
Oxoniâ quam valle colit
Delo posthabitâ,
Bifidóque Parnassi jugo :
Ibis honestus,
Postquam egregiam tu quoque sortem
Nactus abis, dextri prece sollicitatus amicit.
Illic legeris inter alta nomina
Authorum, Graiæ simul & Latinæ.
Antiqua gentis lumina, & verum decus.

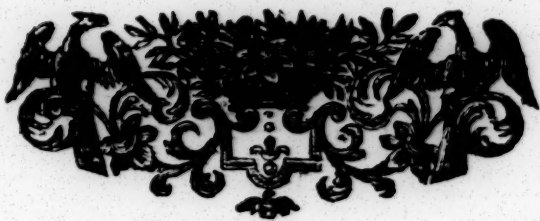
Epodos.

Vos tandem haud vacui mei labores,
Quicquid hoc sterile fuit ingenium,
Jam ferò placidam sperare jubeo
Perfunctam invidiâ requiem, sedesque beatas
Quas bonus Hermes
Et tutela dabit solers Roûsi,
Quo neq; lingua procax vulgi penetrabit, atq; longè
Turba legentum prava faceffet ;
At ultimi nepotes,
Et cordatior ætas
Judicia rebus æquiora forsitan

- Adhibebit integro finu.
 Tum livore sepulto,
 Si quid meremur, sana posteritas sciet
 Rousio favente.

Ode tribus constat Strophis, totidémque Antistrophis, unâ demum Epodo clausis, quas, tametsi omnes nec versuum numero, nec certis ubique colis exactè respondeant, ita tamen secuimus, commodè legendi potius, quàm ad antiquos concinendi modos rationem spectantes. Alioquin hoc genus rectiùs fortasse dici monostrophicum debuerat. Metra partim sunt *κατὰ χέσιν*, partim *ἀπολελυμένα*. Phaleucia quæ sunt, Spondæum tertio loco bis admittunt, quod idem in secundo loco Catullus ad libitum fecit.

The end of the POEMS.



A small TRACTATE of
EDUCATION.

T O

Mr. *HARTLIB.*



OF
EDUCATION.
TO

Mr. *SAMUEL HARTLIB.*

Written about the Year 1650.

Mr. Hartlib,

I AM long since perswaded, that to say, or do ought worth Memory and Imitation, no purpose or respect should sooner move us, than simply the love of God, and of Mankind. Nevertheless to write now the reforming of Education, tho' it be one of the greatest and noblest Designs that can be thought on, and for the want whereof this Nation perishes, I had not yet at this time been induced, but by your earnest Entreaties and serious Conjurments; as having my mind for the present half diverted in the pursuance of some other Assertions, the Knowledge and the Use of which cannot but be a great furtherance both to the enlargement of Truth, and honest living, with much more Peace. Nor should the Laws of any private Friendship have prevail'd with me to divide thus, or transpose my former Thoughts, but

I i 4 that

that I see those Aims, those Actions which have won you with me the Esteem of a Person sent hither by some good Providence from a far Country, to be the occasion and the incitement of great good to this Island. And, as I hear, you have obtain'd the same Repute with Men of most approved Wisdom, and some of highest Authority among us. Not to mention the learned Correspondence which you hold in foreign Parts, and the extraordinary Pains and Diligence which you have us'd in this Matter both here, and beyond the Seas; either by the definite Will of God so ruling, or the peculiar sway of Nature, which also is God's working. Neither can I think that so reputed, and so valu'd as you are, you would to the forfeit of your own discerning Ability, impose upon me an unfit and over-ponderous Argument, but that the Satisfaction which you profess to have receiv'd from those incidental Discourses which we have wander'd into, hath prest and almost constrain'd you into a Persuasion, that what you require from me in this Point, I neither ought, nor can in Conscience defer beyond this Time both of so much need at once, and so much Opportunity to try what God hath determin'd. I will not resist therefore, whatever it is either of Divine, or human Obligation that you lay upon me; but will forthwith set down in Writing, as you request me, that voluntary *Idea*, which hath long in silence presented it self to me, of a better Education, in Extent and Comprehension far more large, and yet of Time far shorter, and of Attainment far more certain, than hath been yet in Practice. Brief I shall endeavour to be; for that which I have
to

to say, assuredly this Nation hath extreme need should be done sooner than spoken. To tell you therefore what I have benefited herein among old renowned Authors, I shall spare; and to search what many modern *Janua's* and *Didactic's*, more than ever I shall read, have projected, my Inclination leads me not. But if you can accept of these few Observations which have flower'd off, and are, as it were, the burnishing of many studious and contemplative Years, altogether spent in the search of religious and civil Knowledge, and such as pleas'd you so well in the relating, I here give you them to dispose of.

The end then of Learning is to repair the Ruins of our first Parents, by regaining to know God aright, and out of that Kuowledge to love him, to imitate him, to be like him, as we may the nearest by possessing our Souls of true Virtue, which being united to the heavenly Grace of Faith makes up the highest Perfection. But because our Understanding cannot in this Body found it self but on sensible things, nor arrive so clearly to the Knowledge of God and things invisible, as by orderly conning over the visible and inferior Creature, the same Method is necessarily to be follow'd in all discreet teaching. And seeing every Nation affords not Experience and Tradition enough for all kind of Learning, therefore we are chiefly taught the Languages of those People who have at any time been most industrious after Wisdom; so that Language is but the Instrument conveying to us things useful to be known. And tho' a Linguist should pride himself to have all the Tongues that *Babel* cleft the World into, yet, if he have

have not studied the solid things in them as well as the Words and Lexicons, he were nothing so much to be esteem'd a Learned Man, as any Yeoman or Tradesman competently wise in his Mother Dialect only. Hence appear the many mistakes which have made Learning generally so unpleasing and so unsuccessful; first we do amiss to spend seven or eight Years merely in scraping together so much miserable Latin and Greek, as might be learnt otherwise easily and delightfully in one Year. And that which casts our Proficiency therein so much behind, is our time lost partly in too oft idle Vacancies given both to Schools and Universities, partly in a preposterous Exaction, forcing the empty Wits of Children to compose Theams, Verses and Orations, which are the Acts of ripest Judgment, and the final work of a Head fill'd by long reading and observing, with elegant Maxims, and copious Invention. These are not Matters to be wrung from poor Sapiplings, like Blood out of the Nose, or the plucking of untimely Fruit. Besides the ill Habit which they get of wretched barbarizing against the Latin and Greek *Idiom*, with their untutor'd *Anglicisms*, odious to be read, yet not to be avoided without a well-continu'd and judicious conversing among pure Authors digested, which they scarce taste; whereas, if after some preparatory grounds of Speech by their certain forms got into Memory, they were led to the Praxis thereof in some chosen short Book lesson'd thoroughly to them, they might then forthwith proceed to learn the Substance of good things and Arts in due Order, which would bring the whole Language quickly into their Power. This I take to be the most rational

rational and most profitable way of learning Languages, and whereby we may best hope to give Account to God of our Youth spent herein: And for the usual Method of teaching Arts, I deem it to be an old Error of Universities not yet well recover'd from the Scholastick grossness of barbarous Ages, that instead of beginning with Arts most easy, and those be such as are most obvious to the Sense, they present their young unmatriculated Novices at first coming with the most intellective Abstractions of Logick and Metaphysics: So that they having but newly left those Grammatick flats and shallows where they stuck unreasonably, to learn a few words with lamentable Construction, and now on the sudden transported under another Climate to be tost and turmoil'd with their unballasted Wits in fathomless and unquiet deeps of Controversy, do for the most part grow into hatred and contempt of Learning, mockt and deluded all this while with ragged Notions and Babblements, while they expected worthy and delightful Knowledge; 'till Poverty or youthful Years call them importunately their several Ways, and hasten them with the sway of Friends either to an ambitious and mercenary, or ignorantly zealous Divinity: Some allur'd to the Trade of Law, grounding their Purposes not on the prudent and heavenly Contemplation of Justice and Equity, which was never taught them, but on the promising and pleasing Thoughts of litigious Terms, fat Contentions, and flowing Fees; others betake them to State Affairs, with Souls so unprincipled in Virtue, and true generous breeding, that Flattery, and Courtships, and tyrannous Aphorisms appear to them the highest

highest Points of Wisdom; instilling their barren Hearts with a conscientious Slavery, if, as I rather think, it be not fained. Others lastly of a more delicious and airy Spirit, retire themselves, knowing no better, to the Enjoyments of Ease and Luxury, living out their Days in Feast and Jollity; which indeed is the wisest and safest Course of all these, unless they were with more Integrity undertaken. And these are the Fruits of mispending our prime Youth at the Schools and Universities as we do, either in Learning mere Words, or such things chiefly as were better Unlearn't.

I shall detain you no longer in the Demonstration of what we should not do, but strait conduct you to a Hill side, where I will point ye out the right Path of a virtuous and noble Education; laborious indeed at the first Ascent, but else so smooth, so green, so full of goodly Prospect, and melodious Sounds on every Side, that the Harp of *Orpheus* was not more charming. I doubt not but ye shall have more ado to drive our dullest and laziest Youth, our Stocks and Stubs, from the infinite desire of such a happy Nurture, than we have now to hale and drag our choicest and hopefullest Wits to that asinine Feast of Sowthistles and Brambles which is commonly set before them, as all the food and entertainment of their tenderest and most docible Age. I call therefore a compleat and generous Education that which fits a Man to perform justly, skilfully and magnanimously, all the Offices both private and publick of Peace and War. And how all this may be done between twelve and one :nd twenty, less Time than now is bestow'd in pure trifling at Grammar and *Sophistry*, is to be thus order'd.

First,

First, to find out a spacious House, and Ground about it, fit for an *Academy*, and big enough to lodge a hundred and fifty Persons, whereof twenty or thereabout may be Attendants, all under the Government of one, who shall be thought of Desert sufficient, and Ability either to do all, or wisely to direct, and oversee it done. This Place should be at once both School and University, not needing a remove to any other House of Scholarship, except it be some peculiar College of Law, or Physick, where they mean to be Practitioners; but as for those general Studies which take up all our time from *Lilly* to the commencing, as they term it, Master of Art, it should be absolute. After this Pattern, as many Edifices may be converted to this use, as shall be needful in every City throughout this Land, which would tend much to the increase of Learning and Civility every where. This number less or more thus collected, to the convenience of a Foot Company, or interchangeably two Troops of Cavalry, should divide their days work into three Parts, as it lies orderly. Their Studies, their Exercise, and their Diet.

For their Studies, First they should begin with the chief and necessary Rules of some good Grammar, either that now us'd, or any better: and while this is doing, their Speech is to be fashion'd to a distinct and clear Pronunciation, as near as may be to *Italian*, especially in the Vowels. For we *Englishmen* being far Northerly, do not open our Mouths in the cold Air, wide enough to grace a Southern Tongue; but are observ'd by all other Nations to speak exceeding close and inward: so that to
smatter

smatter *Latin* with an *English* Mouth, is as ill a hearing as *Law-French*. Next to make them expert in the usefullest points of Grammar, and with-all to season them, and win them early to the Love of Virtue and true Labour, ere any flattering Seducement, or vain Principle seise them wandring, some easy and delightful Book of Education would be read to them; whereof the *Greeks* have Store, as *Cebes*, *Plutarch*, and other Socratic Discourses. But in *Latin* we have none of classic Authority extant, except the two or three first Books of *Quintilian*, and some select Pieces elsewhere. But here the main skill and ground-work will be, to temper them such Lectures and Explanations upon every Opportunity, as may lead and draw them in willing Obedience, enflam'd with the Study of Learning, and the Admiration of Virtue; stirr'd up with high hopes of living to be brave Men, and worthy Patriots, dear to God, and famous to all Ages: That they may despise and scorn all their childish, and ill-taught Qualities, to delight in manly, and liberal Exercises; which he who hath the Art and proper Eloquence to catch them with, what with mild and effectual Persuasions, and what with the Intimation of some Fear, if need be, but chiefly by his own Example, might in a short space gain them to an incredible Diligence and Courage; infusing into their young Breasts such an ingenuous and noble Ardor as would not fail to make many of them renowned and matchless Men. At the same time, some other hour of the Day, might be taught them the Rules of Arithmetick, and soon after the Elements of Geometry, even playing, as the old manner was. After Evening repast,
'till

'till bed-time, their Thoughts will be best taken up in the easy grounds of Religion, and the story of Scripture. The next step would be to the Authors of *Agriculture*, *Cato*, *Varro*, and *Columella*; for the matter is most easy, and if the Language be difficult, so much the better, it is not a difficulty above their Years. And here will be an occasion of inciting and inabling them hereafter to improve the tillage of their Country, to recover the bad Soil, and to remedy the waste that is made of good: for this was one of *Hercules* Praises. Ere half these Authors be read (which will soon be with plying hard, and daily) they cannot chuse but be Masters of any ordinary Prose. So that it will be then seasonable for them to learn in any modern Author the use of the Globes, and all the Maps; first with the old names, and then the new: or they might be then capable to read any compendious method of natural Philosophy. And at the same time might be entring into the *Greek* Tongue, after the same manner as was before prescribed in the *Latin*; whereby the difficulties of Grammar being soon overcome, all the Historical Physiology of *Aristotle* and *Theophrastus* are open before them, and as I may say, under contribution. The like access will be to *Vitruvius*, to *Seneca's* natural Questions, to *Mela*, *Celsus*, *Pliny*, or *Solinus*. And having thus past the Principles of *Arithmetick*, *Geometry*, *Astronomy*, and *Geography*, with a general compact of Physicks, they may descend in *Mathematicks* to the instrumental Science of *Trigonometry*, and from thence to Fortification. And in natural Philosophy they may proceed leisurely from the History of Meteors, Minerals, Plants and living
Creatures,

Creatures, as far as Anatomy. Then also in course might be read to them out of some not tedious Writer the Institution of Physick ; that they may know the Tempers, the Humours, the Seasons, and how to manage a Crudity : Which he who can wisely and timely do, is not only a great Physician to himself, and to his Friends, but also may at some time or other save an Army by this frugal and expenselss means only ; and not let the healthy and stout Bodies of young men rot away under him for want of this discipline ; which is a great pity, and no less a shame to the Commander. To set forward all these proceedings in Nature and Mathematicks, what hinders, but that they may procure, as oft as shall be needful, the helpful experiences of Hunters, Fowlers, Fishermen, Shepherds, Gardiners, Apothecaries ; and in the other Sciences, Architects, Engineers, Mariners, Anatomists ; who doubtless would be ready, some for Reward, and some to favour such a hopeful Seminary ? And this will give them such a real tincture of natural Knowledge, as they shall never forget, but daily augment with delight. Then also those Poets which are now counted most hard, will be both facil and pleasant, *Orpheus, Hesiod, Theocritus, Aratus, Nicander, Oppian, Dionysius* ; and in Latin, *Lucretius, Manilius*, and the rural part of *Virgil*.

By this time, Years and good general Precepts will have furnisht them more distinctly with that act of Reason which in *Ethics* is call'd *Proairesis* : that they may with some Judgment contemplate upon moral Good and Evil. Then will be requir'd a special reinforcement of constant and sound Endoctrinating to set them right and firm, instructing them more
 amply

amply in the knowledge of Virtue and the hatred of Vice : while their young and pliant Affections are led thro' all the moral Works of *Plato*, *Xenophon*, *Cicero*, *Plutarch*, *Laertius*, and those *Locrian* Remnants ; but still to be reduced in their nightward studies wherewith they close the day's Work, under the determinate Sentence of *David* or *Solomon*, or the Evangelists and Apostlic Scriptures. Being perfect in the knowledge of personal Duty, they may then begin the Study of Economics. And either now, or before this, they may have easily learnt at any odd hour the *Italian* Tongue. And soon after, but with wariness and good Antidote, it would be wholesome enough to let them taste some choice Comedies, *Greek*, *Latin*, or *Italian* : Those Tragedies also that treat of household Matters, as *Trachinæ*, *Alceſtis*, and the like. The next remove must be to the Study of *Politicks* ; to know the Beginning, End, and Reasons of political Societies ; that they may not in a dangerous Fit of the Common-wealth be such poor, shaken, uncertain Reeds, of such a tottering Conscience, as many of our great Counsellors have lately shewn themselves, but stedfast Pillars of the State. After this they are to dive into the grounds of Law, and legal Justice ; deliver'd first, and with best warrant, by *Moses* ; and as far as humane Prudence can be trusted, in those extoll'd remains of *Grecian* Lawgivers, *Lycurgus*, *Solon*, *Zaleucus*, *Charondas*, and thence to all the *Roman Edicts* and Tables, with their *Justinian* ; and so down to the *Saxon* and common Laws of *England*, and the Statutes. Sundays also and every Evening may be now understandingly

spent in the highest Matters of *Theology*, and Church-History Ancient and Modern: and ere this time the *Hebrew* Tongue at a set Hour might have been gain'd, that the Scriptures may be now read in their own Original; whereto it would be no impossibility to add the *Chaldey*, and the *Syrian* Dialect. When all these Employments are well conquered, then will the choice Histories, *Heroic Poems*, and *Attic* Tragedies of stateliest and most regal Argument, with all the famous Political Orations, offer themselves; which if they were not only read, but some of them got by Memory, and solemnly pronounc'd with right Accent and Grace, as might be taught, would endue them even with the Spirit and Vigour of *Demosthenes*, or *Cicero*, *Euripides*, or *Sophocles*. And now lastly will be the time to read with them those organic Arts which inable Men to discourse and write perspicuously, elegantly, and according to the fittest style of Lofty, Mean, or Lowly. *Logic* therefore, so much as is useful, is to be referr'd to this due Place, with all her well-coucht Heads and Topics, until it be time to open her contracted Palm into a graceful and ornate *Rhetorick* taught out of the Rule of *Plato*, *Aristotle*, *Phalereus*, *Cicero*, *Hermogenes*, *Longinus*. To which Poetry would be made subsequent, or indeed rather precedent, as being less futtle and fine, but more simple, sensuous and passionate. I mean not here the Profody of a Verse, which they could but have hit on before among the Rudiments of Grammar; but that sublime Art which in *Aristotle's Poetics*, in *Horace*, and the *Italian* Commentaries of *Castelvetro*, *Tasso*, *Mazzoni*, and others, teaches
what

what the Laws are of a true *Epic* Poem, what of a *Dramatic*, what of a *Lyric*, what Decorum is, which is the grand Master-piece to observe. This would make them soon perceive what despicable Creatures our common Rimers and Play-writers be, and shew them, what religious, what glorious and magnificent use might be made of Poetry both in Divine and Humane Things. From hence and not 'till now will be the right Season of forming them to be able Writers and Composers in every excellent Matter, when they shall be thus fraught with an universal insight into things. Or whether they be to speak in Parliament or Council, Honour and Attention would be waiting on their Lips. There would then also appear in Pulpits other Visages, other Gestures, and Stuff otherwise wrought than what we now sit under, oft-times to as great a Trial of our Patience as any other that they preach to us. These are the Studies wherein our noble and our gentle Youth ought to bestow their time in a disciplinary way from twelve to one and twenty; unless they rely more upon their Ancestors dead, than upon themselves living. In which methodical course it is so suppos'd they must proceed by the steady pace of learning onward, as at convenient times for memory's sake to retire back into the middle ward, and sometimes into their rear of what they have been Taught, until they have confirm'd, and solidly united the whole body of their perfeted Knowledge, like the last embatteling of a *Roman* Legion. Now will be worth the seeing what Exercises and Recreations may best agree, and become these Studies.

Their EXERCISE.

The course of Study hitherto briefly describ'd, is, what I can guess by reading, likest to those ancient and famous Schools of *Pythagoras*, *Plato*, *Isocrates*, *Aristotle*, and such others, out of which were bred up such a number of renown'd Philosophers, Orators, Historians, Poets and Princes all over *Greece*, *Italy*, and *Asia*, besides the flourishing Studies of *Cyrene* and *Alexandria*. But herein it shall exceed them, and supply a defect as great as that which *Plato* noted in the Common-wealth of *Sparta*; whereas that City train'd up their Youth most for War, and these in their Academies and *Lyceum*, all for the Gown, this Institution of breeding which I here delineate, shall be equally good both for Peace and War. Therefore about an hour and a half ere they eat at Noon should be allow'd them for Exercise, and due Rest afterwards: But the time for this may be enlarged at pleasure, according as their rising in the morning shall be early. The Exercise which I commend first, is the exact use of their Weapon, to guard and to strike safely with Edge, or Point; this will keep them healthy, nimble, strong, and well in breath, is also the likeliest means to make them grow large and tall, and to inspire them with a gallant and fearless Courage, which being temper'd with seasonable Lectures and Precepts to them of true Fortitude and Patience, will turn into a native and heroick Valour, and make them hate the cowardise of doing wrong. They must be also practis'd in all the Locks and Grips
of

of Wraſtling, wherein *Engliſhmen* were wont to excell, as need may often be in fight to tugg or grapple, and to cloſe. And this perhaps will be enough, wherein to prove and heat their ſingle ſtrength. The interim of unſweating themſelves regularly, and convenient reſt before meat, may both with profit and delight be taken up in recreating and compoſing their travel'd Spirits with the ſolemn and divine harmonies of Muſick heard or learnt; either while the ſkilful *Organist* plies his grave and fancied deſcant, in lofty fugues, or the whole Symphony with artful and unimaginable touches adorn and grace the well-ſtudied chords of ſome choice Compoſer, ſometimes the Lute, or ſoft Organ-ſtop waiting on elegant Voices either to religious, martial, or civil Ditties; which, if wiſe Men and Prophets be not extremely out, have a great Power over Diſpoſitions and Manners, to ſmooth and make them gentle from ruſtick Harſhneſs and diſtemper'd Paſſions. The like alſo would not be unexpedient after Meat to aſſiſt and cheriſh Nature in her firſt Concoction, and ſend their Minds back to ſtudy in good tune and ſatiſfaction. Where having follow'd it cloſe under vigilant Eyes 'till about two hours before Supper, they are by a ſudden Alarum or watch Word, to be call'd out to their military Motions, under Skie or Covert, according to the Season, as was the *Roman* wont; firſt on foot, then as their Age permits on Horſe-back, to all the Art of Cavalry; that having in ſport, but with much exactneſs and daily muſter, ſerv'd out the Rudiments of their Souldiership in all the ſkill of Embatteling, Marching, Encamping, Fortifying, Beſieging

Besieging and Battering, with all the helps of antient and modern Stratagems, Tacticks and warlike Maxims, they may as it were out of a long War come forth renowned and perfect Commanders in the service of their Country. They would not then, if they were trusted with fair and hopeful Armies, suffer them for want of just and wise Discipline to shed away from about them like sick Feathers, tho' they be never so oft supply'd; they would not suffer their empty and unrecrutable Colonels of twenty Men in a Company, to quaff out, or convey into secret Hoards, the Wages of a delusive List, and a miserable Remnant: yet in the mean while to be over-master'd with a score or two of Drunkards, the only Souldiery left about them, or else to comply with all Rapines and Violences. No certainly, if they knew ought of that Knowledge that belongs to good Men or good Governours, they would not suffer these things. But to return to our own institutes, besides these constant Exercises at home, there is another Opportunity of gaining Experience to be won from Pleasure it self abroad. In those vernal Seasons of the Year, when the Air is calm and pleasant, it were an injury and fullness against Nature not to go out and see her Riches, and partake in her rejoicing with Heaven and Earth. I should not therefore be a Persuader to them of studying much then, after two or three Year that they have well laid their Grounds, but to ride out in Companies with prudent and staid Guides, to all the Quarters of the Land: learning and observing all Places of strength, all Commodities of building and of soil, for Towns and Tillage, Harbours and

and Ports for Trade. Sometimes taking Sea as far as to our Navy, to learn there also what they can in the practical Knowledge of Sailing and of Sea-fight. These ways would try all their peculiar Gifts of Nature; and if there were any secret Excellence among them, would fetch it out, and give it fair opportunities to advance it self by, which cou'd not but mightily redound to the good of this Nation, and bring into Fashion again those old admir'd Virtues and Excellencies, with far more advantage now in this purity of Christian Knowledge. Nor shall we then need the *Monsieurs* of *Paris* to take our hopeful Youth into their slight and prodigal Custodies, and send them over back again transform'd into Mimicks, Apes, and Kicshoes. But if they desir'd to see other Countries at three or four and twenty Years of Age, not to learn Principles but to enlarge Experience, and make wise Observation, they will by that time be such as shall deserve the regard and honour of all Men where they pass, and the Society and Friendship of those in all places who are best and most eminent. And perhaps then other Nations will be glad to visit us for their Breeding, or else to imitate us in their own Country.

Now lastly for their Diet there cannot be much to say, save only that it would be best in the same House; for much Time else would be lost abroad, and many ill Habits got; and that it should be plain, healthful, and moderate, I suppose is out of controversy. Thus, Mr. *Hartlib*, you have a general view in writing as your desire was, of that which at several times I had discoursed with you concerning the
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best and noblest way of Education; not beginning as some have done from the Cradle, which yet might be worth many Considerations, if brevity had not been my scope. Many other circumstances also I could have mentioned, but this, to such as have the worth in them to make trial, for Light and Direction may be enough. Only I believe, this is not a Bow for every Man to shoot in that counts himself a Teacher; but will require sinews almost equal to those which *Homer* gave *Ulysses*: yet I am withal persuaded that it may prove much more easie in the Assay, than it now seems at distance, and much more illustrious: howbeit not more difficult than I imagine, and that Imagination presents me with nothing but very happy and very possible according to best wishes; if God have so decreed, and this Age have Spirit and Capacity enough to apprehend.



F I N I S.



